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[MAHALA'S MIDNIGHT VISITOR.]

MRS. LARKALL'S BOARDING SCHOOL.

By the Author of "Man and His Idol."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE VOICES OF THE WAVES.

Can guilt thus wear the mask of innocence,
And brave it out so fairly? Still, there comes
The inevitable hour when the soul speaks
And will be heard. Defend us from that hour!

Morner.

"Must I take that man's life also?"

Again and again did this question shape itself in Roland Hershaw's mind, as it had done while he sat musing over Mrs. Larkall's letter.

He strove to look the alternative in the face, coolly and dispassionately. He strove to regard it in the same light as he would have done any other move on the chessboard of life. But he strove in vain.

Life is sacred. Its sanctity is no fiction invented for the safety of society. Blood cannot be shed like water, even by the most daring, the most unscrupulous. Sophists have argued to the contrary. They have striven to prove that the popular ideas about murders are fallacies. But murderers know better.

Roland Hershaw knew better. He was not wanting in nerve, in coolness, in that dare-devil quality which is essential to successful villany. Yet he shrank with instinctive dread from the idea of bloodshed.

It was with a groan, a shudder, a sickening of the heart, that he asked himself that dread question:

"And must I take this man's life also?"

And his answer:

"If it is a question of my life or his life, why he must go. If he will thrust himself between me and all that I have fought for, 'tis his fault—not mine. I don't seek him. Heaven knows the taste of blood is not so pleasant as to wake any tiger-thirst for it in me. But I must go on. I must complete what I've begun. I will do it."

This was the determination he arrived at as he sat

in the railway carriage the next morning, on his way to Brighton, in compliance with Mrs. Larkall's urgent request which he had thought it imperative to comply with, more particularly on the ground that it would give him the opportunity of reading Martin Leveson's letter in which he stated that he was on his way to England. Who could tell but that might contain particulars of the utmost value to him?

Several mild, common-place people had seats in the compartment of the carriage. There was an old gentleman with a bald head, which he had polished like the nob of an umbrella, by the constant friction of a large yellow bandana. There was an insipid swell, with a tawny beard, and courier's bag, who talked to a young girl with a swollen face, who chewed camomiles and tried to read a tract, but could not escape the attentions of the "swell." He would talk to her; that is to say, he would point out the objects as they whirled by, every one of which he described as "pooty" with the exception of the Idiot Asylum at Redhill, which he pronounced "bootiful."

How little these people suspected what thoughts were in the mind of the handsome fellow in the corner, with the fresh face and the innocent blue eyes!

How shocked, how horrified they would have been had they known that those eyes conveyed to the mind which looked through them, no idea of the wintry, yet beautiful landscape at which they stared, because that mind was dark with the thought of murder.

Before the old gentleman was tired of polishing up his "veneration," "benevolence," and other bumps; before the lady's camomiles were exhausted or the tract read, and before the swell had discovered any second object worthy to be called "bootiful," the train had reached Brighton.

Roland proceeded at once to Mrs. Larkall's boarding-school.

He found his proprietress terribly wan and haggard, and with dark rings about her fine eyes. Recent events had greatly shaken her. A pleasant smile, however, came into her face as she received her visitor, and she welcomed the wolf in sheep's clothing

with a warmth that might have touched even his heart.

"It is so kind of you to come at once," she exclaimed.

"Not at all. Your letter fairly startled me, I assure you."

He spoke the truth. It had startled him. How greatly Mrs. Larkall little suspected.

"But first," Roland resumed, "tell me. Have you any news of the fugitive? Any clue to her flight?"

"None whatever."

"You have not discovered how it took place?"

"No."

"Neither the manner nor the motive of it?"

"Neither."

"She did not go alone—you are still of that opinion?"

"I still think it more probable that she was tempted away by some designing person. For what purpose I tremble to think. The bare idea of what she may be suffering, or of the career on which she may have entered, frightens me."

Mrs. Larkall put the corner of her laced handkerchief to her eyes. Tears had come into them. Roland saw them, and wondered. It was not the first time he had observed the same phenomenon with like wonder and speculation.

"The loss of this pupil affects you greatly!" he ventured to remark. "She was your favourite?"

"Yes; she had been with me many years."

"Entrusted to you by Mr. Protheroe himself

wasn't she?"

"With his own hands."

"Ah! Do I understand that she was his own daughter?"

"His? No—no; she does not bear his name, you know. But he adopted her, was attached to her, and, as you see, has left her the bulk of his fortune."

"I see. Some little mystery about it. By the way, she will be very rich now, won't she?"

"So rich that she may command her own position. And is it not lamentable to think that the foolish girl may have sacrificed herself beyond redemption, may have thrown herself away on some adventurer—some

colony: Oh, if she has done this I can never forgive her—never!"

"It will be very sad!" remarked Roland, with perfect calmness.

"Yes, to say nothing of the injury she has done me. This terrible scandal is growing daily. It threatens the very existence of my establishment, and if that sinks, what is to become of me? I have no one left to protect me now—now that Mr. Protheroe is no more."

"Oh, he was your patron?" demanded Roland, sharply.

"Yes; that is, I had the benefit of his recommendation. A great point when one considered his position in India. Many of my pupils are from that country. But now let us come to the more immediate subject of my letter—is not this mystery very alarming? I receive a letter from Martin Leveson stating that he will be in England on a certain day, named, just as I return from Mr. Dyott's, who tells me that Martin has been in England some time, and that he has had daily interviews with him."

"There must be some mistake somewhere," said Roland, scarcely knowing what to say.

"There is, I fear, some villainy," returned Mrs. Larkall, with a terrified expression of face.

"It is difficult to imagine that any man would have the hardihood to personate another—though I grant that such things have been done," said Roland, without losing a particle of his self-command; "but it is still more difficult to understand how any person in England should have possessed himself of sufficient information to make it possible for him to sustain the character he had taken up."

"I don't know that," replied Mrs. Larkall; "one point has struck me as very curious."

"Indeed! What is it?"

Roland was not quite so calm. He did not like people to be struck with "curious points." They might be new forms of danger.

"Why," returned the lady, "that none of Arnold Roydon Protheroe's papers have come to light."

"None of his papers?"

"I mean this; that he was on his homeward journey. He did not intend to return to India. He had sent home the bulk of his property. But he must have had papers, a pocket-book, a cheque-book; something about him more than has come to light."

The young man appeared to reflect, as he sat with his chin supported on his hand.

"Such things may even now be lying at the bottom of the crevice from which his body was rescued," he suggested.

Mrs. Larkall shook her head.

"No," she said, decisively; "such a man would have had a writing-case, a travelling despatch-box, and other resources of the kind, and he would not take them with him when he ascended the Alps."

"Then you think —"

"That they have fallen into bad hands."

"How?"

"And that they are being made use of for fraudulent purposes."

"But hang it, madam —"

Roland had risen. His face was livid: beads of perspiration had come out on his marble brow. The voice in which he had commenced speaking was fierce and hectoring; but he immediately stopped short. He felt the eyes of Mrs. Larkall upon him—those large, dark, lustrous eyes, with which she awed her pupils to obedience: he felt, also, that they were open to their widest extent.

He had gone too far.

"I mean," he muttered, confused and embarrassed, "that this may be only surmise on your part. The unfortunate man may not have travelled with the papers you imagine, or they may yet turn up, untouched."

"What I have suggested is more probable," said the lady.

"And have you suggested it to Mr. Dyott?" asked her visitor, nervously.

"Yes; I wrote last night. I have suggested that he should ask his client to attend at the office, on some occasion to be fixed upon, immediately on Martin Leveson's arrival in England—that they should meet there—and that Mahala, who has seen my young friend more recently than any one I know in England, should be present. She would be able to point out the real man in a moment, and the detection of the impostor—for impostor it seems to me there must be—would speedily follow. What is your idea?"

"Capital!" said Roland, with an expression of face which sadly belied his looks—"capital!"

"I shall myself go to town on the occasion, and I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't mind being present."

"Mind? I should be delighted! Anything to serve you, my dear madam, or to further the interests of our charming Gertrude, for whom, I assure you, I begin to have serious fears. By the way, wouldn't it be as well to speak to Mahala, once?"

"No, I think not," said Mrs. Larkall. "The point at issue is so serious that I should like to be in a position to say conscientiously that the ayah had not been tampered with. I shall take her to town without telling her for what purpose, suddenly confront her with the two men, and we shall then discover the truth."

"Admirable!" cried Roland. "The suggestion exactly meets the difficulties of the case? We have already had to deal with one impostor —"

"You mean the man who called himself Peter Roydon Palmer?"

"Yes. Since his escape from prison, nothing whatever has been heard of him, you see. Yet with what a bold front he assumed his character?"

"Do you think it possible," asked the lady, "that he can be at the bottom of this mystery?"

Roland Hershaw smiled at the idea. He wondered it had not occurred to his own mind before.

"Nothing more probable," he said. "He evidently knows more of Mr. Protheroe's affairs than any man in England; but, depend upon it, this time he will not play the puppet himself—he will only pull the strings. Who the real actor is I am curious to see."

"And I," returned Mrs. Larkall, "most curious, and anxious. For in spite of the injury Gertrude Norman has done me, I have her interests very warmly at heart."

For some time the mistress of the boarding-school and her guest sat talking this matter over; then the latter, having read Martin Leveson's epistle, and gleaned all the information possible, took his leave.

He was evidently ill at ease and uncertain how to act.

His first and natural impulse was to rush back to town and prepare himself to anticipate the arrival of the youth who would let daylight into his villanies at a glance, by some bold determined step.

But what could he do?

That letter of Mrs. Larkall's to Walmesley Dyott had raised all.

It was the one puff before which his card-house must, it seemed to him, inevitably go down.

On reading it, the lawyer's suspicions would instantly be awakened, and must refuse to take any step until the real executor under Protheroe's will appeared on the scene, and then it would be too late for everything.

So Roland Hershaw reflected, and the more he thought, the less was he inclined to beat a hasty retreat. It seemed useless to be hurrying home express; he had, he felt, better wait till he had decided on some plan of action.

So he lit his cigar and sauntered to the beach, and tramped close to the water's edge, where he threw himself down with a wearied and exhausted feeling. It was dusk, the dark sea stretched away until it lost itself in mist, but it broke in long monotonous lengths of foam at his feet. The sound of it was in his ears; the salt in his nostrils; but most of all his mind was calmed and soothed as he gazed upon it. Calmed and soothed, yes, but not as the happy, innocent mind might be. If the waves had voices and spoke to him in that hour, the burden of their comfort was this:

"Let the worst come to the worst; the old Sea remains. Death and the grave in one! The refuge of the wretched, the last hope of the wicked: its maw is ever open, its hunger is never abated. On the bosom of old ocean the foulest monster rests as placidly as the innocent suckling, and for neither is there any awakening in this world."

This blank, this hideous comfort of despair, was all the voices of the waves spoke to the heart of Roland Hershaw that night.

Yet he sat upon the solitary beach, thinking and thinking, and ever listening to those repulsive voices, till his lips were salt with the spray, and he was cold to the very bone.

Then he rose, and retraced his steps upward across the beach. In doing so, he chanced to raise his eyes to the cliffs above—the cliffs skirted by the wooden railings.

A solitary figure bent over, and appeared to be looking down intently, as if in search of him.

It was a woman.

There was nothing peculiar in the fact. It was not strange that the attention of a person walking on the cliff should be arrested by the sound of footsteps on the beach below. But the young man involuntarily halted, and an expression of alarm rather than astonishment escaped his lips, for in that apparition he recognized the figure of the woman who had from the opposite side of the road watched the windows of his house in South Audley Street!

The instant he stopped it disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MAHALA'S MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

Haply for I am black. . . Yet that's not much.—Othello

O trust me not at all, or all in all.—Tennyson.

The wind rose as the night went on.

Gathering strength momentarily, it swept in sharp

gusts over the sea, which seemed to chafe under its buffeting, and to foam at the lips in helpless rage.

Through the now silent town the wind moaned and muttered, like a giant in sleep; but few heeded it, or the sound of the angry sea: for to dwellers on the coast the harsh music of wind and wave blends with their very existence. They grow as indifferent to it as the cockney does to the roar and tumult of the London streets.

Of all those in whose ears this music sounded, perhaps there was no one more indifferent to it than Mahala, Gertrude Norman's ayah.

Not that she slept. It was not in her nature to seek her rest at the time and in the fashion that others did.

She would coil herself up in any place, and at any hour, like a wild animal: like an animal, too, she slept lightly,—ready, at the slightest sound, to reveal a half-upturned eye; yet this sleep seemed sufficient to refresh or revive her. And the effect of the habit was, that night never found her drowsy. She was wide awake when others slept; and the younger boarders, who had a strong impression that she had demoniacal relations with the other world, would tremble in their beds if they chanced to wake, and heard her pacing her room, as she was accustomed to do, with bare, cold feet.

Mahala's room was at the back of one of the many houses, which constituted Mrs. Larkall's establishment. It formed one of the rooms in a sort of out-house, two stories in height, which had been run from the main building back into the garden in rear of it.

Into that garden the window looked.

Brighton is not remarkable for trees; but in the shelter of the houses they will grow and flourish, and in this garden—if a sort of playground deserves the name—there were several of goodly proportion, and, in summer, of luxuriant foliage. All were bare and skinny, and withered enough on this March night; but the wind found them out, and set their bare branches swaying with an ominous creak, and more especially one great straggling elm, the pride of the place, the branches of which stretched right across the window of Mahala's room.

The ayah affected to like the gloom created by these heavy, lopping, ever-restless branches, though in the leafy months it was dark as that of a dungeon. She had her reasons for liking it, no doubt; her taste was usually governed by something more than mere caprice.

Inside, this gloomy apartment had nothing very special about it. Extreme simplicity and cleanliness were its strong features. Ceiling, walls, and floor were almost of equal whiteness. The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead, narrow as a bier, covered with an Indian rug of fantastic pattern, a table, over which hung an old-looking glass in an oval gilt frame, once richly foliated, but now cracked and shabby, two chairs, and a hair-trunk with japanned fittings. One or two pictures adorned the walls, but were scarcely ornamental. There was a portrait of a Thug—with the fatal rope coiled like a serpent about his neck—his features strikingly resembling those of the ayah. There was a coloured print of the Temple of Juggernaut, with plenty of blood, and very highly-coloured blood, too, flowing about it. There was a kind of sampler, four inches square, with the head of some idol, all eyes, worked on it, which the young ladies declared Mahala worshipped. Lastly, there were two photographs, one of Mrs. Larkall and the other of Gertrude Norman, and between them hung a sticking-plaster *skizette* of an elderly gentleman with a Roman nose. Who this might represent had been a mystery to successive generations of young ladies at Mrs. Larkall's. They could only discover that in one corner there were the initials, A. R. P.

Mahala never informed any one, not even Gertrude, that those were the initials of Arnold Roydon Protheroe, deceased.

The rising wind and the moaning of the waters, alike failed to attract the attention of Mahala, as, far into the night she sat alone in this apartment.

She was utterly self-absorbed.

At that hour, she presented a very different aspect to the Mahala of ordinary life. She had thrown off her white scarf and the simple dress in which we have hitherto seen her.

These hung over the back of one of the two chairs.

The other chair, Mahala herself occupied, having drawn it up so that she faced the dressing-table and the old looking-glass. By her side was the open trunk, and from this she had dragged out a heap of finery, such as is common enough in her native land, but is seldom seen off the stage in this country.

From that store of treasures, she had attired herself in a skirt of scarlet silk, threaded with gold. The bodice she had assumed was of wine-coloured velvet, trimmed with bullion, and of cut worn by the dancing-girls of the east. About her waist, but resting

low on the skirt, was arranged a shawl, of real Indian manufacture, and far more costly than the rest of the masquerade attire.

Over the shoulders of the ayah, flowed her ample mass of jet-black hair, reaching below her waist. Half-hidden in this, like a star in the deep night, there faintly twinkled at either ear, a brilliant of pure water.

But the crowning glory of all, in Mahala's estimation, was the treasure which she had so recently acquired and so highly prized; for about her dusky throat glittered and gleamed Gertrude Norman's famous strung diamonds.

The eyes of the woman glistened over these, as she caught the reflection of them in the glass, and turned her head from side to side to give play to the facets, which seemed alive with light.

"I am more beautiful than Gertrude!" cried the Indian, "for all her white skin and the rose on her cheek. My eyes are darker, larger, have more fire in them. I know it! I can see it. And my hair is longer and the colour is truer. Yah, I was sick when I heard Roland praise her black hair, and she sniggered and thought he meant it. 'Tisn't black. Mine is black; mine is the colour of the Arab's steed: here is like the mane of the rusty ponies at the horse-fair. And I have teeth ivory-white, and ears shaped for diamonds, and a round, little neck, and my figure is full, and apple and graceful. Can't I see it? Am I blind? And yet he never looks at me—never says to me, even in a whisper: 'Mahala, you are beautiful!'"

Vanity is always ridiculous. Yet we are all vain. Emphatically, all of us. You and I, to whom nature has been bountiful of her graces, walk the streets in the pride of self-sufficiency, and glance with pity at the miserable wretches who pass us every instant. They are so repulsive in face—so wasted, withered, blighted, as it seems—so bowed and crooked—so wanting in every charm and grace humanity can bestow, and we murmur to ourselves, "Poor wretches!" But do you think they take that view of the matter? Do you suppose ugly people think themselves ugly, or that the repulsive are painfully conscious of their repulsiveness? Oh, no! There is not a "plain" woman in this city who does not flatter herself with the possession of some charm—some ray of beauty—some modest grace, hidden violet-wise, but still there. And the least inviting of mankind—he who is but one remove, scarcely that, from "our cousin, the gorilla,"—don't suppose for a moment that he is conscious of his utter ugliness. He is only conscious of the one redeeming feature, whatever it may be, with which nature has endowed him.

In this spirit the poor, besighted ayah believed that she was beautiful—believed, further, that the time would come when Roland Hershaw would be convinced of that fact.

To anyone else, it would have seemed a monstrous idea, that he should ever come to love her; to admire that low, serpent brow, those cunning eyes, and the low-type face with its dusky skin. But she did not think so. She loved herself better than all the world, she loved him next herself; why, she asked, should not the chain be complete—why should he not come to love her?

This was the feeling in her heart as she sat before the glass smoothing those oil-bedabbled tresses, practising alluring glances with those almond-shaped eyes, and gazing over the contrast of the diamonds and the dark skin.

"The diamond was given to the Indian," so she muttered in the height of her gratified vanity, "because it is suited to our beauty. What's a white woman in diamonds? Heavens! there's no contrast. White on white! Bah! is that taste? They think so, these pig-souled whites. But God knows better. He gave the diamond to the dusky skins."

Again and again Mahala arranged the folds of her hair, now in thick masses, coil upon coil above her retreating forehead, now like a veil about her face. The diamonds, too, she was never tired of handling and arranging and talking over.

At last she burst out into a paroxysm of self-admiration.

"If he could see me now!" she cried. "He must think me beautiful, he must love me. Perhaps—"

She stopped abruptly and put her hands over the diamond necklace so as to conceal it. At the same time she turned a scared face toward the window.

Was it the rising wind that swayed the branches of the elm so violently?

Was it that, and nothing more, that shook the casement as if it would burst it open?

Before the ayah could satisfy herself of this, the casement window was thrown open, and a white face peered eagerly into the room.

"Ha! Who is it?" cried Mahala.

"Hush!" hissed a low voice.

"How dare you—you have no right—I—!" It was only in broken sentences the ayah could speak.

"Mahala!" cried a deep voice, interrupting her.

The next instant the intruder had dropped with a light step on to the floor, and was advancing toward her.

Chance had gratified the Indian's wish. He was there. It was Roland Hershaw who stepped up and grasped her hands, but not before she had unclasped Gertrude's diamond necklace, and suffered it to slip like a cold snake into her bosom.

"Mahala!" cried the young man, "do not be alarmed."

"Oh, Mr. Hershaw!" exclaimed the ayah, with unaffected astonishment, "why are you here?"

"That I will explain. But tell me, are we safe here? Can we be overheard?"

"No; quite safe."

"Thank God!"

With that pious adjuration, which had very little piety in it, the intruder wiped the dew from his brow. Then, as if noticing her for the first time (though, in truth, he had noted all her proceedings through the window), he exclaimed:

"Why, Mahala, what does this mean? How lovely you are to-night! And in all these splendid garments, too—what am I to understand?"

The eyes of the ayah glittered with delight. There was a deep flush in her dark cheek, and her rounded bosom, fully revealed above its velvet bodices, rose and fell with quick emotion.

"Don't scold—don't think me foolish, Mr. Hershaw!" she pleaded, drinking in the intoxication of his admiring glances as she spoke. "Tis very foolish, I know; but I am but a child. I haven't the strong sense of your race. And I am an orphan, and an alien, and—sometimes I can't help recalling what I might have been, and seeing how I should have looked my part had my family never come to grief."

"You would have been a princess, then, eh, Mahala?"

"Yes, yes!" she replied, hurriedly, "but I wouldn't say it here, not for the world. They would only laugh and taunt at me. But you will not? I know that you will understand and excuse me."

"Rest assured of that," said Roland, who didn't believe a word of the princess story; "but, now, if you can turn your thoughts for a moment from your affairs to mine, listen to me. I'm in a desperate position, or, you may suppose, I shouldn't be here."

"Did you climb the garden wall?" interrupted the ayah.

"I did; and slid down the branches of the elm to your window. But that's nothing to the purpose. I would have ventured twenty times the risk to reach you, for you alone can render me a service of life-and-death importance."

"I alone?"

"You, Mahala. You will not have forgotten our last interview—that in the garden below? You then promised to befriend me by swearing against the identity of a man whose presence here put me in peril. You recollect?"

"Quite well."

"What you then promised I have never called on you to perform. The man has ceased to trouble me!"

"Is he dead?" asked Mahala, earnestly.

"How should I know?" returned Roland, with unnecessary fierceness. "Twas not my business to inquire. He was an impostor, and when he found he had got into trouble, he took the readiest means of getting out of it: he has disappeared. But fresh danger threatens me, and it is to you that I must fly in this crisis also."

Mahala's face glowed with delight at the implied compliment to her importance.

And when Roland threw himself exhausted into the chair from which the ayah had risen, so that he might rest while conversing with her, she flung herself at his feet, and cooing up her limbs, gazed up into his face with all the abandon and fascination of which she was capable.

Then, bending down over the impassioned woman, Roland Hershaw described what had passed that day with Mrs. Larkall, explained the difficulty about the two Martin Levesons, and informed the ayah of the part Mrs. Larkall intended her to play.

"Now," asked Roland, "do you know Martin Leveson?"

"I knew him as a boy," returned the ayah; "knew him, and hated him, because he used to point and jeer at me, and call me 'nigger.' I a 'nigger,' indeed! My father was a king, my mother—"

"No matter," interposed Roland, "I am aware of your rank. Now, this lad is probably greatly altered since you saw him?"

"No doubt."

"It might, therefore, be difficult for you to speak to him at first?"

"Yes."

"Unless your memory was assisted in some way, eh?"

"I understand; I might recognize the wrong one were both before me."

"But both will not be before you," said the young man.

"No? One only?"

"One only."

"Then there can be no difficulty."

"Not the slightest, if you swear without hesitation."

"Trust me."

"And you will do this service for me?" asked Roland, coaxingly.

He bent his head down till his lips almost touched the face of the ayah, which at the movement burned like a coal, while her breath came thick and pantingly. She believed that he was about to embrace her—perhaps to impress a kiss upon her cheek. He did neither; but when she clutched at his hands and held them in her own burning palms, pressing them in token that she would do his bidding, he did not withdraw them.

On the contrary, he bent even lower, and whispered in her ear.

The words he used were few, but their effect was startling. Mahala looked up in his face to ascertain whether she had heard aright.

Then for an instant she hesitated at his proposition, but it was only for a moment. Before he had well read the doubt in her eye, Roland had taken a superb diamond ring from his finger and had thrust it upon the hand he clutched at.

"Take this, Mahala," he said; "take it in token of my gratitude. You will take it, for my sake, will you not?"

"Yes; for your sake," the ayah murmured.

"That is right, and I have no fear. I can trust you, as you trusted my word in the promise you extracted from me. What I promised I have fulfilled."

"Then Gertrude Norman is not—"

Roland Hershaw put up his hand as if he did not care to have that secret, whatever it was, breathed even between them. But he shook his head in answer to the question, and Mahala started up with a triumphant look, forgetting even the infatuation of the moment in the sense of gratified revenge.

"I may trust you?" asked Roland, eagerly pressing the ringed hand.

"To death!" whispered Mahala, with an impassioned response.

For an instant the lips of the young man rested upon the dark brow, then he drew back towards the window.

"Thank you, Mahala; thank you!" he whispered as he went. "Don't follow me; I can go as I came. If you will shade the light—so! Thanks, and good night!"

He said the words in a half-whisper.

The ayah, looking over the shaded light, saw that he had raised himself to the window, and was stretching out towards the bare limbs of the skeleton elm. A swaying and creaking followed; and when she rushed to the window and looked out, the tree was quiet, and all was still.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRIZE AND THE WINNER.

I'm glad 'tis done! I'm very glad 'tis done—
I've done the thing I ought. *The Hunchback.*
Be warn'd. Beware how you abandon me
To myself. *Ibid.*

AFTER that letter which Mrs. Larkall had written to Mr. Walmesley Dyott, putting him on his guard against the person who called himself Martin Leveson, the latter did not call at the office in Walbrook for several days.

He found it convenient to go down to Hertfordshire for a few days' shooting, and to carry on the business by letter only.

In his communications, old Dyott—wily old fox as he was—did not say a word about the fact communicated to him, did not hint at any suspicion, or any altered state of things, though when Mrs. Larkall's letter reached him it had startled and alarmed him so much that, being at the time in the customary act of warming his back, he forgot what he was doing, and scorched his coat-tails and fairly singed his calves.

Every morning and evening old Dyott searched the papers eagerly for news of the arrival of the ship Theckla, and when it came into port he at once wrote to an address furnished him by Mrs. Larkall, and arranged an interview for noon on an early day at his office. By the same post he wrote to Martin Leveson of Spring Gardens, but temporarily of Bolsover Lodge, Hertford, asking him to be present at the same hour, day, and place.

To the letter posted to the address in Liverpool, at which port the Theckla had come in, no answer was received.

Dyott did not like that.

He waited a reasonable time, then wrote to Mrs.

Larkhall. She replied, suggesting that in the hurry of landing and seeing to his affairs, Martin might have neglected to reply, or have thought it unnecessary, meaning, no doubt, to keep the appointment.

The lady added that she was not very well—could hardly tell what was the matter with her—worry, perhaps; felt strange symptoms in her head, a kind of swimming and dizziness; should, nevertheless, make a point of being in town and bringing Mahala with her, as arranged, on the day appointed.

That day arrived at length, and by an early train from Brighton there arrived in town, Mahala, the ayah—alone!

She had never looked to more advantage. Her eyes glowed with intelligence, and smiles puckered her dark cheeks. Evidently she was in a high state of glee and animation, and she seemed the very embodiment of mischief.

Pinned within the bosom of her dress the ayah had a card, on which was written the address of Mr. Dyott, Walbrook, so that she might not forget it. Yet, strangely enough, when she alighted, she held up her finger to a cabman, and entering his vehicle, told him to drive in quite a different direction.

It was to Spring Gardens.

There was no occasion for her to carry that address written about her. She had only heard it once, but it was written on the tablets of her heart.

Two hours had elapsed when Mr. Walmesley Dyott, standing before the fire in his little office, looked up at the clock and began to rub his hands in a fidgety manner.

"Only five to twelve, and nobody come!" he muttered.

Another minute and another passed. He was still more fidgety.

"An awkward business—a very nasty business, indeed!" he muttered, "yet I can't think I've made a mistake. How is it possible that anybody but the real son of Digby Leveson should know so much about Prothero's affairs? It's absurd. Where could he have got the will—the exact counterpart of the copy in my possession—and the letters and all the necessary information? Yet it's very odd that he shouldn't have looked up Mrs. Larkhall, and more odd that this other party should have sprung up. Very odd!"

He pressed his hand on the knob of a spring-bell as he spoke.

A clerk entered.

"You understood my instructions, Parsons?" said Dyott.

"Yes, sir."

"If I touch this bell twice, sharply, you go at once for Millstone, the detective, and bring him quietly; he'll wait at his office till two, in case I send."

"Yes, sir. Beg pardon, sir—the black person?"

"Eh?"

"The young woman from Brighton has come."

"What! alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show her in."

And Mahala was thereupon shown in. She crossed her arms upon her bosom and bowed her head; then, stood deferentially before the lawyer, waiting for him to address her. Her eyes appeared to be bent on the floor, but she was looking out of the corners of them, and reading the face of the man before the fire-place.

"Why, Mahala!" cried Dyott, "how comes it that you are alone? Where is Mrs. Larkhall?"

"She is ill, sir."

"What! Too ill to come up to town? What is the matter with her?"

Mahala answered him by presenting a note which had been entrusted to her, and which, by the way, sharper eyes than those of the lawyer would have detected had been opened and re-sealed.

"Dear me," he said, half reading it aloud. "'Symptoms aggravated'—'too ill to travel'—'called in medical man, who was evidently puzzled, but thought it something of vertigo'—how unfortunate!—have therefore sent Mahala, who will be able to speak to my knowledge of Martin Leveson just as well in my absence, and have written to Mr. Roland Hershaw asking him to be in attendance also, as an old friend of Mr. Prothero's.' Quite right. Dear me, twelve already! Everybody's late. Just come up, Mahala!"

"By the last train, sir."

"Had no difficulty in finding your way?"

"No, sir, I took a cab which brought me here direct, as Mrs. Larkhall instructed me."

With what a marvellous coolness the ayah lied! But then she studied it as an art, and as she had explained it was only those of her dusky complexion who could attain perfection in it.

While they spoke, Parsons, the confidential clerk, reappeared. He handed a letter to his employer.

"Who is this from?" asked the lawyer of himself rather than his clerk, as he fixed his gold eye-glasses on the bridge of his nose and scrutinized the address.

"I ought to know that writing. It isn't unlike Martin Leveson's," written in a hurry, and with a bad pen. Yet, no: that's not his W, and there's a want of something about it. Let's see," he opened the letter as he spoke. "Ha! From Mr. Roland Hershaw! I've not had the pleasure of meeting him yet, though they say he's a princely fellow. What's this? 'Regret to say that business of a very special and pressing nature, compels me to be absent from the conference to-day. The more regret it, as I am in a manner pledged to Mrs. Larkhall to be in attendance; but doubt not that the matter which appears so full of difficulty and suspicion will be cleared up to the satisfaction of all the parties interested?' Unfortunate! But the others are late—will they decline also?"

Mahala heard, and there was a sinister smile about her lips, but she did not venture on a remark.

She only waited and watched the door, as a dog watches—with eyes and teeth, and ears pressed forward, and body quivering with intensity.

Suddenly she caught the sound for which she watched.

That was his step on the outer stairs.

"Mr. Martin Leveson!" the clerk announced.

How eagerly Mr. Walmesley Dyott looked up! His eyes caught the face of the visitor over the stooping shoulders of the clerk.

It was almost with a feeling of disappointment that he beheld the young man who had so often visited him, and with whom he had already transacted important business. That other Leveson was the man he was so anxious about. Why did he not come? It would have been so satisfactory to have confronted them, and to have trusted to the ayah's sagacity—and his own—to detect the real representative of the defunct executor from the impostor.

But though disappointed in one respect, the lawyer was gratified in another.

Directly the young man with odd coloured hair, with the false moustache, with the black eyebrows and eyelashes, and the blue eyes, entered, Mahala sprang from her seat and uttered a cry—a joyous, apparently spontaneous cry, of recognition.

"Oh, sir! Oh, Master Leveson!" she ejaculated, "Is it you? You here? In this England—so far, far away from the dear land! I am so glad!"

She had seized both his hands.

And the lawyer and his clerk, as they looked on, saw the tears well up into her large black eyes, as if the emotion of the moment was too powerful to be overcome.

The young man addressed was, on his side, almost equally moved.

"Mahala!" he said, "you here? Why, you are quite a woman! And Mrs. Larkhall, where is she?"

He looked round, and an expression of disappointment came over his face as he perceived that the lady was not present.

"She is ill," said Mahala.

"Ill! And I not to have seen her yet! Not very ill is she?"

"Too ill to come here to-day," said the ayah, with a pitiful shake of the head.

"Oh, I'm so sorry; and so angry with myself."

Then he turned to Mr. Walmesley Dyott.

"Well, sir," he said, "you see I have arrived at your invitation, and have met an old friend here. May I venture to ask the special business of the day? Has any difficulty sprung up—any fresh obstacle?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, smiling graciously; "there was both a difficulty and an obstacle; but I trust Mahala has removed both; eh, Parsons?"

The clerk nodded his head affirmatively.

"I?" cried the ayah, in astonishment.

"Poor Mahala got me out of a difficulty," exclaimed Martin Leveson. "You astound me! That's very different to old times, isn't it, Mahala? I believe you got me into at least half my boyish scrapes."

"And out of them, too, master," replied the Indian, grinning till she showed every tooth in her head.

Walmesley Dyott looked from one to the other, as they chatted thus pleasantly together, and felt that this was a matter in which there could be no room for his hesitation. Had Mrs. Larkhall herself been present, he felt convinced that she must have decided as he did. These people must have met before. Mahala's spontaneous recognition of the strange client was worth a thousand folios of written evidence of identity. Was there any occasion to wait for this adventurer who had written to Mrs. Larkhall, sending his address at Liverpool, but who, when written to, neither replied nor came? Surely not. It had all turned out just as he expected. He had not been fooled himself all these weeks: had not lent himself the ready dupe to a designing sharper. No. He would entertain no further doubts or suspicions. His mind was made up. He would act.

Therefore, taking up his favourite position on the hearth-rug, which he had abandoned on the entrance of his client, he proceeded to inform the latter and Mahala of the object with which they had been sum-

moned to town. He showed how Mrs. Larkhall had received a letter from some designing person who called himself Martin Leveson, and what steps had been taken, in consequence, to arrange a meeting and to settle the question of identity by the subtle device of the ayah's presence.

Both the listeners were lost in amazement.

"Is it possible?" asked Martin. "It seems incredible that any man should have acted with such audacity."

"It's nevertheless true," replied the lawyer. "So you see what a trap you'd have fallen into had you attempted to play off your tricks upon me."

"Trap, indeed!" said the other, with a perfectly grave countenance. "It makes me tremble to think of it!"

Then his eyes met those of Mahala, and a flash of consciousness passed between them.

The lawyer did not notice this; but, having finished his narrative, proceeded to such matters of business as the interest of his client demanded. It was most important, Martin Leveson said, that he should conclude this business of the executorship at once, or at least put it in such a train that Gertrude Norman might, in the event of her re-appearance, immediately come into possession of her property.

This had been facilitated in every possible way up to the moment when Mrs. Larkhall's startling letter was received, and now the experienced Dyott set to work with a will to make matters straight.

"As nearly as I can make out," the lawyer said, "her fortune will be about one hundred thousand pounds, independently, it may be, of those jewels to which such mysterious reference is made in the will, but which may have been disposed of. I can't tell. My idea has been to throw the whole of this into the consols, so that she, as a woman, may have no difficulty in managing her money, or letting some one do it for her. House property is a bore, and mortgages want looking after: shares fluctuate in value. Nothing like the funds, I say."

That was what Martin Leveson had said; but the lawyer had adopted it as his notion, and the other was content.

Before he left the office, every arrangement was made by which Gertrude Norman could get possession of the bulk of that hundred thousand pounds, and sell out whenever she pleased.

That was the point to which Roland Hershaw had laboured so hardly, so incessantly, to bring matters.

And at last he was successful!

"But for how long?"

His brain whirled, and he fairly tottered, as that question presented itself to his mind.

Well, there was only one thing for it—not a moment must be lost. That he had resolved on, as he left Mr. Walmesley Dyott's office, as he darted off in a Hansom to Spring Gardens, and rushed up into the room he had secured there.

In that room at Mahala, who had quitted the office at least an hour before he did, in order that, as she said, she might take the train back to Brighton.

"You have acted superbly, Mahala," said the young man, tearing off his moustache, and preparing to rub the colour from his hair. "Now, the only thing is for you to get back at once. When there, discontinue the powders you have given Mrs. Larkhall, and substitute these."

He handed her a small white packet, which he took from his pocket-book.

"They will do her no harm, beyond producing an irresistible heaviness. That will be a bar to her reading letters of any kind. But before you give the powders, it is absolutely necessary that she should read the letter I am about to give you, and which you will post at the railway station."

The letter alluded to he placed in the ayah's hands.

"It is in Gertrude's handwriting!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—or what is a very good imitation of it. Whatever you do, post it, and see that she has it the moment it arrives."

The ayah promised to attend faithfully to his instructions.

Thus it happened that she had scarcely reached Brighton before Mrs. Larkhall was reading a letter, just delivered by the evening post, and of which this was a part:

"Since the moment I so imprudently quitted the school, I have never known a moment's peace, a moment's happiness. I am lonely and wretched, disappointed and miserable. Pray, pray permit me to return."

"And yet I scarcely dare hope that you will show me so much goodness."

"You will want to know why I was so wicked as to leave, and what I have been doing since."

"And I cannot, I dare not tell you. I am under an oath not to reveal it. But this, believe me, beyond the act of escaping, I have done nothing wrong."

nothing that can bring disgrace upon myself and upon the school. I have been foolish, not wicked.

"Take me back while I can use those words!

"Help me, save me, before it is too late!

"I have no mother, and if you will not be a mother to me—God help me!"

The letter was signed "Gertrude Norman."

(To be continued.)

SELF-MADE;

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &c. &c.

CHAPTER CXL

CLAUDIA AT CAMERON COURT.

Sweet are the paths—oh, passing sweet,
By Eak's fair streams that run
O'er airy steep, thro' coppowood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There beauty led by timid love
May shun the tell-tale ray.

Scott.

CAMERON COURT, the favourite seat of Berenice, Countess of Hurst-Monceaux, was situated about seven miles south of Edinburgh, on the north banks of the Esk.

It was an elegant modern edifice, raised upon the ruins of an ancient castle, overhanging a perpendicular precipice, with a sheer descent of several hundred feet to the river. It looked down upon the course of the Esk, winding between rocks of lofty height, whose sides were fringed with a tangled mass of shrubs, ferns and thistles, and whose summits were crowned with thickets of hazel, pine and birch.

On still higher ground, behind the house, and sheltering it from the northern blast, stood a thick wood of cedar, beech and fir trees.

Many winding foot-paths led through this wood, and down the rocks and along the edge of the river.

A wilder, more picturesque and romantic spot could scarcely have been found for a dwelling-place.

In summer, green with foliage, bright with blooming flowers, and musical with singing birds and purling brooks, it was beautiful!

But in winter, bound in ice, mantled with snow, and gemmed with frost, it was sublime!

Such was the aspect of the place without;—while within were collected all the comforts, luxuries and elegancies that wealth, taste, and intellect could command.

Within a short distance of this charming residence stood Craigmillar Castle, an old ruin, memorable from having been the first residence of Mary Queen of Scots, after her return from France; and also her favourite retreat when driven to seek repose from the chafing antagonisms of her court at Holyrood.

Nearer still, on the banks of the Esk, stood Roslyn Castle and Chapel, famous in song and story for "the lordly line of high St. Clair;" and Hawthornden, remarkable for its enormous artificial caves, hewn out of the solid foundation rocks, and used as a place of refuge during the barbarous wars of by-gone ages;—and many other interesting monuments of history and tradition.

To this attractive home Lady Hurst-Monceaux had brought Claudia, late one winter afternoon.

At that hour, between the thickness of the Scotch mist and the low gathering shadows of the night, but little could be seen or surmised of the scenery surrounding the house.

But Claudia keenly appreciated the comfort and elegance of the well-warmed and brightly-lighted rooms within.

Not that they were more luxurious or more splendid than those she had left for ever behind at Castle Cragg, but they were—oh! so different!

There all the magnificence was tainted with the presence of guilt; here all was pure with innocence. There she had been "under the curse;" here she was "under the benediction." There she had been tormented by a devil; here she was comforted by an angel. And this is scarcely putting the comparison, as it existed in her experience, too strongly.

Even when she had been alone and unprotected at the hotel, she had experienced a rebound of spirits from long depression, a joyous sense of freedom—only from the single cause of getting away from Castle Cragg and its sinful inmates.

But now, added to that, was the pleasure of friendship, the comfort of sympathy, and the security of protection. Relief, repose, satisfaction—these were the sensations of Claudia in taking up her temporary abode at Cameron Court.

The very first evening seemed a festive one to her, who had been so lonely, so wretched and so persecuted at Castle Cragg.

The countess took her to a bright, cheerful suit of apartments on the second floor, whose French windows opened upon a balcony overlooking the wild and picturesque scenery of the Esk.

And when she had laid off her bonnet and wrappings, her hostess took her down to a handsome dining-room, where an elegant little dinner for two was served.

Ah! very different was this from the horrible meals at Castle Cragg, or even from the lonely ones at Magruder's hotel.

Berenice possessed the rare gift of fascination in a higher degree than any woman Claudia had ever chanced to meet. And she exerted herself to please her guest with such success that Claudia was completely charmed and won.

After dinner they adjourned to a sumptuous apartment, called in the house "my lady's little drawing-room."

Here everything was collected that could help to make a winter evening pass comfortably and pleasantly.

The Turkey carpet that covered the floor was a perfect *parterre* of brilliant flowers wrought in their natural colours; and its texture was so fine and thick that it yielded like moss to the footstep. Crimson velvet curtains, lined with white satin and fringed with gold, draped the windows and excluded every breath of the wintry blast. Many costly pictures, rare works of art, covered the walls. A grand pianoforte, a fine harp, a guitar and a lute were at hand. Rich inlaid tables were covered with the best new books, magazines and journals. Indian cabinets were filled with unique shells, minerals, ossifications, and other curiosities. Marble stands supported vases, statuettes, and other articles of *certé*. Lastly, two soft, deep, easy chairs were drawn up before the glowing fire; while over the mantel-piece a large cheval glass reflected and duplicated all this wealth.

With almost motherly tenderness the beautiful countess placed her guest in one of these luxurious chairs and put a comfortable cushion under her feet. Then Berenice took the other chair.

Between them, on a marble stand, stood a vase of flowers and the Countess' work-box. But she did not open it.

She engaged her guest in conversation, and such was the charm of her manners, that the evening passed like a pleasing dream.

And when Claudia received the kiss of Berenice and retired for the night, it was with the sweet feeling of sympathy added to her sense of freedom.

And when she awoke in the morning, it was to greet with joy her new life of sympathy, security, and repose.

As soon as she rang her bell, she was attended by a pretty Scotch girl, who informed her that her ladyship's luggage had arrived, and had been placed in the hall outside her apartments to await her ladyship's orders.

Claudia, when she was dressed, went to look after it, and found to her surprise not only her large trunk from Magruder's, but also her numerous boxes from Castle Cragg.

Upon inquiry, she discovered that the boxes had been forwarded from the castle to the hotel, and sent on with the trunk.

She did not stop to inspect any part of her luggage, but went down-stairs into the breakfast-parlour, where she found Lady Hurst-Monceaux presiding over the table, and waiting for her.

Berenice arose and met her guest with an affectionate embrace, and put her into the easiest chair nearest the fire; for it was a bitter cold morning, and the snow lay thick upon the ground and upon the tops of the fir trees that stood before the windows, like footmen with powdered heads.

On turning up her plate, Claudia found a letter.

"It is from Jean Murdock, dear. Read it; it refers no doubt to the boxes she has forwarded," said Lady Hurst-Monceaux.

Claudia smiled, bowed, broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Castle Cragg, Thursday morning.

"MR LEDDY—I have the honour to forward your ladyship's boxes frae the castle. I hope your ladyship will find a' richt.

"There has been unco' ill doings here sin' your ladyship left. Mæ laird has gane his ways up to Lunnun; but he left the player-bodie, Guid forgie' him, biding her lane here. And she has guided us a' a sair gate sin' she has held the reins.

"Auld Cuthbert wouldna bide here longer gin it were na' for the love o' the house; na mare would I. I must tell your ladyship about the visit of the polece, whilk I understand were sent by your ladyship's ain self. They cam' the same day your ladyship left.

"Mæ laird was going away; and me laird's carriage stood at the door; and just as he was stepping into the carriage they cam' up and spake till him. And

then his lairdship laughed, and invited them to enter the house, and walk into the library. And he sent auld Cuthbert to fetch me. And when I went into the library, his lairdship said till me:

"Murdock, these people hae come about some servants that are said to be missing. What about them?"

"If your lairdship means the pair servants, I dinna ken; I hae na seen aone of them the day," I answered.

"And noo, me ledly, ye maun e'en just forgie an auld cummer like mesel' gin she writes you a' that followed, e'en though it should cut you to the heart; for ye ought to ken weel the ways o' your bitter ill-wishers.

"Aweel, then, and when I had answered me laird, he turned to the polecemen and said:

"The trath is, Mr. Murray, you have been deceived by a vera artful party. I may just as well tell you now what, in a few days, will be the talk of every tap-room in the United Kingdom! When I was younger and more inexperienced, I met with a beautiful adventuresome, whom I found—worse luck—in the best circles. I married the creature, and brought her to this castle, which she has dishonoured."

"And here, me ledly, he gave the poleceman an exaggerated account of the finding of Fribbie in your ladyship's room. And then he rang the bell, and sent for the player bodie and her friend, wha cam' in and conferred a' that he tauld the polecemen.

"Then me laird spake up and said that the servants had run off wi' a large quantity of jewellery and plate; that he had nae doot but your ladyship had giv' them commission to purloin it; that your ladyship's visit and compleent to the polece was naught but a blind to deceive them; and finally that he demanded to have a warrant issued for the arrest of them on the charge of theft!

"Aweel, me ledly, ye ken that your ladyship and your pair serving bodies are strangers here, and me laird and a' his family are weel-kenned folk, and, mare than that, they are o' the auld nobility—mare shame for me laird, na better to do honour till his race. And sae the lang and short o' it is this, that he talked over the polecemen, sae that instead of pursuing their investigations in the castle, they went off with me laird to have warrants out for the apprehension of the pair folk, whilk I believe to be as innocent of theft as I mysel' or auld Cuthbert.

"Noo, me ledly, I hae telled ye a', thinking till mesel' that ye ought to ken it. And sae ye maun e'en just commit your ways to the Lord, and put your trust intil him.

"Auld Cuthbert and mesel' pray for your ladyship ilka day, that ye may be delevered frae the spoliars, and frae a' those wha gang about to wark you wae. Mæ laird hae gane his ways up to Lunnun, as I tauld your ladyship. And the player-quan and her cummer hae possession o' the house and guide a' things their ain gait, wae me!

"Gin I suld hear onything aenat your ladyship's pair folk, I will mak haste to let your ladyship ken.

"Auld Cuthbert begs permession to send his duty and his prayers for your ladyship's happiness. And I mesel' hae the honour to be your honourable ladyship's "Obedient humble servant to command,"

"JEAN MURDOCK."

When Claudia had finished this letter she passed it with a sad smile to Lady Hurst-Monceaux, who, after having in her turn perused it, tossed it upon the table, saying, scornfully:

"Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad!" Lord Vincent appears to me to have lost his reason! He thinks that he is weaving a net of circumstantial evidence around you for your ruin, when he is, in fact, only involving himself in intricacies of crime, which must inevitably prove his destruction.

"I cannot—oh, I cannot see it in the same light that you do! It seems to me that he has succeeded in making me appear guilty," said Claudia, with a shudder.

"Ah, let us not talk of it, since talking will do no good; at least not now! When your father comes, then we will talk and act," said the countess, soothingly, as she set a cup of fragrant coffee before her guest.

For of one thing you may be sure, from what you have already seen of Lady Hurst-Monceaux, that she would not allow her guest to mope.

As soon as the snow ceased to fall and the sky cleared, with a sharp north-west wind that froze the river hard, the countess took her guest out to learn the exhilarating art of skating, and in this way they employed an hour or two of each morning. The remainder of the day would be passed in needlework, reading, music and conversation.

When the weather moderated and the ice was unsafe for skating, they substituted riding and driving excursions, and visited all the remarkable places in the neighbourhood.

They visited Roslyn Castle, and went down into those fearful vaults, three tiers under ground, and listened to the guide who told them traditions of the princely state kept up by the ancient Lords of Roslyn, who had noblemen of high degree for their carvers and cupbearers; and of those Ladies of Roslyn who never moved from home without a train of two hundred waiting gentlewomen and two hundred mounted knights.

They visited Roslyn Chapel and admired the unequalled beauty of its architecture, and gazed at the wondrous *chef-d'œuvre*—the "apprentice's pillar"—and heard the story how a poor but gifted boy, hoping to please, had designed and executed the work during the absence of his master, who, on returning and seeing the beautiful pillar, fell into a frenzy of envious rage, and slew his apprentice.

They visited the ruins of Craigmillar Castle and stood in the little stone den, seven feet by four, which is known as "Queen Mary's Bedroom." They saw those deep, dark dungeons where, in the olden times, captives pined away their lives forgotten of all above ground; they saw the "execution-room," with its condemned cell, its chains and staples, its instruments of torture, its altar and its block!

It was indeed a

Dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution, too, and tomb!

where, in those savage times, great criminals and innocent victims were alike condemned unheard, and secretly strived, beheld, and buried.

They passed on to a still more horrible dungeon among those dread vaults—a circular stone crypt surrounded by tall, deep, narrow niches, in which human beings had been built up alive.

With a shudder Claudia turned from all these horrors to the Countess:

"Let us leave this place. It kills me, Berenice."

On Sunday morning at the breakfast-table, Lady Hurst-Monceaux proposed, as the day was fine, that they should drive into Edinburgh and attend divine service at St. Giles's Cathedral, interesting from being the most ancient place of worship in the city; a richly-endowed abbey and ecclesiastical school in the middle ages; and at a later period, after the reformation, the church from which John Knox delivered his fierce denunciation of the sins and sinners of his day.

All this Berenice told Claudia at the breakfast-table, seeking to draw her thoughts away from the subject of her own position.

But at the invitation from Lady Hurst-Monceaux to attend a Christian place of worship, Claudia looked up with surprise, and exclaimed impulsively:

"But I thought—"

"And there she stopped and blushed.

Lady Hurst-Monceaux understood her, smiled and answered:

"You thought that I was a Jewess! Well, I was born and brought up in the Jewish faith. But it is now many years, Lady Vincent, since I embraced the Christian religion."

"I am very glad! I am very, very glad!" said Claudia, warmly, clasping the hand of her hostess.

Lady Hurst-Monceaux rang the bell and ordered the carriage.

And then the friends arose from the breakfast-table and retired to prepare for church.

They enjoyed a beautiful drive of seven miles through a wildly picturesque country, and entered the town and reached the church in time for the opening of the services.

The preacher of the day was a very worthy successor of John Knox, having all the faith and hope and a good deal more of charity than that grand old prophet of wrath had ever displayed.

This was the first divine worship that Claudia had engaged in for many months. It revived, comforted and strengthened her.

She left the church in a better mood of mind than she had perhaps ever experienced in the whole course of her life.

They reached home to a late dinner, and spent the evening in such serious reading and conversation and sacred music as befitted the day.

Not one dull hour had Claudia experienced during her residence at Cameron Court.

On Monday, which was another fine winter day, the countess said to her guest:

"This is the day of each week that I always devote to my poor. Would you like to drive around with me in the pony chaise and make acquaintance with the peasantry of Scotland? You will find them a very intelligent, well-educated class."

"Thank you, I should enjoy the drive quite as much as any that we have yet taken," said Claudia.

And accordingly after breakfast the ladies set out upon their round.

Berenice did not go empty-handed. Hampers of food and bundles of clothing filled up every available space in the carriage.

It was a very pleasant drive. To every cottage that the countess entered, she brought relief, comfort and cheerfulness.

The children greeted her with glad smiles; the middle-aged with warm thanks; and the old with fervent blessings.

Not from one humble homestead did she turn without leaving some token of her passage:—with one family she would leave the needed supply of food; with another, the necessary winter clothing; with another, wine, medicine, or books. With others very poor she would leave a portion of all these requisites.

Finally, when the sun was sinking behind the Pentland Hills, she returned home with her guest.

"I must thank you for a very pleasant day, Lady Hurst-Monceaux: one of the pleasantest I have ever passed in my life. For I have witnessed and I have felt more real pleasure to-day than I ever remember to have experienced before. You have conferred much happiness to-day. If you dispense as much on every Monday, as I suppose you do, the aggregate must be very great," said Claudia, with enthusiasm, as they sat together at tea that evening in "my lady's little drawing-room."

For some minutes Berenice did not reply, and when she did, she spoke very seriously.

"If there is one thing more than another for which I thank God, it is for making me one of his stewards. Do you suppose, Claudia, that I hold all the wealth he has entrusted to me as my own, to be used for my own exclusive benefit? Oh, no! I feel that I am but his almoner, and I am often ashamed of taking, as I do, the lion's share of the good things," she added, glancing around upon the luxuries that encompassed her.

The next day Lady Hurst-Monceaux proposed another excursion.

"I will not take you to visit any romantic old ruin this morning, but, to vary the programme, I will take you to see an interesting living reality."

And accordingly the carriage was ordered, and they drove out to Newhaven, a fishing village within three miles of Edinburgh, and yet as isolated and as primitive in its manners and customs as the most remote hamlet in the country.

There Claudia was amused and interested in watching the coming-in of the fishing-boats, and observing the picturesque attire of the fishwives, and listening to the deafening clatter of their tongues as they chattered with the fishermen, while lading their baskets.

This was another pleasant day for Claudia.

But it would stretch this chapter to too great a length to describe each day of her sojourn at Cameron Court.

Let it suffice to say, in general terms, that the countess kept her guest usefully employed or agreeably entertained during the whole of her visit. There was neither a tedious nor a fatiguing hour, in the five weeks of her sojourn.

Every Sunday they attended divine worship at "St. Giles's Cathedral," commonly called "John Knox's church." Every Monday they went their rounds among the poor. Other days in the week they visited interesting and remarkable places in and around Edinburgh. And thus cheerfully passed the days.

CHAPTER XVII. SUSPENSE.

Wait, for the day is breaking.
Tho' the dull night be long.
Wait, 'till heaven's fire forsaking
Thy heart—the strong! be strong! *anon.*

As the time approached when Claudia might reasonably expect a reply to the letter she had written to her father, she naturally became very anxious.

Would he answer that last urgent appeal by letter or in person? that was the question she was for ever asking of herself.

And the response of her heart was always the same; he would lose no time in writing, he would hasten at once to her relief!

Ah, but if he should be ill, or even dead? What then? Claudia's anxiety grew daily more acute. She had heard nothing of the fate of her servants. She learned by a second letter from Jean Murdock that Mrs. Dugald still remained at Castle Cragg, "lording it o'er a," as the housekeeper expressed it. And she saw by the *Times* that Malcolm, Viscount Vincent, had filed a petition for divorce from his viscountess. That was all.

The fourth week had drawn nearly to its close, when one morning, on coming to the breakfast-table, Claudia found lying beside her plate a foreign letter.

At the very first glance at the superscription she recognized her father's firm handwriting, and with an irrepressible cry of joy she snatched it up.

It was the short letter Judge Merlin had hastily penned on the eve of his journey.

It merely stated that he had just that instant taken her letters from the post-office; and that, in order to save the immediately outgoing mail, he answered them without leaving the office, to announce to her that he should sail on the following Wednesday. And then, with strong expressions of indignation against Lord Vincent, sorrow for Claudia's troubles, and affection for herself, the letter closed.

"Oh, Berenice! Berenice! I am so happy—so very happy!" exclaimed Claudia, wildly. "My father has written to me! He is well! he is coming! he is coming; he will be here in a few days! in a very few days! for this letter was written at the post-office, to save the mail!"

"I congratulate you with all my heart, dear Claudia! Yes, I should think your father would now be here in two or three days, at furthest," said Lady Hurst-Monceaux. "I might propose many interesting places in the vicinity of Edinburgh which you have not seen; but that we must not go far from home, while expecting Judge Merlin. We must not happen to be absent when your father arrives."

"Oh, no! we must not risk such a thing, I know! Well, I will wait as patiently as I can."

"And I will tell you what you may do, meantime. To-day you shall superintend in person the preparation of a suite of rooms for your father. You shall let my housekeeper into the secret of all his little tastes, and they shall be considered in the arrangements. That will occupy one day. To-morrow, you know, is Sunday, and we must go to church. That will occupy the second. The next day, Monday, we will make our weekly round among the poor. That will occupy the third day, to the exclusion of everything else! For if there is one employment more than another that will make us forget our personal anxieties it is ministering to the wants of others! And, in all human probability, before Monday evening Judge Merlin will be here!"

"Yes, yes! Oh, my dear father! I can scarcely realize that I shall see him so soon!" said Claudia, with emotion.

The countess's programme was carried out. Claudia spent that day in superintending the arrangements of a handsome suite of rooms for her father.

On Sunday they went to church. But the text was an unfortunate one for Claudia's spirits. It was: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." And the subject of the discourse was on the vanity of human expectations and the uncertainty of human destiny.

Claudia returned home greatly depressed; but that depression soon yielded to the cheerfulness of Lady Hurst-Monceaux's manner.

On Monday they made their rounds among the poor; and Claudia forgot her anxieties, and felt happy in the happiness she saw dispensed around her.

Yes, the programme of the countess was carried out, but her provisions were not realized.

Judge Merlin did not come that evening, nor on the next morning, nor on the succeeding evening!

On Wednesday morning Claudia, as usual, seized the *Times* as soon as it was brought in, and turned eagerly to the telegraphic column. But there was no intelligence. Glancing further down the column, she suddenly grew pale, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Berenice!"

"What is it, dear?" inquired the countess. Claudia read aloud the paragraph that had alarmed her:

"The *Oceana* is now several days overdue. Serious apprehensions are entertained for her safety!"

"Do not be alarmed, my dear! At this season of the year the vessels are frequently detained beyond their usual time of arrival," said the countess, with a cheerfulness which she was very far from feeling. Re-assure yourself, Claudia."

But that was easier said than done. Three or four more anxious days and nights passed, during which Claudia watched the papers for the arrival of the vessel; but all in vain until the Saturday morning of that week, when, as usual, she opened the *Times* and turned to the telegraphic column.

She could scarcely repress the cry of anguish that arose to her lips on reading the following:

"Intelligence has just reached Queenstown that there has been passed at sea the wreck of a large vessel, supposed to be the missing *Oceana*."

"Oh, Berenice! Oh, Berenice! Can this be true? Oh! speak a word of hope or comfort to me!" cried Claudia, wringing her hands in the extremity of mental agony.

"My dear, let us still hope for the best! There is no certainty that it is the wreck of the *Oceana*. There is no certainty that the *Oceana* is wrecked at all. She is delayed; that is all which is known. And that is often the case at this season of the year, as I told you before!" said the countess, trying to inspire Claudia with a hope that she herself scarcely dared to indulge.

But Claudia's face betrayed the acuteness of her anguish.

"Oh, the suspense—the terrible agony of suspense! It is worse than death!" she cried.

The countess essayed to comfort her; but in vain. All that day, and for many succeeding ones, Claudia was like a victim stretched upon the rack. The torture of uncertainty was harder to endure than any certainty—it was, as she had said, "worse than death," worse than despair! Some two weeks passed away, during which her very breath of life seemed almost suspended in the agony of hope that could not die.

At length one morning, on descending to the breakfast parlour, she found Lady Hurst-Moncaux reading the *Times*.

"Any news?" inquired Claudia, in a faint voice. The countess looked up. Claudia read the expression of her face, which seemed to say:

"Prepare for good news!"

"Oh, yes, there is—there is!" exclaimed Claudia, suddenly snatching the paper, and turning to the telegraphic column, and then, with a cry of joy, sinking into her seat.

"Let me read it to you, my dear; you are incapable of doing so," said Berenice, gently taking the paper from her hand, and reading aloud the following paragraph:

"NEWS OF THE OCEANA.—The Oriental and Peninsular Steam Packet Company's ship *Albatross* has arrived at Liverpool, bringing all the passengers and crew of the *Oceana*. They were picked up by the *Santiago*, outward bound for Havana, and taken to that port, whence they sailed by the *Cadiz* for the port of Cadiz, whence, lastly, they were brought by the *Albatross* to Liverpool. Among the passengers saved was Chief-Justice Merlin, Ismael Worth, Esq., a distinguished member of the Bar, and Professor Erasmus Kerr, of the Glasgow University. The shipwrecked passengers have all arrived in good health and spirits, and have already dispersed to their various destinations."

"This is too much joy! Oh, Berenice! it is too much joy!" cried Claudia, bursting into tears and throwing herself into the arms of Lady Hurst-Moncaux, and weeping freely on the sympathetic bosom of that faithful friend.

"Claudia, dear," whispered that gentle lady, "go to your room and shut yourself in, and kneel and return thanks to heaven for this great mercy. And so shall your spirits be calmed and strengthened."

Claudia ceased weeping, kissed her kind montresors, and went and complied with her counsel.

And very fervent was the thanksgiving that went up to heaven from her relieved and grateful heart.

She had arisen from her knees and was sitting by her writing-table indulging in a reverie of anticipation when a bustle below stairs attracted her attention.

She listened.

Yes! it was the noise of an arrival!

With a joyous presentiment of what had come to the house, Claudia rushed out of the room and down the stairs to the lower entrance-hall, and the next moment found herself clasped to the bosom of her father.

For a few moments neither spoke. The embrace was a fervent, earnest, but silent one!

The judge was the first to break the spell.

"Oh, my child! my child! thank God that I find you alive and well!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice.

"Oh, my father! my dear, dear father!" began Claudia; but she broke down, burst into tears, and wept upon his bosom.

He held her there, soothing her with loving words and tender caresses, as he had been accustomed to do when she was but a mere child coming to him with her childish troubles.

When Claudia had exhausted her passion of tears, she looked up and said:

"But, papa, you have not been in the drawing-room yet? You have not seen Lady Hurst-Moncaux?"

"No, my dear; I have but just arrived! Claudia, immediately upon my landing I took the first train north, and reached Edinburgh this morning. I sent my party on to Magruder's Hotel and took a fly and drove immediately out here. I have but just been admitted to the house and sent my card in to the hostess. And, ah! there! I see that my messenger has returned."

A servant in livery came up, bowed and said:

"My lady directs me to say to you, sir, that she will see you immediately in the drawing-room, unless you would prefer to go first to the apartments which are prepared for you, sir."

The judge hesitated, and then turned to his daughter and whispered the inquiry:

"How do I look, Claudia! Presentable?"

Lady Vincent ran her eyes over the traveller and answered:

"Not at all presentable, papa! You look just as one might expect you to do; black with smoke, and

dust, and cinders, as if you had travelled in the train all night!"

"Which of course I did."

"And I think you would be all the better for a visit to your rooms, papa. Come! I will show you the way, for I am as much at home here as ever I was at Tanglewood. James," she said, turning to the footman who had brought the message, "You need not wait; I will show my papa his rooms; but you may order breakfast for him, for I dare say he has had none. Come, papa!"

And so saying, Claudia accompanied her father upstairs to the handsome suite of apartments that had been made ready for him.

When he had renovated his toilet, he declared himself ready to go below and be presented to his hostess. Claudia conducted him down-stairs and into "my lady's little drawing-room."

(To be continued.)

LOST.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE LAURA.

A LILY, broken by the rain,
Before a single earthly stain
Has on its velvet whiteness lain;

A snowy bird that chaste caressed
By the soft, brooding mother-breast,
Dares yet forsake the sheltering nest,

And straight, before its silver wings
Have ever stooped to baser things,
Flies up to heaven, and flying sings;

These and all other pure and mild
And lovely objects undefiled,
Are types of what thou wert, my child!

I know all Nature loved thee, sweet,
For I have seen the golden feet
Of sunbeams track thee down the street;

And in the garden's fragrant gloom
The lilies lean to give thee room,—
Thy sweet face fairer than their bloom;

And the wild rose thy grace surpassed,
With fond, rough, thorny hands cling fast
To thy soft garments as they passed;

And bees with murmurous wings outspread,
Half-doubting, hover round thy head,
As thinking it a flower instead.

And thou didst love them none the less;
Thy life was but one brief career
Of Nature and her loveliness.

She gave her wisdom to thy speech:
Thy pure child's soul could gain and teach
Lore far beyond my grosser reach.

Thou learnedst even from the birds
Upon the hillside, and the birds
Lent their wild music to thy words.

The sunshine that thou didst beguile
Lay warmly in thy breast awhile,
Then sought thy lips and was a smile.

We hear the far-off, wondrous sea
Breathe through the shell that used to be
A portion of its mystery.

Thou, dear, wert my most peerless shell,
Rose-tinted, pure in every cell,
In which for me there used to dwell

A murmur of thy distant sphere.
Through thee my love could, listening, hear
God's heaven itself sing at my ear.

All Nature loved thee, yet to-day
She shows a smile as softly gay
As though my darling were not clay.

She has not lost thee, and can bring
Her birds about thee still to sing,
Her bees to hum, her flowers to cling.

Ah! only I am dispossessed.
She wears thy grave upon her breast,
A jewel beautiful and blest.

We lose the shell, and nevermore
We hear the sweet, mysterious roar
Of ocean from the far-off shore.

And heaven, alas! in taking thee,
Has shut its golden doors to me
Of music and of mystery.

J. S. H.

THE LEAKE COLLECTION OF COINS.—The famous collection of coins and bronzes known as the "Leake Collection" will, in all probability, be bought by the Cambridge University. At a meeting of members of the Senate in the Arts School, the purchase of Colonel Leake's collection was discussed. The coins had been valued by Mr. Cart at £6,000; but the syndics obtained the opinion of another numismatist, Mr. Bor-

rell, who estimated their value, if brought to auction, at £4,500. A third gentleman had inspected the collection, and thought it probable that some of the coins would fetch considerably more than Mr. Borrell had put down. The vases were of the second period of Greek art, and although not of the finest epoch, would, in the opinion of competent judges, form a valuable addition to the Fitzwilliam Museum. Taking all together, he felt no doubt that the collection was worth £5,000, and it was very undesirable that it should leave the country, as it would do if not purchased by this University or by Oxford.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—An interesting discovery has been made near Drumlairig. The Duke of Buccleuch recently gave orders for excavating the huge green mound known as Tibbers Castle, with the view of ascertaining whether any remains of interest might be discovered. Accordingly a number of workmen, under direction of the clerk of works at Drumlairig, have lately been making excavations. They have laid bare the foundations of a building of great extent, the hall being ninety feet by twenty-six. Underneath, a dungeon has been discovered, in which were found bones, several silver spoons, and other articles. The investigations are still being carried on. Of Tibbers Castle tradition does not say much. It gave a title to the house of Queensberry, the Marquis of Queensberry having for his second and third titles Viscount of Drumlairig and Baron Douglas of Hawick and Tibbers.

GREAT MATCH AGAINST TIME FOR £1,000.—An extraordinary match has been made, which may be considered one of the most novel in the history of the turf. Sir Joseph Hawley and the Earl of Westmoreland have accepted a wager of £1,000 that they transmit a message by horse and jockey 80 miles within the hour, and they are allowed to employ any number of horses and as many light jockeys as they please. It is stipulated that the message must be a written one. It will be seen that each mile will have to be completed in two minutes, and considering that the best Derby time recorded is Blink Bonny's (2 min. 45 sec.) and Kettledrum's (2 min. 48 sec.), Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Westmoreland will have to employ some good cattle, bearing in mind the inevitable stoppages which must occur for change of horses and jockeys. One of the backers of time offers to lay £5,000, with the condition of £1,000 forfeit. The match is appointed to come off at one of the Newmarket autumn meetings.

DEATHS FROM FASHION.—The injurious practice of tight-lacing has fortunately been somewhat abated, but during several years it sent thousands to an early grave; so has the style of female dress which exposed the wearers to dangerous attacks of cold; and more recently the fashion of wearing corset has been the cause of many deaths. On this point, Dr. Lankester has made a calculation that in three years in the metropolis alone, as many females have lost their lives by fire as were sacrificed at Santiago: this was an immense number—over 2,500; and a very large part of these deaths (like those at Santiago, in fact), are undoubtedly to be attributed to the practice of wearing expanded dresses, and the use of very inflammable materials. Many servants, suffer in this way; and amongst the middle classes the small size of bedrooms often leads to mischief, for there is often not sufficient space between the furniture and the fireplace to allow the safe passage of a full-sized corset: in such cases fireguards are a necessity. Many lives might also be saved by the use of non-inflammable materials, which can be readily obtained. It is necessary again and again to urge the adoption of precautions against one of the most terrible deaths.

ADMIRAL NAGLE AND HIS CREAM-COLOURED HORSE.—Admiral Nagle was a great favourite of George the Fourth, and passed much of his time with his Majesty. He was a bold, weather-bitten tar, but nevertheless a perfect gentleman, with exceedingly pleasing manners, and possessed of much good-nature and agreeability. The late Duke of Cambridge on one occasion sent his brother a cream-coloured horse, from the Royal stud at Hanover, and the king gave the animal to Colonel Peters, the riding-master. Admiral Nagle ventured to express a hope, that if his Majesty received a similar present from Hanover, he would graciously make him a present of it, upon which the king replied, "Certainly, Nagle, you shall have one." The Admiral was afterwards sent to Portsmouth, to superintend the building of a royal yacht, during which time Strobling, the fashionable painter of the day, was summoned, and ordered to paint over the admiral's favourite hack, to make it appear like one of the Hanoverian breed. The horse was accordingly placed in the riding-school, and in an incredibly short period, the metamorphosis was successfully completed. In due time the admiral returned from Portsmouth, and, as usual, went to the Royal stables, and was charmed to see that his Majesty had

fulfilled his promise. He lost no time in going to Carlton House to return thanks, when the king said, "Well, Nagle, how do you like the horse I sent you?" "Very much," was the reply; "but I should like to try his paces before I can give your Majesty a decided opinion about him." "Well, then, let him be saddled, though it does rain, and gallop him round the park and return here, and let me know what you think of him." It rained cats and dogs; the paint was gradually washed off the horse, to the admiral's great astonishment, and he returned to Carlton House, where the king and his friends had watched his departure and arrival with the greatest delight. The admiral was welcomed with roars of laughter, which he took with great good-humour; and, about a month afterwards, the king presented him with a real Hanoverian horse of great value.—*Captain Gronow's Anecdotes and Recollections.*

THE HIDDEN SNARE.

(A Sequel to "Fanny Rivers," in our last Number.)

CHAPTER I.

To the great joy of her husband, Mrs. Rivers rapidly regained her health and strength, and was soon able to resume the care of her household. Conscious that she had sadly neglected the duties of a wife and mother, she set her mind resolutely on their strict performance; but it was with an effort that was evident not only to herself, but to all around her.

It was in vain that she strove to interest herself in them; there was a heavy feeling in her heart, an aching void there that nothing could fill. It was not merely the reaction that always follows strong excitement, though that had much to do with it, but the loss of her child that weighed so heavily upon her feelings.

While she remained in her chamber, it seemed like a dream from which she would soon awake; but when she went down-stairs, in every room that she entered were the sad reminders of her loss, bringing a sense of pain and loneliness that remorse heightened to absolute torture.

There was the empty crib, the toys strewn here and there, the little dresses, which she had fashioned with all a mother's pride, and which still bore the impress of the plump neck and rounded arms, all speaking to her heart of the rosy, laughing babe that she could not bring herself to believe she should never hold in her arms again.

It would have been well for Fanny, at this time, if she had made a confidant of her husband, not only in relation to her present, but past feelings; for it would not only have given him the key to much that seemed mysterious to him in her conduct, but his strong sense would have seen the necessity of some change of scene to break up the morbid train of ideas, and disperse the melancholy that was fast settling upon her mind.

But, unfortunately, she stood too much in awe of him to do this.

She had not seen Mrs. Muggins since the night of the lecture, which was fraught with so many painful recollections, but she knew that she was still in the place. Though she had no suspicion of the insidious effect that the sentiments she advocated had had upon her mind and feelings, she was aware that they had absorbed her attention to the neglect of important duties, and she felt sure that if her husband became aware of their intimacy, he would be seriously annoyed and displeased, so she determined, in future, to avoid her.

But Mrs. Muggins did not forget Fanny, during this interval, neither was she willing to be forgotten.

One day, as Fanny was sitting alone, in a more than usually desponding mood, a servant handed her a note, which a boy had just brought to the door. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR FANNY,—It is neither want of love nor sympathy that has kept me aloof from you during your season of sickness and sorrow, but a delicacy that you will readily understand and appreciate.

"I can truly sympathize with you, my dear friend, for I have followed two dear children to the grave, and have been torn from the others by a hand more cruel than that of death. But I have something that will comfort you more than anything that I can say: a message from dear little angel Effie, and which I can give to no one but you. You will find with me this evening a few select friends.

"Do not speak of your intention to those in whom it would only arouse derision and opposition, but come without hesitation to

"Your true friend,

"VICTORIA MUGGINS."

Fanny's cheeks flushed and her eyes grew bright. How often had her heart yearned to receive some tidings of the child, snatched so suddenly from her that she had not even the consolation of a parting

look! It cost her a struggle to break her resolution, but the temptation was too strong for her to resist. She felt that she must go, so she quieted her conscience by saying, "that it should be only this once."

Mrs. Muggins received Fanny with that air of sympathy and tenderness that she could so well assume. The message was, of course, already prepared, and was not only very soothing to the feelings of the mother, but of a nature calculated to awaken her former interest in a subject to whose influence her mind was now peculiarly susceptible.

Mrs. Muggins was quick to perceive that the loss Fanny had sustained gave her a new hold upon her heart, of which she did not fail to take advantage. And here it becomes necessary to state, in order that the preceding note of Mrs. Muggins may be fully understood, that after she had delivered her course of lectures, she had formed what is termed a "spiritual circle," around which she succeeded in drawing quite a host of believers.

Some of these, like Fanny, were honest and enthusiastic; some attended solely for the accomplishment of their own selfish ends; while others were drawn there simply by curiosity.

But upon no mind did this delusion take such a strong hold as upon Fanny's. She was in the almost daily receipt of pretended "messages" from her father and child, which she implicitly believed, until, at last, so strong became her infatuation, that she never took a step, or formed a plan of any kind, without consulting them through the medium of Mrs. Muggins, and obtaining their dissent or approval.

As would naturally be expected, the excitement to which she was constantly subjected, had a fearful effect upon her nervous organisation. Her mind, thrown from its proper balance, vibrated between the extreme of strong elevation and that of deep depression. She grew irritable and impatient of contradiction, easily moved to anger or to tears.

This frame of mind made her totally unfit to perform the kindly offices of a wife and a mother, and served to widen the breach that was rapidly separating her from the heart of her husband. He was strongly attached to her, and her growing coldness and inattention to his wishes could not possibly be a matter of indifference to him; but he had not the slightest suspicion as to the true cause.

At first, he thought the morbid irritability she evinced might be occasioned by the delicate state of her health, and it awakened tender rather than resentful feelings; but as time passed on, and he saw no ground for this suspicion, he lost all patience with what he termed her perversity and unreasonableness. His was one of those strong, upright characters which have little imagination, but a great deal of practical sense. He was old-fashioned enough to believe in the precept which enjoins husbands to love their wives, and wives to be obedient to their husbands.

His part of the obligation he endeavoured to perform to the best of his ability, and, however restive Fanny might be, the thought that she would seriously act in opposition to his expressed wishes never occurred to him. He had expressed them in relation to Mrs. Muggins, and supposed they were complied with; indeed, he knew that she did not call at the house, and supposed, if Fanny met her elsewhere, it was by accident.

Mr. Rivers knew that Fanny had become a believer in spiritualism, and at first it was a source of annoyance that his wife should give her countenance to what was, to him, but a shallow imposture; but unmindful of the wide-spread evil it was accomplishing, and entirely unconscious of fact that it was the cause of all his domestic unhappiness, he contented himself with taking every opportunity for ridiculing it, believing that she also would, ere long, see its folly.

Immersed in the pressing cares and duties of his business, he did not perceive, that in thus leaving his wife to her unassisted judgment and to the guidance of her impulses, he was criminally neglectful of one of the holiest guardianships, and unconsciously endangering the happiness of their whole life.

But an event soon occurred which served, in some degree, to open his eyes.

At one of these "circles," which now met once a week, Mrs. Muggins introduced Fanny to a gentleman of the name of Brooks.

A superficial observer would have called him handsome; and so far as mere *physique* is concerned, he certainly could lay claim to more than a usual share of good looks.

Yet there was something sensual in the expression of the well-formed mouth, an occasional look in the eye, when it rested upon some lovely woman, which made the pure-minded among them shrink away, as from some unspoken insult.

A bold, bad, unprincipled man was Howard Brooks, and his rare personal endowments made him doubly dangerous.

He had a gentle, true-hearted wife, but the pure joys of wedded love had no charms for his vitiated taste,

and he left her to pine in loneliness and neglect for other and more congenial society.

When Howard Brooks' eyes first rested upon Fanny's fair and lovely face, there sprang up in his heart that base and dishonourable passion, so dangerous to its possessor, and doubly so to her who is so unfortunate as to inspire it.

Every succeeding interview served to deepen it, and he determined, at whatever cost, it should be gratified.

But he was too polite to allow this to be seen by his intended victim, and too well versed in human nature not to perceive that did she know the true character of his feelings for her, her pure and guileless heart would shrink away from him with horror.

Being well acquainted with Mrs. Muggins, Howard Brooks, by the promise of a large sum, induced her to exert to its fullest extent the singular influence she had obtained over Fanny's artless, confiding heart.

As we have before stated, Fanny believed that she had communication with her departed friends, and Mrs. Muggins took care, in these messages, not only to call her attention to Brooks, but to impress her with an exalted idea of the purity of his character.

As she saw that this bait took, and Fanny began to be strongly interested in him, she went still further, and pretended to give, not only her father's sanction and approval to their acquaintance, but his solemn command that she should receive him as her spiritual friend and adviser.

Fanny fell readily into the trap that was laid for her.

She had no near male relative; her husband, even when he was most dear to her, she had feared, as well as loved, and it was delightful to her to have some one to sympathize with her, and enter into her views and feelings.

As for Brooks, he played his part well. Nothing but the most pure and high-toned sentiments fell from his lips; he held a strict watch over himself, and neither by word nor action did he give her the slightest cause for alarm, intending to wait patiently until his influence over the mind of his dupe was completely established.

Thrown off her guard by these precautions, and by the sympathizing and gentle deference of his manner, he had little difficulty in persuading her that his regard for her was that purely Platonic affection which woman may, and often does, cherish for man, but which, from the difference in their temperaments, he rarely entertains for her, especially if she is capable of aspiring a stronger and warmer sentiment.

But in spite of her mad infatuation, the innate purity of her heart, her entire unconsciousness of evil, as is often the case, kept her feet from slipping; and indeed she seemed to be not only insensible but oblivious to all the advances that he dared to make.

It would take a long story to tell how Fanny Rivers was finally led to believe that the husband she had chosen from all the world to be her guide and protector was not the elect of her heart, that there was no sympathy, no unity of soul between them, and never had been.

To do her justice, this feeling awakened a sense of sorrow and regret; no thought of sin entered it, her impulses were too pure for that; besides, she loved her child too tenderly to think of abandoning him, or of clouding his young life with the knowledge of his mother's guilt.

CHAPTER II.

MR. RIVERS was a man of few words; he made no parade of his affections, but so far as he understood his obligations, he was desirous of performing the part of a kind husband; and thinking that the change in Fanny might be caused by too much care and anxiety, he proposed to send for a widowed aunt to relieve her.

He had made this proposition before, but Fanny had strongly opposed it, preferring to take the entire charge of her household on herself. But this time she made no objection; the unreal world in which she lived making the duties that were formerly a pleasure distasteful and void of interest.

So it was with a feeling of relief that she relinquished the management of her domestic affairs to her husband's aunt, Mrs. Marden; though, as Mr. Rivers did not give his reasons for this change, she unfortunately saw in it another proof of his indifference to her society.

Mrs. Marden was a person of considerable experience and penetration, united with great kindness of heart. She had visited Fanny in the early part of her married life, and had become much interested in her, and she was therefore proportionately surprised and grieved at the marked change that had come over her.

But she was not long in discovering the trouble, and was surprised at her nephew's ignorance of the true cause of his wife's malady, which she saw plainly

was more of the mind than the body, and the danger of the course they were both pursuing.

She saw that they were both unhappy; that Fanny's love and confidence were entirely withdrawn from her husband; and that he, displeased and annoyed at what he deemed her unreasonable conduct, was not only taking no measures to regain them, but by his assumed coldness and indifference was confirming her in the belief that he had no affection for her.

Her heart yearned to set them right, but the difficulties of interfering in any such case without making matters worse, for some time kept her silent. She was well acquainted with her nephew's disposition, and feared that, if he realized the extent of his wife's delusion, the severe measures he would take would, in Fanny's state of mind, still further estrange them, if not result in their entire separation.

Fanny talked freely with Mrs. Marden upon the subject of which her mind was so full, and, deceived by the attention with which her aunt listened, she began to expatiate at length upon the wonderful revelations with which she was favoured, and especially did she dwell upon the miraculous powers of her new friends, and their unearthly purity and goodness.

Mrs. Marden ventured gently to caution Fanny against trusting too implicitly to the guidance of those who, even at the best, were mere mortals, and liable to err. But she saw in a moment, by the change of Fanny's countenance, that her words had given offence, and by the coolness with which she afterwards treated her, that she was the object of suspicion, if not of dislike.

Pained at this evident misconception of her motives, Mrs. Marden said no more, trusting that Fanny's natural good sense and integrity would keep her from any serious error.

In the meantime scandal was busy with the hitherto unsullied name of Fanny Rivers.

Cautious as Mr. Brooks was, the attentions he lavished upon Fanny, and her evident preference for his society, could not long remain unnoticed, and many severe reflections were cast upon her conduct by those whose hearts were less pure than hers.

But no intimation of this came to him whom it most deeply concerned; the guardian of her honour and to whom, despite of his apparent indifference, it was as dear as the apple of his eye.

Unwilling to awaken the suspicions of Mr. Rivers, Brooks never called upon Fanny at her residence. They met frequently at Mrs. Muggins', and he invariably walked home with her, but never went farther than the gate.

So Mrs. Marden was ignorant of their intimacy, until quite late one evening, as she was wondering at Fanny's non-appearance, hearing voices outside, she went to the window and saw Fanny and Brooks standing at the gate.

It was a beautiful evening in June, and the bright rays of the moon fell full upon their countenances. Fanny's eyes were raised upwards to the starry heavens, and though her cheeks wore an unnatural flush, and the eyes had a strange glitter in them, there was in her whole appearance an entire unconsciousness of evil, that was in singular contrast to the expression upon the countenance of the man beside her, and whose eyes were fixed intently upon her face.

In that look, Mrs. Marden read the full extent of Fanny's danger, and saw that though she was as yet innocent of any real or intentional wrong, her feet were standing upon slippery places.

In reflecting upon this unhappy state of affairs, Mrs. Marden passed a sleepless night; the result of which was a determination to endeavour to open her nephew's eyes to the nature of the influence to which his wife was subjected, and the imprudences into which it was leading her. But she had no opportunity of speaking to him through the day.

At night, Fanny again announced her intention of going out; telling Mrs. Marden that she need not sit up for her, as she should not be back until late. Where, Mrs. Marden readily conjectured, having heard that Mrs. Muggins was to deliver a discourse that evening upon the subject of Platonic affection.

When Mr. Rivers came home and found that his wife was again absent, he remarked to his aunt that "Fanny was out a great deal, lately; that he rarely caught a glimpse of her, except at meal-times."

This remark he had made to her before—for since Fanny had been relieved from the necessity of remaining at home, she had allowed herself a greater latitude than ever—and Mrs. Marden had passed it over without any comment. But this time she said:

"If you think it is wrong, John, why do you allow it?"

Mr. Rivers looked surprised.

"I did not say that it was wrong, aunt," he said; "Fanny is young, and it is natural that she should not care to be confined a great deal at home. Still, I cannot say but that it would be a great deal plea-

santer for me if she were a little more domesticated."

Here he gave an involuntary sigh, and took up a paper, as if to drive some unpleasant recollections from his mind.

"I dare say it would," said Mrs. Marden, drily, for she was vexed at his persistent refusal to see what was so plain to every one else. "But I do not think that the discourse she will hear to-night at all calculated to bring about this very desirable result; and it surprises me, John, that you are so blind as not to perceive that the meetings Fanny is attending, and the society into which she is thrown, are having the worst possible effect upon her."

Mr. Rivers looked at his aunt in undisguised astonishment.

"To what meeting has Fanny gone?" he inquired.

Mrs. Marden told him.

"Fanny knows that I would strongly disapprove of her attending such places," he said, his brow darkening, "and I was not aware that she did. It seems that my wishes have little weight with her!"

Mrs. Marden knew well what that look and tone foreboded, so she hastened to say:

"Perhaps if you were to spend a little more time with her—go out with her yourself—she would act differently. As you say, she is young, and young wives ought not to be left too much to themselves."

Mr. Rivers looked troubled; his was one of those strong, slow natures, difficult to arouse, but, when once aroused, quick to see and strong to feel.

He had felt his wife's growing coldness and indifference sensibly, but thinking it to be beyond his power to remedy, had endeavoured to withdraw his thoughts from it as much as possible, as his domestic unhappiness increased, concentrating them more and more upon his business.

But now that his eyes were opened, the clue to much of Fanny's behaviour, which had seemed inexplicable to him, flashed upon him.

"Do you think that the influence you speak of has anything to do with the singular change that has come over Fanny of late?" he inquired.

"I think that it has everything to do with it. And to speak plainly, John, I think it is manifestly your duty to interfere—to exert your authority, if need be, to remove it at once. She will herself thank you when she is capable of understanding the danger of her present course."

Mr. Rivers made no reply to this. He resumed his paper, and to all appearance was deeply absorbed in its contents. But soon he laid it down, and remarking, as he glanced at his watch, "that it was nearly time for the lecture to be over, and he would go and return with Fanny," he hastily left the house.

When Mr. Rivers entered the hall in which the meeting was held, he found that it was densely crowded; for the subject of the discourse was of a nature calculated to arouse the interest of the young of both sexes, but contriving, with some difficulty, to secure a seat which commanded a good view of the audience, he looked anxiously around for Fanny. He was not long in discovering her; and as his eyes fell upon her, he thought that he had never seen her look so radiantly beautiful.

It was a warm night, and she had removed her hat, revealing the singular beauty of her hair, which, as it rippled away from the blue-veined temples, looked like threads of gold; the deep crimson upon the cheeks and lips heightened rather than detracted from the delicacy of the complexion; while her eyes, generally as blue as a summer sky, owing to the unnatural expansion of the pupil, looked almost black, and shone with an unearthly lustre.

The gaze that was fixed intently upon the speaker, the parted lips, the slender fingers that played with the ribbons of the hat she held in her hands, betrayed an intense excitement, an absorbing interest that were painful to look upon.

As Mr. Rivers' eyes wandered from Fanny's countenance to that of the man who sat beside her, he started, as if stung by a serpent.

As the reader will readily surmise, it was Howard Brooks, whose eyes were fixed upon her face, as though intoxicated by its exceeding beauty.

Mr. Rivers was at no loss to interpret that look, and his blood boiled in his veins that any one should dare to look at his wife thus.

He gave a quick, searching glance at Fanny, to see if she shared in the guilty passion that was plainly visible upon the countenance of her companion; but her look and manner showed that she was entirely oblivious to everything but the eloquent rhapsody that was flowing from the lips of the speaker, and he gave a sigh of relief.

Yet he saw by the looks and smiles of many who were present that however innocent his wife might be, already in the minds of the community he was a dishonoured husband, and his soul was crushed with a bitter feeling of shame and humiliation.

It was only by a powerful effort that Mr. Rivers retained his composure, but the strong pride of his character made him shrink from a public exposure; so he remained quietly seated until the close of the discourse.

At last, greatly to Mr. Rivers' relief, the speaker ceased, and the audience began to disperse. But Fanny still remained motionless, in the same position in which she sat during the whole evening, until Brooks, bending his head, said a few words to her, she then mechanically arose and moved towards the door.

As she did so, many eyes rested upon her, half-curious, half-scornfully. But they might have spared themselves the trouble; her mind took in no sense of the objects upon which her eyes rested; absorbed in the creations of a morbid and diseased imagination, she looked as though she was walking in her sleep.

Mr. Rivers walked close behind them, though unnoticed by either. As they emerged into the open air, Brooks, under the pretence of adjusting her shawl, laid his hand, half-caressingly upon one of the white shoulders, which gleamed distinctly through the white bertha that was its only protection.

This was more than Mr. Rivers could endure, and, stepping forward:

"I will relieve you of your charge," he said, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

Brooks knew Rivers by sight, but in the dim light, failed to recognize him.

"By what authority do you interfere?" he said, haughtily.

"By the authority of a husband," was the quiet reply.

And without another word or look at the abashed and confounded man, Mr. Rivers drew Fanny's arm within his own, and turned his steps homeward.

The rage and mortification which filled Howard Brooks' heart, were heightened by the fact that this little scene was witnessed by several of his acquaintances, to whom he had secretly boasted of his influence over the heart of pretty Mrs. Rivers, and who appeared to be greatly amused at his discomfiture. He inwardly vowed to have his revenge. And thus another incentive was added for the accomplishment of the ruin of the deluded woman, who believed him to be the very soul of purity and honour.

In the meantime, Fanny and her husband silently pursued their way homeward. The slight tremor of Fanny's arm, as it rested upon his, softened her husband's resentful feelings; for he fancied that it proceeded from contrition and fear of his displeasure. His conscience did not fail to condemn him for his careless guardianship of the impulsive and thoughtless heart that had been committed to his keeping. He felt that, however imprudent, she was still innocent; and a pitying tenderness came over him, such as a father might feel towards an erring child. He felt, that though he must be firm, he would be very gentle with her.

With his mind busy with these thoughts and resolutions, he was both shocked and confounded, when Fanny, as soon as they entered the house, drew her arm from his, and turning her flashing eyes upon him, exclaimed:

"Well, Mr. Rivers, I hope you have made both yourself and me sufficiently ridiculous to-night!"

But startled as he was, he did not lose his self-possession.

"Be calm, and listen to me, Fanny," he said, seating himself by her side, and taking her hand in his, which she haughtily withdrew, saying:

"I am perfectly calm; and as to listening, I am quite willing to hear any excuse, if you have any to give, for offering such a public insult to an honourable and high-minded man!"

"Honourable and high-minded! If you knew what I know about that man, you would blush to take his name upon your lips! but I do not wish to reproach you, Fanny; I am far more to blame than you. I am older and more experienced, and had I watched over you as I ought, it never would have come to this. I have done us both a great wrong, but I trust that it is not too late to repair it. You may, you doubtless will, consider me harsh and cruel, but I cannot see you rush on to certain destruction, and stretch forth no hand to save you; and must insist that you have no further intercourse with this base woman and still baser man who have obtained such a strong influence over your mind. I am convinced that they are the cause of all our domestic unhappiness. Indeed, I can date its commencement from your first acquaintance with Mrs. Muggins, since which you have not been the same person, or our home the same place as it was before."

This sudden transition from a state of high-wrought and unnatural excitement to the unwelcome realities presented by her husband, had the effect which might have been expected upon a nervous system already weakened and unstrung, and Fanny fairly trembled

with the angry and resentful feelings that for a moment choked her utterance.

"Have you finished, Mr. Rivers? If you have, I beg leave to inform you that I shall not discard such true and faithful friends, just to gratify a whim of yours! It matters little to me what you think; a higher authority than yours has sanctioned our friendship!"

"Whose authority is that?"

"That of my sainted father."

For a moment, Mr. Rivers looked narrowly at his wife, as if to see if she were not jesting, and then said:

"Is it possible, Fanny, that you can be so deluded—that you can allow these pretended revelations to have more weight with you than the wishes of your best earthly friend?"

"It is not only possible, but certain that I shall submit to no other guidance," said Fanny, steadily.

Had Mr. Rivers been acquainted with the first stages of mental disease, he would have perceived, in this language, but the morbid irritability of mind already verging towards insanity; but, as it was, his unpractised eye saw nothing but a rebellious spirit, stubbornly arrayed against his authority, and the unyielding will, that was a part of his nature, rose up to oppose it.

"Have you fully made up your mind, Mrs. Rivers?" he said, in a tone so cold and icy, that it scarcely sounded like the same voice that had spoken a moment before.

"Most assuredly I have."

"Then listen to me. I am, as you know, a man of few words, but what I promise I perform. If, in defiance of my wishes, you still persist in this conduct, which is not only bringing shame upon us both, but disgracing our innocent child, there will be only one course for me to pursue. I shall not only deprive you of the guardianship of Frederic, but, considering you bereft of reason, place you under the restraint usual in such cases. The law will uphold me, my conscience will justify me in doing so. I am not trifling with you. I warn you not to try me too far. If you are so lost to the most common teachings of right and reason as to persist in your present course, I shall surely do as I have said. It will be useless for you to reply," he added, as Fanny was about to speak, "for I will be answered, not by words, but by deeds!"

Fanny maintained a sullen silence; and soon after Mr. Rivers left the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE unhappy couple met the next morning at the breakfast-table, but neither of them spoke—scarcely looked at each other.

Mr. Rivers had the appearance of having passed a sleepless night, while Fanny's pale face and dispirited, listless manner showed plainly the evil effects of the life she was leading upon her physical health.

After breakfast, Mr. Rivers went out to his business, as usual; but returned in the course of an hour, and addressing his wife, said:

"I have made up my mind that it will be best for you to leave home for a while; and I am going away to make some arrangements for that purpose. You can take Frederic with you, or leave him with Mrs. Marden, just which you prefer. I shall return to-night, and shall expect to find that you have everything in readiness to leave in the morning."

Mr. Rivers evidently did not wish to listen to any remonstrance, for as soon as he ceased speaking, he quitted the room, and before Fanny could recover from the agitation into which these words had thrown her, had left the house.

As soon as she saw that he was gone, she burst into tears and wept violently.

Mrs. Marden, touched with pity at her evident distress, endeavoured to comfort her by speaking of the benefit that a change of air and scene would have upon her health and spirits.

But this, instead of soothing Fanny, caused her to break out in the most violent invectives; in which she did not hesitate to accuse her aunt of conspiring with her husband against her, and instigating him to take this step.

Astonished at this outbreak, Mrs. Marden forbore to reply; for she perceived that everything she said served to increase rather than allay her excitement.

As soon as Fanny had recovered sufficient composure, she dressed herself and went out to relate to her sympathizing friend this fresh instance of her husband's tyranny, and to obtain her advice.

When Mrs. Muggins learned the new phase that affairs had taken, it caused her no little alarm; for she saw, in a moment, that unless she could induce Fanny to commit some overt act that would entirely separate her from her husband, all her carefully-laid plans would be frustrated.

She saw that there was no time to lose, and taking her cue from what Fanny told her of her husband's language the preceding evening, she said, with a look of sorrow and compassion:

"My poor friend, when I reflect upon the terrible threat coaxed in your husband's words, this sudden resolution of his fills me with alarm for your safety. Are you really so blind as to believe that he merely intends to remove you from town? No, believe me, this is only a ruse on his part to get you into his power. Rest assured, he means to place you in strict confinement!"

Now Mr. Rivers was intending to do nothing of the kind, neither did Mrs. Muggins suppose so. It is true, that Fanny's conduct was at times so singular, that a doubt as to her perfect sanity had once or twice entered his mind, but there was not in his judgment sufficient evidence of the truth of this suspicion to warrant his taking such a step. He believed that all that was amiss in her conduct was caused by the wrong influence to which she had been exposed, and hoped that an entire removal from it, together with a change of scene, would soon restore her mind to its healthy tone. But alas for poor Fanny! placing the utmost reliance upon this unprincipled woman, and her confidence in her husband entirely gone, this artfully conveyed suspicion threw her into the state of the wildest excitement; her face flushed and her eyes dilated with horror.

"Impossible! Victoria," she said, "I am in my right mind, and the law won't allow him to take such a step as that!"

Mrs. Muggins' lip curled, and this time at least, there was no affectation in the bitterness of her look and tone.

"You forget, Fanny, that men make the laws, and we women obey them. A man can put his wife anywhere, so long as he pays her expenses. True, you are in your right mind, but your husband could easily get a dozen witnesses to swear to the contrary. You may be very sure that the law will not interpose to save you."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the wretched woman, walking the room and wringing her hands as she spoke.

As she uttered this ejaculation, Mrs. Muggins quietly surveyed her with that scrutinizing look with which a surgeon might watch a criminal suffering under the infliction of "the cat," to see that he endure all that human nature can endure and live. At last, fearing that this excessive agitation would place her beyond her control, she said:

"My dear Fanny, do not distress yourself so. However cruel your husband may be, you have friends who will protect you, if you will only let them. You have often told me that your husband has an iron will, that when his mind is once made up, it is immovable; so you have nothing to hope from his mercy, no reason to think that his heart will relent at your pleading. But there is one thing that you can do, you can leave him! If you will do this, I will secrete you where he will never think of looking for you."

"But, my child, Victoria! How can I leave him?"

Untouched by the terrible agony of the look which accompanied these words, the pitiless woman replied:

"But it must come to that at last, Fanny. Will it not be as easy for you to leave him, as to have him taken from you, and yourself consigned to a fate more terrible than death? You must either do this, or spend the remainder of your life apart from all the world, and where you will never be permitted to see or hear from your friends, and will, in addition to this, be subjected to the most cruel treatment!"

The fierce vindictiveness with which this was said, will be understood by the reader when we explain that when the peculiar bent of the speaker's mind first began to manifest itself, her husband, by the advice of a physician, placed her in one of the institutions for the insane. The necessary restraint to which she was here subjected was very irksome to her undisciplined heart, and after chafing against it for some months, she managed to effect her escape.

"I do not speak from hearsay," she resumed, as Fanny made no reply, save by a visible shudder; "I know what these institutions are! I have a friend in B—, with whom you can have a safe and pleasant home so long as you are willing to stay. I would go with you myself did I not fear that it would excite suspicion, but will not fail to come as soon as the storm has blown over. Rouse yourself from this apathy, Fanny, and decide whether you will go or stay. Your husband will soon return, and then it will be too late!"

"I will go," said Fanny, removing her hands, and disclosing a face as pale as ashes.

It was quickly arranged that, to avoid exciting suspicion, Fanny was to go home, and collecting together a few articles, valuable only from their associations, return a few minutes before the train started, taking a private conveyance from thence.

At the appointed time Fanny made her appearance, but to Mrs. Muggins' surprise and ill-concealed annoyance, she had her child with her, a beautiful boy of two summers.

"I could not leave him," said Fanny, raising her eyes timidly to that hard-featured face, as if in reply to its momentary look of surprise and disapprobation. Mrs. Muggins' countenance instantly assumed an expression of winning blandness.

"Of course, Fanny, I should be only too happy to have you take the dear little fellow, if you could do so without danger; but I fear that it will be an additional incentive to your husband to make an effort to find you, that it may be a clue to your hiding-place."

"If so, heaven help me!" murmured the unhappy mother, straining the child closely to her bosom. "And heaven help those, too, who would seek to take him from me!" she added, a strange light gleaming in her eyes as she spoke, and holding up significantly a small, but sharp dagger, which was concealed in her dress; "for I will part with my boy only with life!"

Callous as Mrs. Muggins' heart was, she almost shuddered at the look which accompanied these words, and deeming it prudent to make no further objection, spoke soothingly to her, trying to turn her thoughts into a different channel. Just then Howard Brooks entered. His brow darkened as his eye fell upon the boy.

"It is rather more than I bargained for," he muttered; "but I can easily put his father upon the track, and thus get rid of him!"

Now it had been planned by this worthy couple that Brooks should accompany Fanny to B—; knowing that it would make her guilt conclusive in the eyes of her husband and the community, and thus render her completely dependent upon him; and aware of the bewildered state of Fanny's mind and her implicit confidence in them, they had not thought that she would offer any serious objection. They were, therefore, considerably nonplussed when she not only refused his escort, but solemnly declared this must be their last meeting!

"No, Howard," she said, in reply to his earnest remonstrance. "I will not give my stern and pitiless husband cause to say that I left him for the arms of another! But in the spirit-land," she added, her countenance lighting up with enthusiasm, "we shall meet ere long, never to part again."

This blissful prospect, which Fanny viewed with so much joy, seemed to be very unsatisfactory to Brooks, with whose feelings and wishes it did not at all accord.

Unable to conceal his impatience, he was about to urge her further, when a warning gesture from Mrs. Muggins caused him to desist.

"Do not say anything more," she said, in a low tone, drawing him aside; "it will be useless. Besides, you can easily follow her."

Brooks' eyes flashed with secret triumph. "True; so he could; he had not thought of that."

Little did Fanny think, as she train bore her swiftly away from the husband she so misjudged, that he, upon whose honour she placed so much reliance, was not only in the same train, but had taken pains that it should be known that he left at the same time and for the same place!

CHAPTER IV.

IT was quite dark when Fanny arrived at her destination. She had been in B— before, but never alone; so she felt quite bewildered as she stepped from the train and found herself in a busy, bustling crowd. But as she had the written directions to her intended place of refuge, she experienced no difficulty in finding it.

It was so dark, that she was unable to form any very definite idea of its outward appearance, but it seemed to be quite a stately and imposing edifice.

As Fanny looked upon its mistress, Mrs. Larkins, in whose praise Mrs. Muggins had spoken so highly, a large, coarse-looking woman, very much over-dressed, and with a bold, disagreeable expression of countenance, she could not help feeling disappointed; but thinking that she might improve on acquaintance, she forebore to form any opinion, but after handing her Mrs. Muggins' letter, requested to be shown at once to her room, as both she and the child were very tired.

The room into which she was taken was large and handsomely furnished; and as the door closed, and seating herself in one of the easy-chairs, she took Freddie in her arms, who was crying from pure weariness, a feeling of peace and security came over her, and she drew a long sigh of relief.

The little fellow was very fond of his father, and justified as Fanny felt that she was in the step she had taken, a pang pierced her heart at his artless inquiries for "papa"; for though she had persuaded herself into the belief that her husband had no love for her, she

could not but know that the loss of his boy would be a heavy blow to him.

After partaking of a slight refreshment, Fanny partially disrobed herself, and undressing Freddie, rocked him slowly backward and forward in her arms until he fell asleep. He was an unusually lovely boy, and as Fanny looked down upon him, and felt the pressure of his head upon her bosom, her eyes grew soft and misty with the tender emotions that now filled her heart.

"My precious boy!" she murmured, "he is all that I have to love, all that I have to live for!"

Unnoticed by her, a man opened the door and glided into the room.

There was something so holy in the sight of that fair young mother, cradling upon her bosom her sleeping boy, smoothing caressingly the dark rings of hair from the temples, and pressing to her cheek and lip the dimpled hands, murmuring between every careless word of tender endearment, that it seemed as if it could arouse in the heart of the beholder none other save pure and holy thoughts. But alas! as Howard Brooks gazed, it only aroused to ten-fold violence the evil passions that filled his heart.

He moved across the floor with such a stealthy tread that Fanny did not perceive him until he was nearly opposite. Then raising her head, she gave a half-started, inquiring look.

"You here?" she said. Then thinking that perhaps he came to apprise her of some danger, she faltered:

"Has anything happened? Have you come to bring me any tidings?"

The time had come for Brooks to throw aside the restraint that was so irksome to him; and bending upon its unconscious object a look of passionate love, he said:

"Is it possible that you can ask why I am here? I have come to offer to you a heart entirely devoted to you, a love that renders absence from you insupportable!"

There was something so different in his look and tone from anything she had ever before noticed in him, that for a moment Fanny looked at him without speaking.

"Is this the way that you keep your promises?" she said, at last. "You must know that your presence here would ruin me, were it known; and if you loved me, as you say, you would not seek to injure me. You ought not to be here; and I must insist on your leaving me at once."

As Fanny said this, she drew a mantle around her neck and shoulders, while the crimson flush that swept upwards to her temples, showed how deeply her sense of propriety was wounded by this unlooked-for intrusion.

"If I love you? Love is too cold and tame a word to express the emotion which you have inspired. Incomprehensible woman! can you longer delude yourself with the idea that my love for you is that cold, passionless sentiment that will let me worship you afar off?"

Had these words been less expressive, the look which accompanied them would have enlightened Fanny as to their true meaning. In an instant there rushed to her mind the warning words of her husband, which she had laughed to scorn! All at once the veil dropped from her eyes; and she saw not only the moral deformity of the man she had so blindly trusted, but the fearful pit that had been dug for her, and upon whose very brink her feet were standing. She shuddered with horror—the sudden consternation which seized her depriving her of the power of speech.

Emboldened by, and misconstruing this silence, Brooks attempted to take her hand.

Fanny flung it from her with a look of horror and detestation. As she rose up before him in all the dignity of her outraged womanhood, she looked the very incarnation of beautiful scorn!

"Base wretch!" she exclaimed, "how have I been deceived in you? If you longer refuse to relieve me from the insult of your presence, I will take my child and seek refuge in the streets."

As Fanny moved towards the door, Brooks folded his arms across his breast and quietly watched her, while a smile played around his mouth. Placing her hand upon the knob, she attempted to turn it, and then grew deadly pale. Catching a glimpse of the triumph in the eyes that were fixed upon her, she said:

"If you do not immediately unfasten this door, I will call for assistance."

"Do," returned Brooks coolly, "such outcries are so uncommon here, that it will doubtless receive immediate attention!"

Fanny was silent, pressing her hands tightly over her eyes, as if to shut out the light of that mocking smile.

"Come, Fanny," resumed Brooks, suddenly dropping his cool, almost contemptuous manner, and speaking in a winning tone—"let us talk reasonably.

Supposing the door was open, where would you go?"

"Where? To my wronged and injured husband!"

"Would he receive you?"

This question went like a barbed arrow to her. For a moment her courage failed her; then she said:

"I would sooner trust his mercy than yours."

"Quite likely. But you must remember that in his eyes you have committed that sin that few husbands ever pardon, much less a man like John Rivers. There is not a person but what believes that you not only fled with me, but are now under my protection. Should you return, your husband would repel you with scorn, and every door would be shut against you."

Had not Fanny's mind been completely preoccupied she would have observed an unusual stir in the house; the opening and shutting of doors and the hurried tramp of footsteps. Just at this juncture the steps drew nearer, and the voices so loud and urgent that they attracted her attention.

Listening, she heard the tones of her hostess, as if in earnest expostulation, and then a deep-toned voice in reply.

"It is my husband! saved—thank God!" she ejaculated.

Brooks started, and turned pale; for, like most men of his stamp, he was a coward at heart, and John Rivers, in his present mood, was the last person he cared to meet.

He went to one of the windows as if with the thought of escaping that way. But it was evidently attended with too much danger; so, turning suddenly, he took a key from his pocket, and unlocking the door, passed into the hall.

Then came the sound of a violent struggle, accompanied by fierce oaths and invectives, followed by the sharp report of a pistol.

As Fanny stood with her eyes fixed upon the door, breathless with horror and suspense, it was pushed open, and her husband stood before her, but so pale and haggard that she scarcely knew him.

Overjoyed, not only at her safety, but his own, her first impulse was to spring forward, but there was something so terrible in the expression of his eye as it met hers, that she shrank back aghast.

"Perfidious woman! what have you done with my boy?"

As he said this, his eye fell upon the bed, and striding across the room, he took up in his arms the child, who was sleeping so soundly, that all the noise and confusion had failed to arouse him.

Quick as thought, Fanny threw herself at his feet. "You cannot—you will not be so cruel, John," she gasped; "oh, my husband, have pity upon me, and do not rob me of my child!"

There was a time when John Rivers wondered how he could have looked down upon that pale face, into those pleading eyes, and speak such bitter words. But all the hard and cruel part of his nature was aroused in his bosom, giving room for no gentle, relenting thought, and for a moment he gloried in the power that her love for her child gave him to stab her to the heart.

"Your husband! Never address me by that title! I shame to think that you are the mother of my child! Take your last farewell of him, for you will never look upon his face again!"

Just then a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a stern voice said:

"You are my prisoner!"

Rivers, turning round, saw two officers of justice.

"For what am I arrested?"

"For the crime of murder."

His face turned a shade paler.

"Am I then a murderer?" he said, shuddering.

"God knows I meant not to do this, but the sight of that man coming from this chamber maddened me!" Then turning to his wife, who had risen to her feet, he added: "This, too, is your work! Oh, woman, whom I have so loved and trusted, is not now the cup of your guilt and shame full?"

For a moment Fanny glared wildly into her husband's face, as though she did not comprehend him, and then, as the full meaning of his words smote upon her senses, she raised her hands up slowly toward her head, as if to ward from it some heavy blow, and fell senseless to the floor.

As Mr. Rivers looked down upon her, for the first time a feeling of compunction smote upon his heart. Taking her up he laid her upon the bed.

"See to her," he said, to the people who were now rapidly filling the room; "for whatever she is now, she was once—oh, God!" he cried, clasping his hands above his head—"what she will never be again!"

Then, repressing with a strong effort every outward manifestation of the agony at his heart, he turned away, and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a few lines to Mrs. Marden.

Having done this, he delivered himself up to the officers, and walked away with them with the air of a man who had now nothing more to do with life.

CHAPTER V.

CONTRARY to every expectation, Howard Brooks did not die; though for some days his life was despaired of. After weeks of great suffering, he recovered, to find himself maimed and disfigured for life.

This richly-deserved punishment deepened the resentful feelings he entertained for John Rivers into the bitterest hate; and he bent every energy of his mind toward bringing about his conviction for attempted murder.

In this attempt aided by the little effort that was put forth by the defendant, to whom the result seemed to be a matter of indifference he would doubtless have succeeded, had it not been for the intervention of one of those circumstances which so clearly prove the existence of an over-ruling power. Owing to Brooks' refusal to pay Mrs. Muggins the stipulated sum, a sharp quarrel sprang up between them; and instigated by a feeling of revenge, the latter, on being guaranteed her own immunity from punishment, came forward, at the trial, bringing an array of evidence that not only completely established Fanny's innocence, and proved that she was the victim of a base conspiracy, but so clearly revealed the villainy of the complainant, that every one who heard it felt that he had only received the just punishment due to his crimes.

The jury acquitted the prisoner, without leaving the box, to the great joy of the excited crowd, which filled the court, whose strong sympathies with the accused caused them to give audible expression to their feelings in an involuntary burst of applause, that the officers in vain endeavoured to repress.

As thankful as John Rivers was, to know that he stood clear of guilt before God and his fellow men, the consciousness of the innocence of her, who was infinitely dearer to him than he had ever permitted her to know, was still more precious.

The knowledge that, however much she had erred, she was as pure in thought and deed as when his first took her to his heart, filled his breast with a softened tenderness.

As he thought of the undeserved reproaches he had heaped upon her, his heart was touched with remorse, and he yearned for an opportunity to assure her of his entire conviction of her innocence.

He had, until now, avoided mentioning her name, and during his whole imprisonment, had made no inquiries in regard to her, yet he was aware that she had been very ill, though now considered out of danger.

Believing that the truth and purity of her nature had died long since, it had made little impression upon him, but it now filled his heart with joy and thanksgiving.

With these thoughts uppermost in his mind, he disengaged himself as soon as possible from the friends who pressed round him with eager congratulations, and was soon seated in the train on his way to rejoin his unhappy wife.

The news of his acquittal had preceded him, and as he stepped from the train, many of his fellow-townsmen grasped him warmly by the hand, anxious to express their gratification at the unexpected result of his trial, for his case had excited universal sympathy and interest.

Deeply affected by these unexpected tokens of kindness and regard, Mr. Rivers responded warmly.

But he could not avoid noticing, that when he alluded to his wife their countenances fell, and they looked sorrowfully from one to another, and preserved an ominous silence.

Believing that this singular conduct proceeded from some lingering doubts as to her innocence, it pained and annoyed him, making him still more earnest in his desire to extend to her his countenance and protection, and by every means in his power to convince her of his renewed love and confidence.

Mrs. Marden had heard the intelligence of her nephew's acquittal, which had been transmitted by telegraph, but had not expected to see him so soon; as his entrance took her quite by surprise.

Mr. Rivers was struck by her pale countenance and sad and wearied look, but attributed it to anxiety and suspense in regard to his fate.

"I suppose Fanny is up-stairs?" he said, after they had interchanged an affectionate greeting. "Poor child! I fear that I have been over harsh with her! How is she? They told me that she had been very ill."

Before Mrs. Marden could reply, he was startled by a sharp, prolonged cry, more like a wild animal's than anything human, followed by successive bursts of laughter, so wild and unnatural that it made the blood curdle in his veins.

Then came the jar of heavy footsteps, and sounds that denoted a violent struggle, and which evidently proceeded from the room overhead.

"Great heaven!" ejaculated Mr. Rivers, springing to his feet, "is that in Fanny's chamber?"

Then without waiting for an answer, he hurried from the room and proceeded up-stairs.

Mrs. Marden quickly followed. She reached him just as he laid his hand upon the door.

"John," she said, in an agitated voice, laying her hand upon his arm, "you must not go in there now! You do not know—I have not yet had time to tell you—"

"Must not go in there!" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"But, nephew," persisted his aunt, still more agitated as the strange sounds within seemed to increase, rather than diminish, "wait a little; Fanny is not in a fit state to see you."

"Not in a fit state to see me, her husband?" he returned, excitedly, throwing the door open as he spoke.

Never did John Rivers forget the scene upon which his eyes rested! Years afterwards, it returned to scare him in his midnight vision. Fanny was struggling furiously in the arms of two strong, muscular women. Her lovely face was flushed and distorted; the eyes glared wildly from their distended sockets, while from the parted lips proceeded the most fierce and terrible imprecations. To add to her frightful appearance, the blood was streaming from a self-inflicted wound upon one of the temples.

As soon as she saw her husband, her cries and shrieks redoubled, and slight as her form was, compared to those who were endeavouring to hold her, her frantic and superhuman efforts to reach him nearly overpowered them.

The strong man staggered back as from a heavy blow, and the cold moisture started out upon his pallid face in large drops. Weak as a child, he made no resistance to Mrs. Marden, who came quickly forward, and taking hold of his hand, led him from the room.

When Mr. Rivers became sufficiently collected to converse with his aunt, she informed him that Fanny had not had one lucid interval since he had left her. That for some days she lay in a stupor, which it was feared would terminate in death, but from which she emerged into a state of such violent excitement as to require watchers by day and night.

Desirous of sparing him the knowledge of this new sorrow, and hoping that there would soon be a favourable change, Mrs. Marden did not allude to it in any of her letters, but instead of these hopes being realized, she was growing daily more violent and unmanageable.

It was not like John Rivers to allow this blow, heavy and unexpected as it was, to so completely paralyse his mind as to render it incapable of action, while there was anything to be done. He had the good sense to perceive that Fanny stood in need of more watchful and enlightened care than any she could receive at home, and that every day's delay lessened the chances of her recovery. So to one of those institutions, that have been the means of restoring so many wandering minds, did he carry the wreck of his once lovely and amiable wife; placing her under the care of a man eminent for his skill and goodness, and who had been more than ordinarily successful in his treatment of the insane.

Having done all that he could for her, Mr. Rivers returned to his desolate home, of which Mrs. Marden still continued to take charge. He went mechanically to and from his business, and performed all his accustomed duties with the unvarying punctuality that had distinguished him in other days. Strangers would have discovered no outward tokens of the sorrow that had made his heart and life so desolate, but those who had known him in happier days, could but marvel at the change.

He was only forty-five, in the prime of manhood, but he looked ten years older than he did six months before. His tall form had acquired a slight stoop, while silver threads began to mingle with the dark hair that clustered around the temples.

Whatever was the subject of conversation, no smile ever visited his lips, and his eye wore the same grave, abstracted look. His boy seemed to be the only comfort he had left; yet he never smiled even upon him, or fondled him as he was wont to do.

Sometimes he would take him upon his knee, and gaze into his face with a look of yearning tenderness, and then suddenly put him down, as though he feared to let him wind too closely round his heart lest he too should be taken from him.

In accordance with the advice of her physician, Mr. Rivers forbore to see Fanny, though he heard from her every week, through Doctor —, who duly advised him of any change that occurred.

For many weeks, these missives, so anxiously expected and read with such breathless interest, contained little beyond these words: "no noticeable change;" or "more excitable;" or "a little more quiet." But at last there was a change, and she began slowly to mend.

Near the close of a pleasant day in summer, about

a year from the time of her arrival, Fanny stood upon the open veranda of a noble building, and looking out upon the beautiful prospect stretched out on every side.

The wise and faithful care she received had been signally blessed; the tranquil expression upon the countenance showed that health and peace had again visited the sad heart and troubled mind.

Yet there is a thoughtful, abstracted look in the eye. She is thinking of her far-off home. Will she never mingle in the outer world again? Never look again upon the face of her child? Never again behold him whose sterling worth she had just begun to know and prize?

"Your husband is waiting to see you, Mrs. Rivers," said a pleasant voice at her side.

With a beating heart Fanny followed her guide down the broad stairs which led to the reception-room.

The door was slightly ajar, and looking in, she saw her husband standing by the window. His face was partly turned from her, but she could not but be struck by the marked change in his personal appearance since she last saw him. Her eyes filled with tears. "Is it sorrow for me," she thought, "which has made that brow so care-worn, that cheek so pale and thin?"

The slight rustle of her dress attracted his attention, and turning round he caught a glimpse of her, and without uttering a word, or taking one step forward, he opened his arms.

Never did a tempest-driven bird flee more swiftly to the haven of its nest, than did Fanny to the shelter of that breast.

As Mr. Rivers' arms closed strongly and lovingly around her, "Dear wife!" he said, in a voice in whose deep tenderness there was so much solemnity that it sent a thrill of awe to Fanny's heart; and she felt that no two words in the English language could have given her such an assurance of perfect love and reconciliation.

And as lifting her head from his bosom, Mr. Rivers held her a little way from him, in order that he might observe her more closely, what a contrast did those smiling lips and blooming cheeks present to the face he had looked upon in their last interview, when

Her vacant eye
Met his, and knew him not!

With chastened and subdued hearts did John and Fanny Rivers renew the solemn vows that they had taken upon themselves six years before, but whose holy meaning they had never fully realized until now.

The trials through which Fanny had passed taught her wherein lay her true safety and strength; and it was with a love and confidence that nothing had power to move, that she leaned upon the strong and noble heart that she had never before felt was wholly hers.

And it was with a clearer understanding, a truer appreciation of her wants and requirements, her weakness as well as her strength, that John Rivers brought his wife back to the home that had been so long shrouded in gloom.

So they live—not exempted from life's cares and sorrows, but happy in that only true and enduring affection which, unlike the offspring of caprice and passion, is based on mutual sympathy and mutual confidence. M. G. H.

DEATH OF A MEDICAL MAN IN A SNOWSTORM.—Dr. Gallico, practising in Langeac (Haute Loire), France, perished in the snow, on the 29th ult., whilst returning, on horseback, from his country rounds. He might have been saved but for the stupidity of some people, who feared to assist him without the aid of the rural police!

CLEVER ESCAPE FROM GAOL.—A woman confined in Wakefield Gaol, under a sentence of penal servitude, finding that her cell-door had inadvertently been left unlocked, she walked to a room close by which is allotted to the matron. The room being without its usual occupant she immediately proceeded to put on some of the matron's apparel which she found there. Being arrayed in silk and other articles of private costume, she possessed herself of the matron's keys, and by that means got uninterrupted passage through several wards, finally emerging into the outer yard. The keeper of the gate immediately opened to her, and the rustling of the silk and other respectable external appearances disarmed suspicion.

SPURIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.—Purchasers of so-called "portraits," we fear, are frequently imposed on. The following extract from a letter shows how portraits are manufactured at the antipodes:—"H. and I went a few days ago to see the White Swan Hotel in Chandos Street, kept by a Mrs. Haller, who has a pretty daughter. As soon as H. saw the latter she said, 'Bless me, how like you are to the Princess Alexandra!' 'Yes,' said the young lady, laughing, 'I believe so.' 'Indeed you are,' continued H., 'has nobody ever told you so?' 'Oh, yes,' replied the

other, laughing again; and then added in an undertone, 'To tell you the truth, I have stood for a portrait of the Princess, and many hundreds of my likenesses have been sold for hers.' Then she explained that a photographic artist who frequented the house had asked her to oblige him by 'standing' for the purpose, and for the fun of the thing she had consented; and that is the way in which some of the 'exact' likenesses of the Princess have been produced."

"DRUNK AND INCAPABLE."—We cannot expect the police to add a knowledge of medicine to the qualifications they may be supposed to possess, but we may be allowed to suggest that it would be well if they would give up the practice of setting down everyone whom they see stagger, or reel, or fall, or insensible, as "drunk and incapable." They are by far too much given to this precipitancy of judgment, and often make scandalous mistakes. The other Sunday, for instance, Colonel Henry Brown, an officer who had for many years been in the service of the late East India Company, was riding on the roof of an omnibus. Suddenly he was observed to fall back. He was no sooner assisted down, than two policemen took him off to the nearest station-house, and charged him with being "drunk and incapable." The unfortunate gentleman protested that he was ill, and when the divisional surgeon was sent for he said he was ill, and recommended that he should be taken home. This was done, and shortly afterwards Colonel Brown died of apoplexy. Would it not be well if the police were mustered occasionally, and lectured by the divisional surgeon on the possibility of a man staggering or reeling, or falling back or down, without being necessarily "drunk and incapable?"

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—At the ball given by the Princess Mathilde the toilet of the Empress produced a most striking effect, and will no doubt become the theme upon which the most numerous variations will be played during the whole of the spring. It consisted of a satin dress of Scotch tartan, of no particular clan, however—a gathering of the clans, as it were, in which red and bright green predominated—made with several skirts, each one edged with narrow satin quilting of one of the colours of the tartan. On her head her Majesty wore one of those fantastic little toques which an erroneous tradition has placed upon the flowing locks of Flora Macdonald. Two aigrettes of heron's plumes ornamented the front, and these being fastened by two dazzling agrafes of diamonds gave a most elegant and courtly appearance to the whole. The evening was devoted to poetry. A piece by Theodore de Bauville—a sort of counterpart to the "Fouberies de Scapin"—being played before a screen, where the guests were requested to behold in their mind's eye the Bay of Naples, Versuvius, and the country round. Coquelin and Emma Fleury played the two characters of the piece with much applause; and the evening beginning early finished early, amid much hope that the same entertainment would be frequently renewed.

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER

This is a selfish world. Who has not felt its chilling spirit of exclusiveness, and turned weary and heart-sick from the encounter with the stern realities of life? There is much that is good in human nature; many a disinterested act is performed, which may never be known until the day that reveals all things; yet still, the atmosphere of life is cold and repelling, and the heart often longs vainly for a love which shall fill its utmost yearnings, and a sincerity that shall reflect its own.

The suspicions, the crowding cares, the petty interests of selfish policy, soon harden the plant nature; and the spirit that leaped to the lists of life, warm with a generous fervour, droops and is discouraged, or worse, is fettered and spell-bound by the paralyzing touch of the world's selfishness.

Yet there is one spot left green with the verdure of Eden—one oasis in the desert of life—over which no breath of self-interest ever blew: it is the pure, deep, holy love of a mother.

Who, that has been blessed with a pious mother, does not feel his temples still throb to her gentle touch, and feel that her loving eye is the star that guides him still, even though its beam has long been quenched in the sleep of death?

It may be long years since she folded the little fingers at her side, and taught the evening prayer; yet we remember the soft hair, and the smooth, kind forehead, and it seems but yesterday since her noiseless foot stole through our chamber, while all but she were tired by the feverish sufferer. And when youth burst away in its beauty and fearlessness, there is one voice which ever follows with gentle and warning tone—one hand which draws with a restraining power to the good and the true.

Disappointed, suffering, smarting under the world's injustice, the heart may feel forsaken and lonely, and

while the crushing consciousness of falsehood meets us on every side, comes the sweet satisfaction that there is one true friend who will never forsake us; and in the deep sympathy of his mother, the man forgets the injuries and cares of life.

Wisdom she may lack; strength to avert the calamities of life, she may not possess; yet she will follow her boy in spirit to the battle-field, and with her fervent prayer, shield him in the strife, as by the wing of a protecting angel, and when the battle is fought and her soldier returns to die, her heart thrills with joy that she may minister to him, and it is not until all is over that the blanch of a settled sorrow sits forever on her brow.

It seems as if heaven, even here, had clothed her with immortality, and the nearest we can press to a mother, is to nestle to the wildflowers. We still feel the sweet influence she shed over life, and the old man speaks with an air of reverent affection of the mother who still is bright and beautiful in his memory.

M. J. B.

THE WIDOW'S MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Edmund Lyle first met Marian Gracey, she was twenty only, and yet a widow. There was, perhaps, nothing very extraordinary in that. She was also remarkably sweet-faced, sweet-tempered, and generally interesting; and Edmund Lyle fell seriously in love with her for these gifts of heart and person. There was nothing very extraordinary in that either.

But, though she returned his love and confessed as much; though she was alone in the world, without nearer living kindred than a far-off cousin or two in India; though there seemed no difference of station or fortune of consequence between them (for she possessed a sufficient income for comfort and even luxury, while he had a lucrative practice for a young physician), and though, finally, he was also independent of any tie or influences likely to control his inclinations, yet she refused to marry him.

And when he pressed her hard for a reason, she told him that the secret was not hers, but her child's, for whose sake she must keep it till he was old enough to know it, and be master of its disclosure.

This was the mystery and the wonder.

The child who thus held the destiny of two hearts in his unconscious hands was an infant scarce three years old.

The prospect was dreary enough, but Edmund Lyle was young, sanguine, and earnest. He told her he would wait, and he would have waited, if the events about to be related had not intervened.

A few words as to Marian Gracey's position at the time Dr. Lyle first knew her.

She had come to the seaside town in which he practised his profession about three months previously with her child, and had taken lodgings first at one of the hotels. Here she lived quietly, modestly, but well; occupying handsome apartments, with a private table for herself, her child, and her female attendant.

This woman was very reserved; rarely mingling with other servants, private or public, of the hotel, and never condescending, upon any provocation, to talk of her mistress's affairs, past or present. With this exception, however, there was nothing in the conduct of either mistress or maid to excite curiosity or provoke remark.

Their names had been registered on the hotel book of entry simply as "Mrs. Gracey, child, and servant."

In the third month after her arrival, her child was taken ill suddenly, and the "nearest physician" was sent for.

The nearest physician, who was found at home, was Edmund Lyle, M.D.

His skill, and the mother's nursing, saved the little one's life.

But, for nearly two weeks, it had hung in the balance.

What wonder that, in those two weeks, mother and physician grew to know and appreciate each other by the sick child's bedside.

As the boy improved, the mother failed; and when he was once more running about the rooms, it became Marian's turn to submit herself as a patient to Dr. Lyle.

A fortnight of rest and nutritious diet, however, sufficed to restore her.

But in this fortnight the intimacy between doctor and patient was fixed upon the basis of mutual though unconfessed affection. So, when his professional services were no longer needed, Dr. Lyle continued to visit Marian Gracey, as a valued friend at first, and afterwards as an earnest, patient lover.

"My dear Mrs. Gracey," said the young doctor, one morning shortly after her convalescence, "it seems to me that, as you contemplate a prolonged sojourn here, you would be much more comfortable

in some excellent private boarding-house, than in this hotel. There is no real privacy in this sort of life—no possibility of feeling at home, as it were, and enjoying the quiet of your own fireside and its associations. The ringing of bells, the tramp of servants and guests, the numberless bustles and clamours of a public hotel, must interfere sadly with the repose you desire and actually need."

"They do, indeed," replied Marian; "and I am quite anxious to change my abode to some quieter neighbourhood and more private lodgings. But I am a total stranger here, and the idea of starting out on a hunt after apartments is extremely repugnant to me. I have not the courage to undergo it."

"There is no need," said Lyle, cheerfully. "Only tell me just what sort of rooms and other arrangements you would like, and I shall take real pleasure in being your courier in the matter."

"You are very kind; and I will not offend you by commonplace and vapid apologies for the trouble I may give you. I accept your offer as frankly as it is made, and shall rejoice, I assure you, in the success of your search, for I long to be out of this Babel as much for my child's sake as my own."

So it was arranged; and in eight days from that time, Marian, with her child and attendant, took up their abode with Mrs. Amanda Stivers.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Amanda Stivers kept a first-class, private and exclusive, boarding-house. Mrs. Stivers (who was a widow with one child—a boy, of whom more anon), prided herself chiefly upon three things: first, upon being the widow of an "eminently respectable" merchant, who had been unfortunate in business by no fault of his own; secondly, upon the irreproachable character of her boarders; her constant care being to admit none but "eminently respectable" persons into her house, in which, she was proud to say, she had always proved successful; and thirdly, in never having had recourse to an advertisement in order to fill her establishment.

Mrs. Stivers, however, was not without her troubles and mortifications.

Her chief trouble and mortification was the not-to-be-restrained proclivity of her digestive and appropriate organs to prepare and distribute among the various portions of her frame an extraordinary amount of fatty matter. Whatever she ate or drank seemed to go to fat. "Even pickles," she sometimes dolorously exclaimed, "became fat in her system, she believed!"

Her next trouble and mortification was her boy.

This boy was some eleven or twelve years of age, with nothing special to distinguish him from the general type, except an inordinate propensity to accumulate dirt upon all the exposed parts of his person.

Even as everything his mother ate seemed to spread an additional layer of fat upon her, so everything that boy touched, or even looked at, appeared to leave its mark in a stratum of dirt upon his face and hands! If his mother washed his face, and made him wash his hands, once a day, she did so a dozen times. In vain—they were always begrimed with dirt!

But, barring this eccentricity, and a fondness for stamping up and down the corridors in heavy boots, whistling shrilly all over the house, and frequently up or down-stairs, the boy was a fair enough sample of boyhood, as boyhood now runs.

Mrs. Stivers made no scruples about accepting Marian as a boarder upon the recommendation of Dr. Lyle, for his father had been her physician in her more prosperous days, before the business misfortunes of the late Mr. S—, as his son was still; and she had perfect confidence in him.

Mrs. Stiver's house was not, perhaps, in all respects the one Dr. Lyle would have wished for Mrs. Gracey; but then he knew that her establishment was respectable, well-ordered, and, barring the boisterous element, quiet.

Did space permit, we would like to give some account of the various guests at Mrs. Stivers's their habits, manners, and conversations, as bearing upon the subject of this sketch. But we must content ourselves with such an outline as the events themselves suggest.

For a fortnight everything went pleasantly. Marian and Mrs. Stivers seemed to get on comfortably together, and what limited intercourse she had with the other boarders was agreeable.

One day, about the end of the second week, however, the following conversation took place between Mrs. Stivers and Miss Mink, an "eminently respectable" maiden lady, the occupant of the "third floor back."

"Don't you think Mrs. Gracey rather queer?" asked Miss Mink.

"Queer? why, I'm sure I don't know! how do you mean?" replied Mrs. S., hesitatingly.

"Why, she hasn't returned a single call from any of us," Miss Mink referred to the eminently re-

spectable army of boarders, of whom she was a valued unit), and she never comes into the drawing-room of an evening, and she hasn't received a single call, except from Dr. Lyle; but he comes often enough!" said Miss Mink, ironically.

"Oh, the poor thing is a stranger here; and she, no doubt, is in grief for her husband; she wears deep mourning, you know; and feels timid enough, I'm sure! A mere child, and a widow already! And as for Dr. Lyle's visits, he's the only friend she has here, and cured her child, you know. No!" added Mrs. Stivers, "I must say, Miss Mink, I don't see anything very strange about her! She is an eminently respectable lady, or Dr. Lyle would never have recommended her to me, that you may be sure of!"

"Um—well! perhaps so!" muttered Miss Mink. "But unless I'm deaf and also blind, which I don't think I am, there's something more than friendship between her and your Dr. Lyle; take my word for it, Mrs. Stivers."

Mrs. Stivers's dignity was offended, and she made no reply.

But Miss Mink did not confine her remarks to her landlady. She employed her spare time (which was, pretty much, her whole time exclusive of that devoted to sleep,) in confidential speculations on the subject with Mrs. Gopher, and others of her fellow-boarders, and with such effect, that in a few days a formal representation was made to Mrs. Stivers, that she owed it to her boarders' and her own character for respectability to make inquiry of Dr. Lyle as to the antecedents of Mrs. Marian Gracey.

Mrs. Stivers was, at first, hugely indignant. She was a kind-hearted woman at bottom, and only stern and stony upon two points—the respectability of herself and establishment; and her individual obesity, any allusion to which (though she spoke of it herself, even jocularly, sometimes,) by a boarder, was visited with instant dismissal.

But further remonstrance and prognostic insinuations from Mrs. Gopher and Miss Mink (who were the deputation) as to the possible scandal and ruin to her respectability that might result from future discovery of a blemish upon Mrs. Gracey's character, finally overcame her natural good disposition, and frightened her into compliance with their wishes.

As Dr. Lyle was coming down-stairs one evening (it was the very evening on which he had so earnestly pressed his suit to Marian that she had been forced to tell him the secret of his refusal was her child's and not her own), after a visit to his former patient, Mrs. Stivers met him in the hall.

"Doctor," said she, "come into my room a minute, will you?"

The doctor followed her into her chamber, and sat down, supposing Mrs. S. was going, for the fiftieth time or more, to beg him for a preventive against the ever-increasing rotundity of her person.

But he was terribly astonished when, after a few moments of asthmatic effort and cough (both somewhat feigned), Mrs. Stivers suddenly said:

"Doctor, did you know Mrs. Gracey's husband?"

"Did—I—no! Why on earth do you ask me that?" stammered Lyle, flushing up.

Mrs. Stivers again breathed hard for a while.

"Because—oh! dear! this fat! this fat!—because—you seem to know her so well, and she is so shy, and my boarders think she acts so strangely, and if there should—if anything disagreeable should come out about her, I'll never forgive you, Dr. Lyle! There, it's all out!"

The doctor rose, with indignant anger flashing from his eyes, and so far forgot himself as to put on his hat before he answered:

"Madam, the conduct of your boarders with reference to Ma—Mrs. Gracey, is simply infamous. No lady—I repeat it—*lady* could be guilty of such low, contemptible insinuations as those I have just heard from your mouth—speaking, as I know you do, not your own sentiments, but those of the creatures you have suffered to—to—in short, much as I respect you personally, Mrs. Stivers, I cannot but be indignant at the weakness you have exhibited in thus permitting yourself to be the mouth-piece of such a set of slanderers!"

Here the doctor paused, for lack of breath, and began pacing rapidly up and down the room, still with his hat on, and fury in his face.

But Mrs. Stivers "was up," too, now. To impugn the respectability of her guests was to insult her in the deadliest manner. She would have forewarned her own flesh and blood under such provocation.

No wonder, then, that she delivered such an anathema upon the doctor as fairly frightened the fury out of poor Lyle, and left him the picture of "wan despair."

"Four-and-twenty hours I give you, sir," thus culminated Mrs. Stivers; "four-and-twenty hours, and not one minute more, to provide your *protege* with other lodgings! If your respected father were alive, sir, I would go to him this minute and tell him how

his son had insulted me and my household to my very face! And if my poor husband—here the old lady broke down, and lapsed at once from the furious into the tearful state.

"Taking advantage of the lull, the young doctor spoke soothingly and gently to her, until he finally succeeded in obtaining a partial pardon, and a promise that she would say nothing to Mrs. Gracey on the subject of leaving, nor mention this interview to any one, on condition that he assumed the task of taking Marian away (for this she resolved on; "she should never be able to bear the sight of her again," she said, "after what had happened this night.") within a week—she extended the time to a week, "for the sake of old acquaintance," she said, "but not a day longer!"

That night, Edmund Lyle, lying asleep upon his bed, determined that for her own sake, if not for his, Marian Gracey must disclose her secret to him, and that, for both their sakes, she must consent to be his wife—and at once!

He made his preparations accordingly the next morning, and at noon called upon Marian.

Delicately but firmly, he renewed his suit, urging everything he could think of in its favour, combating every argument against it, till he perceived her resolution falter. Then, bringing up his last reserve, he told her, but with exceeding care and reticent delicacy, of the suspicions and slanders her isolated position already had exposed her to in the house of Mrs. Stivers, and how they would follow her whithersoever she went, unless she gave some one the right to refute them, and protect and uphold her in the face of the world. He was eloquent, earnest, and impassioned, and—she conquered!

With tears, with beseeching prayers that he would not desert her, but remember that it was his will to know—not hers—to tell her secret of shame, and that when she had told him, she placed herself and her child at his mercy; to all of which, though in terrible suspense, and striving against a dark doubt which would now and then fall cold on his heart, Edmund solemnly answered, that his life was hers. In this manner, she told him that, the father of her child—her husband—had been a felon, and had died a felon's death! And having spoken it, she lay, pallid and paleless, in his arms.

When Marian recovered her senses, and opened her eyes, they met those of Edmund Lyle, filled with tender light, cloudless and serene, looking down into her own; and her heart leaped with a strange bound, that flushed through her whole being like a draught of generous wine.

"And is that all, my own dearest Marian?" murmured Edmund, with a smile.

"All!" whispered Marian, "save that—that he was pure when I became his wife. He fell, through great temptation, Edmund; but—"

She could not go on, for a great sob that would swell up in her throat; and Edmund clasped her to his breast, and kissed her on the forehead, as he said:

"Let it rest, dearest, till our hereafter!"

That day week they were wedded.

Mrs. Stivers was not present at the ceremony.

Miss Mink regarded Dr. Lyle's marriage with Mrs. Gracey simply in the light of a triumph to her powers of discrimination.

"Didn't I tell you there was something beyond friendship between them?" she exclaimed, when she heard of the match.

And to this day she crows over poor old Mrs. Stivers, with that proof of her superior talents for observation.

It was not till after they had passed their happy "honeymoon" that Edmund would permit Marian to confide the details of her sad story to his sympathetic ear.

The memory of it has never, thus far, cast a cloud over their wedded life.

Such as it is, perhaps, we will tell that tale some day, for it is not without a moral.

Neither is the story we have just told.

For, it seems to us, that it is an example of the prophet's wise saying: "Out of evil cometh good!" E. G.

DEEDS OF A REAR GUARD.—October 8th. After four days' search ending in this manner, Friedrich swiftly crosses towards Tabor again, to Bechin, (over on the Lusenitz, one march,) there to collect himself for Benecchau and the other intricacies. Towards Tabor again; by his Bridge of Moldau-Tein;—clouds of Pandour people, larger clouds than usual, hanging round; hidden by the woods till Friedrich is gone. Friedrich being gone, there occurs the "Affair of Moldau-Tein," much talked of in Prussian books. Of which, in extreme condensation, this is the essence:—"October 9th. Friedrich once off to Bechin, the Pandour clouds gather on his rear-guard next day

at Tein-Bridge here, to the number of about 10,000 (rumour counts 14,000;) and with desperate intent, and more regularly than usual, attack grenadiers and hussars, the whole under Ziethen's charge,—obliged to wait for a cargo of broad-waggons here."

"Defend your bridge, with cannon, with case-shot:" that is what the grenadiers do. The Pandour cloud, with horrid lanes cut in it, draws back out of this; then plunges at the river itself, which can be ridden above or below; rides it, furious, by the thousand. "Off with your infantry; quit the bridge!" cries Ziethen to his captain there: "Retire you, Parthian like; thrice-steady," orders Ziethen: "It is to be hoped our hussars can deal with this mad-doggerly!" And they do it; cutting in with iron discipline, with fierceness not undrilled; a wedge of iron hussars, with ditto grenadiers continually wheeling, like so many reapers steady among wind-tossed grain; and gradually give the Pandours enough. Seven hours of it, in all: "of their sixty cartridges the grenadiers had fired fifty-four," when it ended, about 7 p.m. The coming broad-waggons, getting word, had to cast their leaves into the river (said to think of), and make for Bechin at their swiftest. But the rear-guard got off with its guns, in this victorious manner: thanks to Major-General Ziethen, Colonel Reusch, and the others concerned. Ziethen handsels his Major-Generals in this fine way: a man who has had promotion, and also has had none, and may again come to have none, and is able to do either way. Never mind, my excellent tacit friend! Ziethen is five-and-forty gone; has a face which is beautiful to me, though one of the coarsest. Face thrice-honest, intricately ploughed with thoughts which are well kept silent (the thoughts, indeed, being themselves most inarticulate; thoughts of a simple-hearted, much-enduring, half-tempered son of iron and oatmeal); decidedly rather likeable, with its lazily-hanging under-lip, and respectable bearskin cylinder atop.—"History of Frederick II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle."

WHO IS THE DUKE OF CORNWALL?—The foreign press persist in calling the infant son of the Prince of Wales the Duke of Cornwall. This is an utter mistake. His Royal Highness's father, the Prince, sits in the House of Lords as Duke of Cornwall—the Prince of Wales being in no shape a Parliamentary title. The infant Prince, after his christening, will be called by his Christian name, with the prefix of Prince, until it may please the Crown to confer a Peerage upon him.

A BEAR HUNT IN THE TYROL.

ROMA alone does not possess the privilege of bear-hunting. As the upper summits of the Pyrenees and Alps present nearly the same climate and vegetation as the plains of Muscovy, the bear also lives there, and amuses himself in the same manner. We therefore find in the southern countries of Europe the large game of the north, the most formidable, and therefore the most agreeable animals to hunt.

With an iron-shod staff in my hand a haversack upon my back, I was making my tour of the Tyrol last summer, after having concluded that of Switzerland.

On reaching the burg of Ulten, I found the male population pouring out of their houses. Some carried carbines on their shoulders, others wore sabres at their sides, the remainder had at least the iron-shod staves of the mountaineers, and all were dressed in their holiday clothes, which, by their dashing cut, mixture of colours and perfect similarity, looked like a military uniform.

I thought that in this time of sudden popular commotions, a new Andreas Hofer was commencing, against the house of Austria, the rising of 1809 against Napoleon. But all this noise and warlike preparation had a less lofty aim. Its object was simple to dislodge from the environs a very inconvenient and dangerous neighbour.

Almost at the top of the mountain which overlooks the burg of Ulten, in a narrow gorge, under a mass of fire uprooted by the tempest, a bear of huge proportions had just taken up his winter quarters. So long as he remained in this hermitage, stupefied like a marmot, and sucked his fore-paws for his only nourishment, no one had any idea of seeking him out and picking a quarrel with him.

But awaking in the spring with an appetite engendered by a six months' fast, he had approached the cultivated fields, and since the grain had begun to turn yellow, he displayed an increasing audacity in his adventures. He was often seen at nightfall to descend from his fortress, to gain the cultivated patches, coolly to enter a field of oats or barley, to seat himself as if at a well-served table, and collecting a huge heap of stalks in his paws, convey them to his mouth, and delicately crunch the half-ripened grain. At each of his meals an acre was reaped.

It was in the dread of seeing their supplies wholly cut off in this way that the people of Ulten had resolved to make a general sortie against this germanizing Attila.

They had selected for commander-in-chief of their army an old chamois-hunter, bleached in this rude business, whose limbs had begun to bend beneath the weight of age, but whose hand was still prompt, while his hearing was keen and his eye piercing. For twenty years at least everybody had called him *der alter Fritz*, and everybody related singular stories about the old huntsman.

One day, for instance, when he had chased the chamois to the extreme summit of the Voralberg, he encountered *Der Freyschutz*, the free-shooter, the patron-demon of hunters, whose Teutonic legend the music of Von Weber has rendered popular among us.

Freyschutz accosted him, and as he himself had not got farther than the cross-bow, he asked of old Fritz, pointing to his carbine, "what was that?"

"My pipe," replied the cunning Tyrolese.

"Ah!" said the devil; "let me take a whiff."

"Certainly, *mein herr*," replied Fritz, and putting the muzzle of his carbine in the free-shooter's mouth, he pulled the trigger.

Bang! The devil sneezed three times, and then remarked:

"Your tobacco is confounded strong. Everything else is improving in this country except people's taste. Excuse my freedom, old fellow, but I don't like your tobacco."

As soon as old Fritz had arranged his battle array, the marksmen at the head, the trackers in the rear, the column moved, and I followed, curious to see how this warlike expedition would end.

They climbed very slowly, as mountaineers who know the necessity of husbanding their strength always do, and in perfect silence—a precaution not observed in beating for hares, where no danger occupies the mind and disposes it to reflection.

On arriving at the entrance of the gorge where the bear had scopped his den, the two bands halted to separate. While the beaters, filing off one by one, went to surround and enclose the lowest and broadest part of the ravine, the hunters ranged themselves in the narrow and upper part, through which the bear might seek to escape, to gain the peaks covered with eternal snow.

One concealed himself behind the trunk of an old fir-tree; another hid himself in a crevice of rock; each one, in a word, seeking to shelter himself from the eyes of the enemy, prepared at the same time a barrier against his fury. They were close enough, moreover, to help each other in case of need.

When everybody was posted, one would have thought that this discordant concert of shouting and hooting on one side would have induced the bear to start forth on the other; but either from cunning or obstinacy, fear or courage, the bear did not budge.

After a sufficient lapse of time, one of the trackers, getting out of patience, approached the den, accompanied by a huge mastiff, which had accompanied him, to make sure that the lord of the castle had not abandoned his lair. This bravado came near costing him dear.

At the sight of the dog sniffing at his threshold, Mr. Bear sprang on the too valiant and confiding mastiff. Striking him with his claws, he took him in his arms, hugged him to his breast, cracking all his bones in this embrace, and then dropped him on the ground, as completely flattened out as if a cartwheel had passed over his body.

The dog's master dropped in the same way, perhaps from downright fear, perhaps to counterfeit death, and escape by this old stratagem from the terrible carcases of the bear.

The latter approached the pretended carcases, began to smell it, and was extending a paw to turn it over on its back, when a ball struck him in the ear, and laid him stone dead beside the corpse, which immediately came to life.

It was old Fritz who had fired the shot, as bold as it was fortunate. A general hurrah answered the report of his carbine. Hunters and beaters both ran up to get a near view of the terrible animal so seasonably struck down.

One measured the body from the snout to the tail; another opened his huge jaws to display his white and formidable teeth; a third called attention to the amplitude and strength of his arms, his breadth of paws and length of nails.

In a short time, a little four-wheeled cart, drawn by one horse harnessed alongside the tongue, ascended to the field of battle, and the body of the bear was placed upon it, in the most threatening attitude it could be made to assume.

As for old Fritz, another honour awaited him. In the first place, his high-peaked hat was ornamented with a flowering branch of the rhododendron or Alpine rose; then with branches of fir, his young companions

soon constructed a sort of chair, like the *sella gestatoria*, in which the pope is paraded at the great religious ceremonies of Rome, or the *portantina* which serves to hoist ladies to the crater of Vesuvius. Fritz was seated on this contrivance, notwithstanding his modest scruples, and four vigorous young fellows, taking him in this way on their shoulders, began to follow the cart, which was descending into the valley.

On our road as far as Ulten all the inhabitants came out of their hamlets and *chalets* to meet us. The women waved their handkerchiefs, the men clapped their hands, the children shouted at the top of their voices.

Each one saluted in his own way the liberator of his canton, the victor in these combats which recall the glories of the demi-gods, and old Fritz, accustomed to these victories and acclamations, displayed in the midst of his glory, such a perfect good-humour and modesty, that there was no need of adding to the procession the insulting monitor who whispered in the ear of the Roman hero, as his chariot rolled along the vias sacre, "Remember thou art but a man!"

F. A. D.

THE NEW BRIDGES AT BLACKFRIARS.

It is often alleged as a reproach to Londoners that they take very little interest in anything architectural that concerns the metropolis: that they constantly pass without observation its world-famous edifices, and almost wholly ignore those celebrated "sights" which have such an irresistible attraction for continental visitors and "country cousins" when they come to town. There is, however, a very good excuse for the indifference of Londoners in this respect, for it must be remembered that they are "to the manner born," and have therefore become so familiar with the celebrated monuments and edifices of the great city, that they no longer possess much interest for them; and perhaps scarcely ever awaken in the breast of a genuine metropolitan any other feeling than that of wonder at their ugliness. But, however apathetic as regards the public edifices and monuments with which they have become familiarised, no one can allege that Londoners are indifferent to the vast engineering works and railway demolitions and constructions which are at present going forward in the metropolis. On the contrary, these undertakings are watched with the keenest interest. Especially is this the case with reference to the immense engineering undertakings now in progress at Blackfriars. These always command a large and apparently deeply interested body of spectators, who from the old bridge survey, hour after hour, with the most unflagging interest, the operations which are being carried on. Here two bridges are now being built, and both by the same engineer, Mr. Cubitt—one being the great four-line bridge for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; the other, the temporary structure which is for a time to replace Blackfriars.

This, as the first temporary bridge we have yet seen over the Thames in London, and for its own intrinsic merits as a very simple yet immensely strong contrivance in scaffolding, merits some notice. Its length is 990 ft. from wharf to wharf, and it is built in two stories; the lower one is 26 ft. wide (the width of the old bridge roadway); the upper story is raised 16 ft. above this, and consists of two footways, each 9 ft. wide, the width of the footways in the present bridge being only 7 ft.

The lower story is for the carriage traffic, the upper for pedestrians, and the four feet extra width of footway given to the latter is to accommodate the loungers on either side who are sure to pass much of their time in looking over at the progress of the works beneath. This scaffolding, though called a temporary bridge, is in reality a permanent structure, as far as strength is concerned. It is only temporary in the sense that it is not built of durable materials, such as stone or iron. The lower piles are driven 10 ft. into the bed of the river; the staying piles which carry the roadway are only 18 ft. from centre to centre longitudinally—those laid transversely are only 7 ft. apart. All these, too, are braced together with horizontal and diagonal bracings, and, in fact, even as far as the woodwork is concerned, the whole is built of considerably greater strength than ordinary wooden viaducts for railways. This bridge has three openings for river traffic, each of 70 ft. span. These are formed by two long girders, 6 ft. deep, with ordinary transverse girders between. They are floored with wrought-iron buckle plates, and are covered with asphalt and paved with wood. The gradient of this temporary road will be exactly that of the new bridge when finished—that is, a rise of one in 40, instead of as at present one in 22—an incline only less dreadful than that of Holborn Hill. The approaches to the foot-bridge, as being taken up to a higher level above the roadway, are much more steep—no less than one in ten on either side. To make these easily practicable to pedestrians it will be necessary that in wet and frosty weather such timber

slopes should be well sanded, or they will be almost insurmountable. This steep gradient is only continued to where the footpaths going and coming from each side meet the road traffic above, whence they are continued across the river at almost a level.

This temporary bridge has been tested by a mass of iron weighing 36 tons being drawn slowly across the greater part of the carriage-way; but under this severe test not the slightest yield or complaining among the timbers could be detected, though the strain was certainly more than double what is ever likely to come upon a single part of the bridge at any one time. In April this bridge is to be opened, when the old one will be at once closed, and the work of removing it, to make room for its grand successor, be urged on with all rapidity.

The new bridge, as shown in our illustration, which is to occupy the site of the old one, will be as great an improvement upon that which now cumber the river, as Westminster is upon the heavy, dangerous, and steep pile of stones it at last superseded, with so much benefit to the public. The improvement that will result from the change, looking at it only as a question of accommodation for the public, may be seen at a glance by a mere comparison of dimensions.

The width of the roadway of the old bridge is 26 ft.; the width of the new roadway will be 45 ft. Old Blackfriars has two pathways of 7 ft. each; new Blackfriars will have two of 15 ft. each. The gradient of the old Blackfriars is 1 in 22 ft.; of the new, 1 in 40 ft., or the same as new Westminster, which on the surface it will entirely resemble, except in being 4 ft. less wide over all. It is to be built in five spans or arches, the two next the shore being of 155 ft. span each, the two next those, again, 175 ft. span, the centre arch having a stretch of 185 ft. These arches will be all of wrought iron; the piers on which they rest of Aberdeen and red polished granite, with richly ornamented cornices and capitals of Portland stone.

The total length of the structure from end to end is to be 1,170 ft., its width extreme from point to point of piers, 130 ft.; its height from high water, 36½ ft., and from foundation to parapet, 81 ft. The waterway under the arches will be 845 ft., as compared with the present waterway of 789 ft.; its headway under the arches will be 25 ft., and though 4 ft. lower in height than the present structure, it will double the accommodation to river traffic under it, owing to the elliptical shape and somewhat flat crowns of its arches.

The style of the whole is to be Venetian Gothic. The two outside ribs of the iron-work that will be seen from the river will have open lattice spandrels of wrought iron, ornamented at their junctions with bold gilt flowers. The ribs beneath this will be in five joints, of great depth and strength, and similarly ornamented, but on a larger scale. In the centre of each arch will be hanging shields, gilt and emblazoned.

Over the latticework will be a moulding, carried on concave brackets, enriched with broad graceful leaves of foliage, while above all will come the balustrade of the footways. This latter will be exceedingly handsome. It will be formed of an open arched of cast iron, each of the small columns which support it having highly enriched foliated capitals of the most varied designs, though all in strict keeping with the style and intended general effect.

Above these columns, the cornice, so to speak, of the balustrade will be pierced in trefoils with a kind of moulded string-course to resemble a sort of hand-rail above all. This balustrade will be 3½ ft. high, and all its beautiful proportions and detail of design have evidently been studied with the utmost care, and certainly with the utmost success. The spaces between the many separate ribs which go to form each arch will be built over with buckle-plates, and the usual bed of asphalt and stone pitching pavement laid above all. So much for the iron-work.

With the stone, as might be expected, higher efforts are made at ornamental details, and, in an architectural point of view, are made with even more success. There are to be four stone piers, each 130 ft. long by 20½ ft. wide, and 35 ft. high from Trinity level. As the design was especially framed to admit of constructional colour, the masonry used here will be the blue-grey granite of Aberdeen, red polished granite columns, with bases and capitals of richly-carved white Portland stone.

To begin, however, with the construction of the piers. They will, like all bridge foundations of the present day, be built in wrought-iron caissons. Seven caissons will be required for each pier. These will be forced down to 20 ft. below the bed of the river—into the London clay, in fact. When they can be got no lower they will be laid at the bottom with concrete, and built up inside till they are solid.

Four feet below low water, the blocks of granite (all of great size) will be laid, and be continued up in the centre to where the iron arches rest: but on the external face of the pier, that is, on each end that can be seen from the river, they will rise apparently

to the level of the balustrade. On the end of each pier, and rising from a bold rich pediment of carved white stone, will be a column of polished red granite, 7 ft. in diameter and 12 ft. in height. This will be surmounted by a gigantic capital of carved white stone, and this again with what we may term a cornice deeply cut and rich in its design.

Above all, will be the massive ornamental parapet of white stone, partly pierced in bold yet simple designs, and this latter will form the balustrade surrounding the wide recess above each pier. It is difficult to speak too highly of the general effect of these piers as they will be seen from the river. There is a simplicity, a massiveness and dignity in their whole proportions, and the effect of their colour-contrasts will be so striking that no merely verbal description can do them justice.

When the piers are all finished, the pressure on the foundation will be only four tons per foot, or not much more than half the pressure on the foundations of large warehouses. The iron-work will, of course, all be tested before it goes up, and before the bridge itself will be opened; but it is almost unnecessary to say that the second testing in place will be a mere matter of form, for the sectional area of all the girders has been designed to be about seven times stronger than any strain that can ever come upon it in the reasonable course of London daily traffic.

One most ornamental and novel feature in the new bridge deserves especial mention, both for its own merit and for the praiseworthy liberality and good taste the corporation have displayed in granting this extra expense for purely decorative purposes.

At both sides and at both ends the new bridge is to have a wide and noble flight of steps leading to the water-side. But, unlike other bridges, which generally have their parapets tapering away into insignificance at their extremities, the balustrades at either end stop short and terminate in four bold massive piers about 25 feet high, somewhat similar to those which terminate the balustrades at London Bridge, but far more lofty in size and noble in proportion. These will be surmounted with groups of statuary; and, though they are, after all, mere supplementary ornaments, without which, no doubt, the bridge, as a bridge, would do quite as well, yet the corporation, to their great honour, did not take this narrow view of it, but regarding the statues only as a splendid finish to the splendid work, almost unanimously granted the £16,000 required for the four groups.

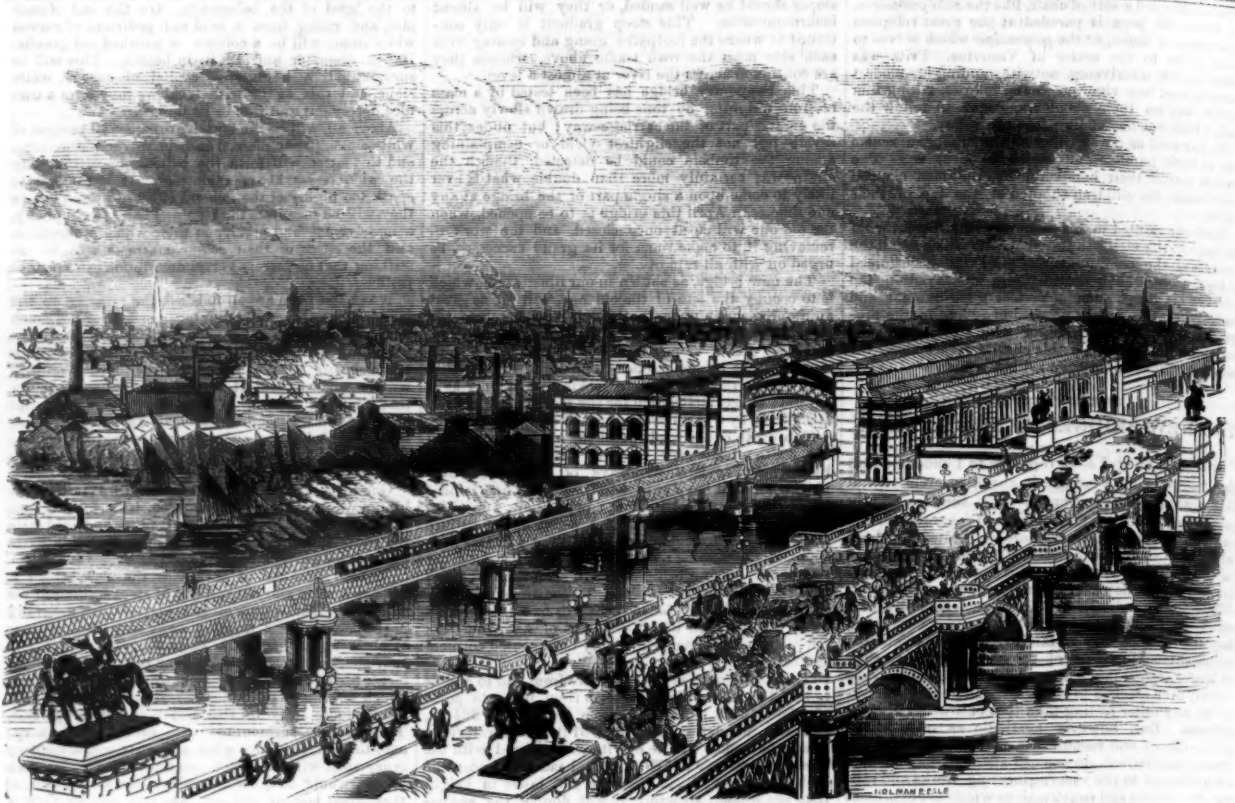
All these are to be equestrian statues in bronze, and 20 ft. high. Three of them are already decided on—Her Majesty, with Queen Elizabeth, at one end, and King Alfred, and most probably Edward the Black Prince, as the first and most renowned of our Princes of Wales, at the other.

The cost of the whole work, including the temporary bridge, is only £265,000, which is, at the rate of £3 per foot—only about 1s. per foot dearer than Westminster Bridge, which still enjoys the honour of being the cheapest and as yet the most beautiful that spans the Thames. There is only one great drawback on Mr. Cubitt's bridge, but this, unfortunately, is a most serious destroyer of its beauty. It is that the bridge which is being built for the Chatham and Dover line is so close to the site of the new Blackfriars that from no point of the river can a view be got of one structure without the other also appearing and spoiling it. The distance between the two is only 150 feet—a mere nothing in perspective. The spans of both are the same, but the railway is a level bridge and the City structure is arched, and, situated as they are, apparently almost touching, one most effectually mars the effect of the other.

In these days of metropolitan railways, the Chatham and Dover bridge (which is a wonderful structure of its kind) must, we suppose, be regarded as a necessary evil. But, necessary as it may be, it is most cordially to be wished that it was anywhere but alongside the new bridge of Blackfriars. The latter will really be a noble structure, and will add still further to the character the Thames enjoys above all other rivers in the world for the grandeur and beauty of its bridges.

However, there is now no help for it. The bridge of the Chatham and Dover Railway is, to all intents, a *fait accompli*; and the two bridges must be accepted as pontine brothers, inseparable as the Siamese twins. We have fully described the one, and we must now say a few words respecting the other, which is "to connect the Admiralty-pier at Dover with the Great Northern"—in fact, to create direct communication between Paris and Edinburgh.

The history of the London, Chatham, and Dover is instructive and interesting. In 1853, Parliament granted powers to a company to make a line in continuation of the North Kent, from Stroud to Canterbury. The object was to save the great *détour* occasioned by passing to Canterbury round by Reigate and Ashford, and to put the people of Rochester and Canterbury in direct communication. In 1855 the



[NEW BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, AND BRIDGE OF THE LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAY.]

company obtained power to extend its line to Dover. This, however, brought it into collision with the South Eastern, and it became necessary to obtain, if possible, a distinct entrance into the metropolis. Therefore, in 1858, the company got power to construct a line through the heart of Kent, from Rochester to St. Mary Cray, and were enabled to make traffic arrangements with the Mid-Kent and West End and Crystal Palace Railway Companies, so as to obtain access over their lines to the Victoria Station. Thus, by degrees, and after severe conflicts with the South Eastern, this company obtained a direct route from London to Dover, with powers to make branches in various directions, so as to accommodate portions of Kent to which the South Eastern did not supply adequate facilities.

Having got so near to London on an independent line of their own, it seemed to this company to be most desirable to get a separate and distinct entrance into the heart of the metropolis itself. In 1860 they accordingly obtained powers from Parliament to construct what are called the Metropolitan Extensions of the London, Chatham, and Dover. These lines effected a direct route from Battersea, through Stockwell, Herne-hill, and Dulwich, to Penge, Beckenham, and so on to their own original line. They also carried a line from Herne-hill, through Camberwell, Walworth, and Newington, to Blackfriars, where they obtained power to build the bridge now in course of construction, and make the road across Ludgate-street, which will bring this railway in connection with the Metropolitan line at Farringdon-street, and so with the Great Northern and Midland Railways.

These lines were so laid out as to form a circle, which will eventually be worked from Farringdon-street to the Victoria Station at Fimlico, accommodating on its route an immense population. The portion of this line up to Blackfriars Bridge has so far progressed that the company hope to be able to open it for traffic in May or June.

The original capital of the company was £700,000, but this amount has been swollen, as extension after extension was proceeded with, to upwards of £7,000,000. The difficulty attending the raising of this vast capital in so short a period of years has hitherto been the great drawback of the London, Chatham, and Dover, and it has excited the surprise of many persons how such vast amounts could be raised for a line from which no shareholders expect to receive a dividend until the works are completed. This has been managed principally by the issue of preference stock, some of which has been issued with a rebate, whilst on other portions interest has been

made payable, the arrears of which have been capitalised. The financial affairs of the company have been worked skilfully; but still it is obvious that unless there had been very strong influences to support the line, and a very favourable opinion of its ultimate prospects on the part of the public, the company could never have hoped to raise such vast amounts as they have raised for the execution of their works.

It is considered that when the London, Chatham, and Dover is completed, it will not be a dear line. Its main line of 72 miles has cost, on an average, £52,700 per mile. Its metropolitan extensions will cost about £350,000 a mile. The average cost of the line will not greatly exceed £80,000 per mile, including everything; and for this outlay it will have not merely the traffic of the rich country through which it passes, but a direct line of communication, north and south, through the City of London, and connexion with 12 or 14 miles of railway in the midst of the most populous parts of the metropolis. The South Eastern Company, of which the London, Chatham, and Dover is the competitor, has a line of 306 miles, which cost, on the average, nearly £50,000 per mile; and its metropolitan extensions to Charing Cross and Cannon Street will cost, when completed, not less than £1,000,000 per mile, and probably much more.

By a recent arrangement, in consideration of a right to run over portions of its line, the Great Northern Railway Company have agreed to lend the London, Chatham, and Dover a sum of £300,000, at 3½ per cent. interest, for an indefinite period. By this means the Chatham gets what it wants, which is capital at a cheap rate, whilst the Great Northern gets what it wants, which is a West-end station at Victoria, and facilities for passing its traffic southwards to more convenient stations than King's-cross.

The Italians say that we should "Praise the bridge that has carried us safe over;" it is, however, impossible to say anything in praise of Old Blackfriars, still we must devote a few lines to the structure which is now about to be demolished.

Seven years (1753-1760) were consumed in obtaining an Act of Parliament to carry forward the work, and in discussing the comparative merits of elliptical and semi-circular arches. Much scientific learning, highly seasoned with political spite, was expended on the occasion. In fact, the battle of the arches, in the last century, was infinitely more fierce and protracted than that of the gauges in our time. The combatants on either side rallied to the cries of 'beauty' and 'solidity.' Mrs. Robert Mylne, an un-

known Scotch engineer, who had recently returned from Rome, and established himself in this metropolis, suggested the elliptical, and Mr. Thomas Simpson, the most celebrated mathematician of his day, the semi-circular arch. The palm of victory was ultimately awarded to the Scotchman. His success was owing, in a great measure, to the untiring exertions of his friend, Mr. John Paterson, City Solicitor and O.C., the original projector of the bridge. The last-mentioned gentleman, being the head of the Anti-Wilkie party in the City, unwittingly occasioned the introduction of politics into the strife, which was rendered keener by the fact, that his *protégé* belonged to the same country as Lord Bute, then the first minister of the Crown. Amidst torrents of abuse and ridicule, the *quasi*-fortunate engineer prosecuted his labours. The first stone of the bridge was laid 31st October, 1760. It was opened for general traffic on the 18th November, 1769. Just before the completion of the work, Churchill took occasion, in the poem which he founded on the story of the famous ghost of Cook Lane, to condense, in a few withering lines, the popular feeling as well against Paterson as Mylne:

What of that Bridge, which, void of sense,
But well supplied with Impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the Guilt,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterson, as white as milk,
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
In solemn manner had decreed,
That on the other side the Tweed,
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne, a man unknown;
But grace, premeditation, and renown
Deserving, just arrived in town:
One Mylne, an artist perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge as he,
With glorious Patavinity,
To build inscriptions, worthy found
To lie for ever under ground. *The Ghost, B. iv.*

The concluding lines contain 'the unkindest cut' of all. They refer to the extraordinary Latin inscription to the honour of the first William Pitt, engraved on the foundation-stone of the bridge, which was originally named after him.

In demolishing the structure, it is to be hoped that special care will be taken of the stone in question, and that it may be preserved, with the other interesting relics of the city, in the Guildhall. Notwithstanding the inscription is expressed 'in a tongue unknown to our citizens,' as the wits of the time persisted in averring, a double interest attaches to it: first, as a monument to the patriotism of the great minister; and, secondly, as an index to one of the most entertaining passages in civic history.



[SIR HUGH FINDS A REFUGE FOR VERNOR IN THE PRIORY.]

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

CHAPTER XVI

Weeks of apprehension and anxiety passed over the family at the Priory; every day brought rumours, which made them heart-sick for the future. That brilliant ovation at Taunton was the last sparkle in the bitter cup the hapless Monmouth was to drink to the dregs. The forces of the king encountered his undisciplined troops at Sedgemoor, and completely routed them. He fled from the battle-field, and Sir Hugh learned that his son bore him company; beyond that, he could gain no information, and the family waited and watched for Vernor's appearance with weary and wretched hearts.

The work of vengeance had commenced with relentless severity, and Sir Hugh was in daily expectation of a visit from the rude soldiery, who were permitted to be guilty of any degree of atrocity towards those who had been implicated in the rebellion.

Thus far he had been unmolested, and he began to cherish the hope that for Vernor's share in the outbreak his family would not be held responsible.

It was late in the evening, and the family had retired to their own apartments, when a worn and wasted figure approached the house in a stealthy manner, as if fearing pursuit. He reconnoitred the gloomy-looking pile before he ventured to approach Sir Hugh's room. The window was partly open, and he glanced through the dimly-lighted room to ascertain if its occupant was alone.

The old man sat beside a table on which rested a bottle and glass, and the lip of the wanderer curled scornfully as he saw the source to which Sir Hugh had applied for consolation.

With a single bound he sprang into the apartment. The baronet arose in alarm, and attempted to reach the bell-cord, for he did not recognize his handsome son in that ghastly, dirty fugitive.

Vernor sprang forward and seized his hand, as he exclaimed:

"Would you destroy me, sir? After toils and hardships that would have killed most men, I have gained this haven of safety; but if the servants know I am here, I am lost."

With a faint cry the old man sank back upon his seat, too much unnerved to reply for several moments. Vernor seized the bottle, placed it to his lips, and swallowed a long draught; then replacing it, he said:

"I am famishing. I have had nothing to eat for

three days but raw vegetables that I gathered from the fields. Have food placed before me without delay. Ethel can wait on me, and no one but she and my aunt need know that I am here."

Sir Hugh feebly arose, for the events of the last few weeks had shaken him severely, and the potatoes he imbibed did not tend to strengthen either mind or body.

Crying out, "Oh, my boy, my boy! did I ever think you would come to such a pass as this!" he went towards the door, and Vernor again applied to the bottle for consolation.

The old man knocked at the door of Ethel's chamber, and when she unclosed it she was struck with fear and astonishment at the apparition of Sir Hugh, looking as pale as a wraith, with tears streaming over his furrowed face.

"What is it, dear sir? For heaven's sake, tell me if you have heard evil tidings of Vernor?"

"He is here—he is in my room, starving, wretched—hunted! Oh, Ethel, what is to become of us all?"

"Here?" was the response, in an accent of joy. "Then he is safe, for we can hide him in the old house where no one will be able to find him. Let me speak to aunt, and we will soon supply him with food."

"Yes," he replied, in a dull tone, "tell Agnes, and lose no time in bringing the poor fellow something to eat. But be careful, Ethel; the servants must suspect nothing. If they are questioned they might betray him."

"I understand, sir. These are dreadful times, and we cannot be too cautious. I will speak to aunt, and in a few moments we will join you."

Sir Hugh returned to his son, and the young girl flitted into Mrs. Methurn's apartment with the welcome news that the fugitive had at last gained the shelter of his paternal roof.

She heard it with gratitude, and in a few moments the two entered the baronet's room, bearing cold meat, bread and wine.

Vernor scarcely paused to greet them; he fell upon the food with the appetite of a famished tiger, tore it with his fingers, and drank from the bottle, almost without noticing those who were weeping and lamenting over his deplorable condition.

At length his hunger was satisfied, and after washing his hands and face in the water which Ethel offered him, he said, with a ghastly attempt to smile:

"You see, Ethel, to what I have come by following my own headstrong will. I devoted my life to a mad enterprise, and now, unless I can escape the blood-

hounds that are on my track, I shall lose it by the hangman's rope."

Ethel uttered a cry, and he bitterly went on:

"Aye—that fate is thought good enough even for gentlemen who have risen against the rule of James Stuart. Feversham's dragoons have already strung up hundreds of men, and I escaped them almost by a miracle."

"Sit down, and tell us all your adventures," said Mrs. Methurn; for Vernor, forgetful of his fatigue, was pacing the floor, like a hunted wild beast. "We have been so wretched about you, that now we have you with us we can almost feel that the worst is past."

"Then you know little of the implacable man that rules this land, aunt Agnes," he bitterly replied. "Danger overhangs us all; the royal troops are overrunning the whole country, and it is a wonder to me that they have not yet visited the Priory. They are probably giving me time to take refuge here before they come to trap me like a rat in a hole. But I will baffle them yet. I have a hiding place they will never find; and now I am here, I feel quite safe."

"And the duke?" asked Ethel, tremulously.

"What of him? I trust he has escaped."

An expression of deep gloom overspread Vernor's face.

"He is taken. A reward of five thousand pounds was set upon his head; this stimulated the wretched knaves of his uncle to such activity that he was cut off, surrounded and made a prisoner. By this time he is in London. I fled from the field of Sedgemoor with him, accompanied by Grey and several others. We all urged Monmouth to take refuge in Wales, as he could have concealed himself in its mountain fastnesses long before his defeat was known. From there he could easily have made his way to the sea-coast, but he was infatuated with the idea that in Hampshire he could lurk in the cabins of the deer-stealers, sheltered by the New Forest, till he could find means to escape to the continent.

"When we reached Cranbourne Chase, our horses gave out; so we turned them loose, and concealed the bridles and saddles. We disguised ourselves as countrymen, and went on foot toward the New Forest. We passed the night in the open air, and during its long hours our pursuers were setting their toils. Lumley sent out scouts in every direction, and Portman encircled our place of refuge by sentinels so placed that there seemed to be no possibility of escape.

"The next morning Grey was taken while attempting to reconnoitre. The rest of us found refuge in a

large field intersected by hedges, and covered with rye and peas; and it was lucky for us that the latter grew there, for without them we should have perished of hunger.

"After Grey was captured, the search for Monmouth became more animated, for the soldiers were certain that he could not be far off.

"Every time we ventured to look through the hedge, we found a sentinel on the alert, and at last the poor duke gave up all hope of escape. His courage seemed to fail him, and he wept like a child. In fact, we were all completely exhausted with fatigue and privation.

"I saw that all hope for Monmouth was over, and I naturally thought of saving myself. After he was secured I knew that the search would be relaxed, and I might have a chance to escape the toils that had been mainly spread for him. There was a ditch at the back of one of the fields, overgrown with fern and brambles; into this I crept, and watched and waited for the result.

"It was not long in coming. I had fallen into a light slumber, from sheer weariness, when I was aroused by a shout. I peeped out from my shelter, and saw a party of men carrying off poor Monmouth as a prisoner. He looked so wretched and downcast that I pitied him with all my heart, but it would have been my own destruction to join him then, though I was half tempted to do so; misery had made me reckless, and I cared very little what happened to me. The soldiers had secured the prize they sought, and my refuge was left unsearched.

"After a few hours, I found means to escape to a woodcutter's hut, where I remained till the troops were withdrawn. I then started for this place. I have skulked in by-places; concealed myself from every approaching traveller, and have lived—heaven knows how! for I dared not enter any house to ask for food, lest the people should suspect me as a suspicious character. That is all I have to tell. I am here at last, and I think I can secure myself from discovery, if food can be furnished me without exciting suspicion among the servants."

Ethel was weeping violently, and Vernon turned to her with an expression of surprise.

"Ha! little one—since I am safe and sound, I do not know what cause for tears you can have just at this moment."

"Oh, Vernon, how can you say so, when that noble cavalier is prisoner in the power of his greatest enemy! How could you desert him, and care only for your own safety in his hour of direst need?"

A dark frown gathered on his brow, and he harshly said:

"Don't be unreasonable, Ethel. I could have done the duke no good by remaining with him. I feel much flattered that you have no thought for any one but the duke, when I am in nearly as dire a strait as he is. Pretty conduct for my future bride, indeed!"

She shuddered, and turned her face from him, that he might not see there the repulsion that filled her soul at this title.

Vernon arose, and sank down again, saying:

"I am tired to death! Where can I rest, Sir Hugh, till the sleuth-hounds come, that are sure to pursue me?"

"A dormitory in the old house must be prepared for you. Agnes, you and Ethel bring bedding hither, and I will open the doors, and show you where to place it."

Mrs. Methurn and Ethel went upon this errand, and Sir Hugh unlocked the doors leading into the corridor. The nearest cell was selected as the one from which Vernon could soonest hear the alarm, if one should be given, and retreat to the Secret Chamber.

The heavy door slowly yielded to their efforts, and they entered a narrow dormitory, lighted by a single window placed high up in the wall. Dust, which had been long undisturbed, lay upon the few articles of furniture it contained. There was a stene bench, which had served as a couch; an iron crucifix still hung against the wall, and the mouldering remains of a breviary lay upon the floor.

When Mrs. Methurn came in, carrying an armful of blankets, she demurred to placing them upon the bench, but Vernon said:

"It is no matter; there is no chance to clean the place, and I would rather let the dust lie where it is, than be choked to death with any attempt to remove it. Here, aunt Agnes, place the things that I may lie down, and I trust in heaven that there will be no alarm to-night, for I am so weary that I shall scarcely have energy to fly to my hiding-place."

Ethel followed Mrs. Methurn, bringing sheets and pillows, and in a few moments a couch was spread, on which Vernon threw himself, scarcely thanking them for their efforts to serve him.

As they were going away, Sir Hugh said to him:

"If there is danger of so pressing a nature that I cannot come to you, Vernon, I will strike a loud blow

upon the door of my room which opens into the adjoining chamber. It will vibrate through those empty walls like thunder, and you may know that no time is to be lost in gaining your retreat. Here is a lantern and tinder-box to strike a light, if you should need one."

"I understand, sir," he drowsily responded; and by the time the door was closed on him, he was buried in the sleep of weariness and exhaustion, and the three returned to Sir Hugh's room in a state of extreme perturbation as to what might next happen.

Various rumours had reached them of the violence of the soldiery towards those who had shown favour to Monmouth, and a vague feeling of dread as to what the next few months might bring forth was upon them all.

Sir Hugh had scarcely closed the door of communication and placed the key in its usual receptacle, when a tap came upon the window which startled them greatly. The next moment a woman's face appeared at the opening, and a familiar voice spoke.

"It's only me, Mrs. Methurn. May I come in, Sir Hugh? I have something to tell you that is important."

The baronet recognised Mrs. Crofts, the Kate Conway of other days, and he replied:

"Certainly, Kate—let us hear what you have to say."

She glanced around, then stepped upon the broad window-seat, and sprang into the room; crouching down close to the wall, she breathlessly said:

"I hope no one is watching, for I would not have them see me for anything. My husband thinks I am safe in bed; but while he went down into the village, I ran all the way here in the darkness to tell you what is coming, that you may be ready to face the danger."

"What danger?" asked Sir Hugh quickly. "Are the soldiers coming upon us?"

"Aye, that they are, sir; the men who are in the village ahouse swear that the young squire must be about here, and they have come to take him. The place is full of them, and they are drinking all they can get."

"Pooh! why should they think my son is here? Of course he would know that this will be the first place searched for him, and therefore avoid coming hither, for a season at least."

"I hope so, Sir Hugh, but Mr. Vernon is not the only one in danger," and she glanced significantly toward Ethel.

Mrs. Methurn changed colour and threw her arms around the young girl as she faltered:

"Are we all to be arrested, merely for showing ourselves friendly toward Monmouth?"

"I don't know about you, ma'am; but Miss Digby has been thrown into prison, and many threats have been uttered against her for giving the flag. It mayn't go so hard with Miss Ethel, because she only gave the duke the bible, which everybody ought to read. But all the young ladies that took part in the procession are in trouble, and I thought it best to let you know. Maybe, Miss Ethel can manage to get out of the way awhile, or she can hide herself in this big house."

At the first intimation of danger to herself, Ethel had buried her head in Mrs. Methurn's bosom, but she now looked up, very pale, and with an expression of pride upon her young face, as she said:

"I cannot thank you enough for your kindness, Kate, in coming all this way to warn me of danger, but I shall not hide. It would be useless, for I should be found easily enough, and so young a girl as I am will not be treated harshly for presenting the Word of God to one who aspired to become our ruler. What Alice can bear I also can endure. Let them come."

"But they may take you away to Taunton; they may remove you from me," said Mrs. Methurn in alarm. "Oh, would to heaven we had never taken part in this fatal affair! Oh, my darling—my darling, what shall we do?"

"We can do nothing but wait and watch," said Sir Hugh with an oath. "Ethel is right; she must not conceal herself, for she has done nothing that men, worthy of the name, will punish. My good Kate, do you think the soldiers will be here to-night?"

"I cannot tell that, sir. I heard it said that they had ridden far to-day, and were hungry and thirsty. Kirke's lads don't often leave the fagon as long as there is a drop of liquor in it."

"Kirke! Good heaven! is he sent on this errand with his infernal band of cut-throats?" gasped Sir Hugh, quite overcome, for Kirke was known as the most reckless and unscrupulous of leaders, and he and his followers had perpetrated many atrocities, even in less evil times than those he had fallen on.

The flag which was borne at the head of his troop had upon it the picture of a Paschal lamb, and in derision the name was applied to his band of mercenary desperadoes. Many rumours of the outrages perpetrated at Taunton by these men had reached the

Priory, but the family had indulged the hope that they were greatly exaggerated.

Mrs. Crofts replied:

"Kirke is with them himself, for my father talked with him a few moments. He inquired the way to the Priory, and said he was coming here as soon as his men were sufficiently rested. He placed sentinels so that no one might leave the village to give you the alarm, for he is confident that Mr. Vernon has reached here by this time. Our house, you know, sir, is just out of the village, and when I heard it I determined to risk everything to let you know what is coming."

"Thank you, Kate; I shall remember the service. Did you hear what they have been doing in Taunton?"

She shuddered and changed colour.

"Oh, sir, it is too dreadful to speak of. Kirke came into town from Bridgewater, bringing with him carts filled with wounded rebels, who were bleeding and dying without any attention being paid to their sufferings. He also had a long train of prisoners chained together in couples, and many of those men were hanged without a trial, or without being permitted to take leave of their nearest friends."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Methurn; "can these things be done amongst free-born Englishmen?"

"Oh! that's not the worst, ma'am. He has had men hung and quartered every day since he has been there. If you go to Taunton, you will see heads stuck on poles nearly all the way, or bodies hanging in chains, and no one is permitted to take them down. I heard father tell all to my husband, and he got it from the dragoons themselves."

Sir Hugh groaned over this relation, and Mrs. Methurn clasped Ethel closer to her breast.

"They must come, if it is their will to do so," he said; "but they will find no one here, unless they are unmanly enough to seize on this poor child. They may find me; but they can prove nothing against me except that I was at Taunton on the day of Monmouth's reception there."

"That will be quite enough," said Mrs. Methurn, drearily. "We have all fearfully compromised ourselves; but there is no escape, and we must remain beneath our own roof and abide the issue of events."

Mrs. Crofts here arose and said:

"My errand is done, and I must hurry back before my absence is discovered. My husband would never forgive me if he knew that I had risked so much to warn the young squire."

"The way is too long and lonely for you to venture back to-night. Remain here, and I will make your peace with your husband," said Mrs. Methurn.

She shook her head.

"No, thank you, ma'am; that would never do. I must return as I came; and, as I know every path through the woods, nobody will be likely to catch me. I would risk even that, sooner than meet the anger of Tom Crofts if he knew that I had been near the Priory. Good night, ma'am; I hope you'll all win through safely yet; and if I can serve you in any way I'll gladly do it."

Ethel drew near and took her hand, as she warmly thanked her for the risk she had run to serve them; but Mrs. Crofts replied briefly, and withdrew her hand from her clasp as soon as she could do so without rudeness. She saw in Ethel only a rival who had won from her her first love, and her jealous heart had not quite forgiven her even yet.

After bidding adieu to Sir Hugh, she sprang through the window and swiftly crossed the lawn. The night was clear and starlit; but there was no moon, and her figure was soon lost in the shadows of the shrubbery.

There was no sleep that night for the three who sat together during its long hours watching and listening for the approach of those they so much feared and dreaded.

Towards morning, utterly worn out with fatigue, Ethel's head fell upon the shoulder of Mrs. Methurn, and she gained a few moments of oblivion from the perils that menaced them; but bitter were the tears shed over her by her fond protectress as she lay while and still within her arms.

CHAPTER XVII

WHEN the sun arose, Mrs. Methurn and Ethel retired to their own apartments, and arranged their dress for the reception of those they felt assured would arrive at an early hour.

When breakfast was served, Ethel feigned indisposition, that an excuse might be offered for sending her food up to her own apartment. She dismissed the maid that brought it up, and then with fleet steps carried the waiter to the apartment of Sir Hugh.

It had not been thought advisable to arouse Vernon on the preceding night, and it had been arranged that Ethel should seize the opportunity to take food to him while the servants were engaged in their morn-

ing vocations, and warn him to retire at once to his place of refuge.

With a fluttering heart she took the rusty keys from their hiding-place, and fitted one to the lock, listening every instant for the sounds of an arrival. The doors opened before her, and she entered the corridor, but she was forced to knock thrice upon the door before Vernor made any response.

At length he spoke in a drowsy tone:

"Who is there? What the deuce do you want with me?"

"It is I, Vernor. Awake, and open the door quickly, for I have not a moment to lose."

There was the sound of a portentous yawn, then the shuffling of feet, and the door was lazily unsealed.

"Oh, it's you, Ladybird. I thought Sir Hugh would have come to me himself. I have slept like the dead, although the couch was none of the softest; but it was so much better than any I've lately had that it didn't matter much. I hope you have brought me a good breakfast, for I am as hungry as a wolf."

"Yes, it's very good; please eat it as fast as you can, while I take these things away; for the soldiers are in the village, and we are looking for them here every moment. As soon as you can eat, you had better go to your hiding-place."

"The soldiers! who told you they are coming? It may be a false alarm."

"No, no. Kate Crofts came to warn us last night; but the men were drinking at the village ale-house, and Sir Hugh thought they would not be here till they had their carouse out, so we let you sleep on."

"And Kate came? She is a good creature, and I treated her badly once. She thought I would marry her, and I fancy you wish I had, Ethel."

"Don't stop to talk now, Vernor, for we have not a moment to lose. Pray hurry, and do not drop any food, as it might betray that you have been recently hidden here."

"Well, well, take away the bedding, then, and make things safe. I will devour my rations as speedily as I can."

While he was thus employed, Ethel removed the bedclothes to Sir Hugh's room, and thrust them into the closet. She then returned for the tray; she paused to watch Vernor close the door of the dormitory, and gain the farther extremity of the corridor. As he was opening the door that led into the chapel, the tramp of many horses, approaching at full gallop, was heard. He cried out to her:

"Get back—save yourself, Ethel," and the next moment he had disappeared, and closed the door behind him.

She fled toward Sir Hugh's room, locked the doors with frantic speed, and replaced the keys where she had found them. Then hurrying to her own room she threw herself upon the bed in a paroxysm of terror.

In the meantime a squad of cavalry, headed by a middle-aged man, of coarse and brutal appearance, drew up in front of the house. A thundering demand soon came to open in the name of the king.

The affrighted servants rushed into the breakfast-room, exclaiming that the house was surrounded, and the lawn filled with dragoons. The knocking continued with great violence, and Sir Hugh angrily said:

"Open the door, fools; do you intend to let it be battered down? When the king commands we must all obey."

With a pale face the porter crossed the hall, and removed the bar that defended the door. Sir Hugh, assuming all his firmness, advanced to meet the intruders. The leader had dismounted, and as the door swung back, he strode in, angrily saying:

"Was it well, Hugh Methurn, with all the charges against you, to have your house barricaded against his Majesty's troops? I mean to make you pay the penalty of your late acts before I am done with you."

"And I ask you, sir, if this is the way to enter the house of an English gentleman?" demanded the baronet, with his usual fiery spirit. "You are Colonel Kirke, I believe, and I should be glad to know by what authority you invade the privacy of my abode?"

"By the authority of the king's warrant, sir. You have aided and abetted the late rebellion, you and all your family, sir. Your son is in hiding here, and he was one of Monmouth's nearest friends. You need not try to bluster with me, for I can beat the deuce at that dodge. Oh, I promise you, when Kirke's lancers come down on a man, they don't often leave him a loophole to creep through."

He threw himself upon one of the large hall chairs, and a group of iron-looking men crowded the doorway, to listen to the colloquy. Sir Hugh also sat down, for he felt himself unable to stand, and after a moment's pause to collect his thoughts for the emergency, he said:

"I have had nothing to do with the rebellion. I used all my influence to dissuade my son from entering

Monmouth's service, and he finally did so without my knowledge."

"So he confided his intention to you, and yet you did not warn the government?" roared Kirke. "That is rank treason, sir—rank treason; and I'll make you smart for that admission before I am done with you. You were in Taunton on the day of Monmouth's reception there; you and your sister-in-law were presented to him, and your son's wife gave him a bible. You are all a set of rebels, and you may think yourself lucky if I do not order you to be strung up in front of your own door. I've had as much done to better men than you, sir."

Sir Hugh would have been alarmed at this rude address if he had not known that Kirke was among the most venal of men, and a bribe to him would enable him to escape the heaviest penalty of his late actions. He replied:

"I was at Taunton on the occasion you mention, and my ward obeyed the wishes of her husband in going thither. She is yet a child in years, and the utmost the law can do is to impose a fine upon me for weakly consenting to go there at all."

"Don't talk to me about a fine, sir. The whole of your beggarly estate will scarcely buy off such a double-dyed traitor as you have proved yourself. Where is your son? I have the surest information that he came hither last night, and I took such precautions as prevented him from escaping again. Open your doors, and let my lancers search for this young wolf; they'll prove more than a match for him, I'll warrant."

"The house lies before them; let them search it if they will; but you will not find Vernor Methurn here. He would not be so mad as to come hither, for he would be aware that this would be the first spot in which he would be sought. I trust he has ere this escaped by sea."

"Ho! ho! if that is your hope, you lean on a broken staff. I defy any of Monmouth's followers to get away from England in that way, for every spot on the coast is guarded. I know you of old, Hugh Methurn, and the truth is not often found on your lips. Since you say the young man is not here, I am convinced that he is concealed in this house. Spread yourselves, fellows; search the inhabited portion of the building, and then come to me for further orders."

Twenty men rushed forward in a disorderly manner to obey his command. After the lapse of half-an-hour they returned, bringing with them Mrs. Methurn and Ethel as prisoners. The sergeant reported that no indications of Vernor had been found. Kirke turned to the two ladies, and, addressing the elder one, said:

"So, madam, you must live away to Taunton to see the handsome duke, who will soon be made shorter by the hand; and this young girl must present him the Word of God as the guide of his life! I hope the gift will console him in the hour that draws near for him."

Ethel impulsively exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, I hope the king will have mercy on his own nephew. He has not surely condemned him?"

Kirke regarded the young speaker with an expression of surprise mingled with admiration, for he was a connoisseur in female beauty.

"Eh, my lady, you're a young bird to chirp so bravely! You had better be thinking of your own life, for it may be in danger from your late actions. The duke is doomed."

Ethel clasped her hands over her face and burst into tears. The ruffian arose and, approaching her, drew her hands forcibly away, and looked upon her paling face.

"Eh, it's a pretty little thing, and it's a pity she risked her neck in this foolish affair. I hate to see pretty girls hardly dealt with; give me a kiss, little one, and I promise to speak a good word for you."

With indignant surprise she tore herself from his grasp, and passionately asked:

"How dare you insult me thus? Sir Hugh, can you not protect me from this man?"

"Ho, ho! I'd like to see him protect himself; but I don't like you the less for showing your mettle. I'm sorry that I shall be the means of taking your husband from you; but such a pretty girl as you will be sure to find another soon; that is, if you manage to escape the consequences of your late treasonable conduct yourself."

"I have done nothing that I regret," she proudly replied. "It is no crime to present the Word of God to any one, and He whose cause I thus endeavoured to serve will protect me."

Kirke burst into a hoarse laugh.

Well, well—if your divine protector proves stronger than King James and his lawyers, I shall be mistaken. I arrest you Ethel Clifton Methurn in the name of his Majesty, and I shall take you with me to Taunton to await your trial for your late misdemeanour."

Mrs. Methurn here stepped forward and said:

"Leave this young girl with her natural protectors; she shall be forthcoming at the proper time. Do not remove her from her home."

"Heigho, madam, you had better petition for yourself, for you too are implicated in this affair. I think I shall take you along also, for my orders were to arrest the whole family. I advise you to get ready to accompany me, without further words. Simpson, take the women to their own rooms, and place a sentinel before the doors."

This order was promptly obeyed, and then turning to Sir Hugh, Kirke went on:

"Now, my jolly baronet, I'll trouble you to become our guide through the older portions of the house. These old rat-traps have plenty of hiding-places, but my men are keen at finding their way into them. Come—move on, sir! I am not accustomed to wait when I have once issued an order."

Sir Hugh slowly arose as he said:

"A little more courtesy would not be out of place, I think, sir, from an officer in his Majesty's army to a gentleman in his own house; but since you are invested with absolute authority, nothing remains to me but to obey you. Search every nook upon my premises, and you will find no vestige of my son. Thank heaven! he is beyond your reach."

"Perhaps so; but I shall not fail to make the most minute investigation. Your word is not so good as your bond, Sir Hugh."

"I have no doubt the last will prove more valuable to you," replied the baronet, with a look which gave additional emphasis to his words. He moved towards his own apartment, followed by the eager troopers, and in a few moments they all stood in the gloomy corridor. The bats, startled from their repose by the unusual clamour, circled around the heads of the men, who wildly struck at them with their matchlocks.

The stern voice of their commander arose:

"Cease this idle strife, and open every door leading into this place."

In a few moments the order was obeyed, and the tenantless cells were laid open to inspection. At a glance it was seen that no inmate was concealed in them, but the keen eyes of Kirke detected recent footprints in the one which Vernor had occupied the preceding night.

(To be continued.)

CENTENARIANS IN FRANCE.—A statistical return gives the number of centenarians who died in France in 1863. The number is 19, of which 18 were in the departments and 1 in Paris: the latter, the Count de Dreux, who lived to the age of 104. Some centenarians, however, still remain. Châlonais possesses Colonel Marechal, born at Lyons 1768; there is one at St. Martin de Beaupréau (Maine-et-Loire), and another, a farmer, at Poitevineire (same department). At Paris there is a soldier named Gallot, aged 106, who still goes with his wife, aged 104, to receive his pension at the Ministry of War. A woman, aged 106, also appeared recently as a witness at the Sixth Chamber of Correctional Police, and another, a *canisier*, aged 117 years, living in the Rue Hauteville, broke her leg recently, and the surgeons express the hope of curing her, in consequence of her strong constitution. Of the centenarians who died abroad, one in Canada and another at Oran had reached the age of 120.

A MESSAGE MAN DONE.—A case came before the Judge of the County Court, in Newcastle, in which a person of the name of Fergie, a travelling draper, sued a man named Gallon for goods said to have been got by defendant's wife, who had given William Gallon as the name of her husband, whereas his real name was John Gallon. Plaintiff said he had been frequently at defendant's house, and had there seen the woman who had ordered the goods, and that she was the wife of the present defendant. Gallon denied this, and said the plaintiff had only once called upon him, and on that occasion had said it was defendant's daughter who had got the articles, and whom plaintiff threatened to prosecute for obtaining goods under false pretences. This statement plaintiff altogether repudiated, and said he knew defendant's wife well. To test this defendant asked the judge to send an officer and he would have a few other women brought into his house, and if plaintiff could identify her he would be satisfied. To this the judge consented, and an officer was sent with instructions to prevent any collusion; the officer himself knowing Mrs. Gallon well. Accordingly the parties left the court and proceeded to the residence of the defendant, but before arriving there, the officer insisted on the rest of the party halting, until he went forward to make such arrangements as would secure fair play. He then proceeded to Gallon's house and summoned several neighbouring old ladies, and when they were all comfortably and demurely seated round the fire, the plaintiff was brought in to make his selection, when he

singled out the wrong woman. On the officer returning to court, and informing the judge of the circumstances, and the result, his honour nonsuited the plaintiff. The case created much merriment both in court and also in the neighbourhood of defendant's house, the facts having soon obtained almost electric currency.

A SCENE AT TEHRAN.

THE Shah, on coming in from hunting, was surrounded by a mob of several thousand women yelling for bread, who gutted the bakers' shops of their contents, under the very eyes of the king, and were so violent, that as soon as the Shah had entered the palace, he ordered the gates of the citadel to be shut.

On the 1st of March, the disturbances were renewed, and, in spite of the gates being closed, thousands of women made their way into the citadel, and began to assault the guards with large stones, being urged on by their male relatives, who, under cover of this attack, were looking out for an opportunity to effect a more serious rise. Meantime, the Shah had ascended the tower, from which Hajji Baba's Zainab was thrown, and was watching the rioters with a telescope.

The Kalantar, who had been seen just before entering the palace, splendidly dressed, with a long retinue of servants, went up the tower and stood by the Shah, who reproached him for suffering such a tumult to have arisen. On this the Kalantar declared he would soon put down the riot, and going amongst the women with his servants he himself struck several of them furiously with a large stick.

One of the women so assailed ran as far as the English Mission, and came in calling out for help, and showing her clothes covered with blood. On the women vociferously calling for justice, and showing their wounds, the Shah summoned the Kalantar, and said:

"If thou art thus cruel to my subjects before my eyes, what must be thy secret misdeeds!" Then turning to his attendants, the king said: "Bastinado him, and cut off his head!" And again, while this sentence was being executed, the Shah uttered that terrible word, *Tenab!* "Strangle him."

In a moment the executioners had placed the cord round the unhappy man's neck, and in an instant more their feet were on his chest, trampling out the last sign of life. At the same time the Kadkhudas, or magistrates of all the quarters of Tehran were subjected to the bastinado, and at sight of these punishments, the frenzy of the populace was for that day appeased, and Tehran was saved by a hair's-breadth from a revolution.—*Journal of a Diplomat's Three Years' Residence in Persia.*

WEIGHT OF CONFISCATED PAPERS IN FRANCE.—

An Antwerp paper has calculated the amount of paper confiscated in France—newspapers of every description and from every country being sent thither daily, many of which are frequently prevented from circulation—detained and never returned; so that in the course of one year 18,250,000 sheets of paper at the weight of 912,000 kilog., and of the waste paper value of 865,000 francs, may safely be reckoned to have been confiscated.

COTTON.—It appears from the official figures made up last week, the imports of raw cotton in 1863, from all sources were 669,583,264lb., against 529,973,296lb.; in 1862, so that the progress made last year in meeting the failure of American supplies was 145,609,968lb. In 1861 the receipts were 1,256,984,737lb.; in 1860, 1,390,238,752lb.; in 1859, 1,225,089,072lb.; in 1858, 1,034,342,176lb.; in 1857, 969,318,896lb.; in 1856, 1,029,886,304lb.; in 1855, 891,751,252lb.; in 1854, 887,383,149lb.; in 1853, 895,278,849lb.; in 1852, 929,782,448lb.; in 1851, 757,379,749lb.; in 1850, 663,576,861lb.; in 1849, 755,469,012lb.; in 1848, 718,020,161lb.; in 1847, 474,707,615lb.; in 1846, 467,856,274lb.; in 1845, 721,979,958lb.; and in 1844, 646,111,304lb. In these 20 years it will be seen that last years' supplies were in excess of the receipts in 1844, 1846, 1847, and 1850, but that moreover, the consumption has so immensely increased during the last decade that what would have been a sufficient supply in 1850 leaves a heavy deficit now.

RAILWAY EXPENSES IN PARLIAMENT AND PARLIAMENTARY BARRISTERS.—Foremost among the evils of Parliamentary committees are their incredible waste and costliness. The London and North-Western Railway has spent from first to last a million sterling in the committee-rooms of St. Stephen's! The Great Northern was mulcted in £420,000 before a sod was turned. The Parliamentary costs per mile of the Great Eastern are set down at £900. The Hereford Railway expended a quarter of a million in obtaining the sanction of a line of twenty-five miles in length—say, £10,000 per mile. Sir M. Peto, indeed, relates one case, in which the entire subscribed capital of

a company (£82,000) was swallowed up in passing the ordeal of the standing orders! It is conjectured, with some show of probability, that of the £40,000,000 expended on the railways of the United Kingdom, about a tenth has been swallowed up in Parliamentary contests and committee-rooms. * * * * No barrister can appear before a Parliamentary committee and accept a less sum than thirty guineas for the first day, and fifteen guineas for every succeeding day. The more usual formula is ten guineas with the brief, ten guineas for the day's attendance, and five guineas for the day's retainer; or, as Mr. Baxter put it, he cannot have a counsel for a single day for less than twenty-five guineas. These are minimum charges, and have nothing to do with the "500 guineas" marked on the briefs of eminent leaders. The Parliamentary Bar is described as a sort of close borough, where all are banded together to monopolize the briefs and keep out new comers.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Prelate," "Munich," &c.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Where'er the gaming board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space,
Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, would gamblers thrive?

Gay.

PHINEAS had just quitted a consultation which three eminent counsel had held on his claim to Broadlands. The gentlemen of the long robe had given him the most flattering hopes of success, and the ex-baronet was in high spirits. By the advice of Quirk, he had rejected the liberal offers of Sir Robert Briancourt and his son. The latter was particularly anxious to spare his young wife the notoriety of a trial painful to her feelings, humiliating to her pride, whichever way it might be decided; but her vindictive cousin would listen to no compromise short of the utter surrender of her rights—a surrender which would stain her mother's memory with shame. He chuckled at the thought of branding her with illegitimacy—of wreaking upon her innocent head the revengeful feelings which his own bitter mortification had given birth to.

Pride, as well as interest, urged him on. The only chance of obtaining from the Crown a rank equal to that of which he had been, as he considered, unjustly deprived, was in the possession of Broadlands. He already bore the name of the estate—why should he not gain the title? Sir Phineas Broadlands, he fancied, would sound quite as well as Sir Phineas Briancourt.

Week after week advertisements appeared, offering large rewards for the certificate of marriage of Clara Broadlands and George Stanley; but no reply was made to them.

The pale cheek of Mary proved how keenly she felt the disappointment. It was a trial which the kindness of Sir Robert, and the passionate tenderness of her young husband, however they might alleviate, could not reconcile her to.

"It is not on my own account I regret it," she would say, in moments of confidence to Lady Sinclair; "but for my poor mother's fame—for the sake of my unborn child! Should the world reproach it with its mother's birth—should it love me less!"

Sometimes tears would choke her utterance, and impede the confessions of her feelings and sorrows.

At such times her sister would recall to mind the counsel and consolation she had offered her on the discovery of her being the daughter of a pardoned felon.

Day after day the sisters waited, in anxious expectation of a letter from Mabel. Margaret anticipated the worst from her silence. She imagined her mother ill, exposed to the brutal treatment of her unworthy husband—pining for her absent child—that child who had abandoned her.

The reproach haunted her dreams and waking hours.

At last her letters were returned to her, with the word "Refused" upon the envelope. Well she knew that it was the act of her father.

This occurred but a few days before the trial was to take place, which was to decide the right of Mary to the inheritance of Broadlands.

"I will go myself to Borderclough," said Charles. "I am unknown in the neighbourhood. The presence of a stranger cannot excite suspicion."

The warm-hearted fellow was incited to this as much from sympathy with the distress of Lady Sinclair as attention to his personal interest—since upon the evidence of Mabel depended the issue of the cause.

He quitted London on the very morning the con-

sultation had been held between Phineas and his counsel.

As we stated at the commencement of our chapter, the ex-baronet was in high spirits at the result of the deliberations. Nothing could promise more fairly. On his way to the chambers of his grandfather, he sauntered through Leicester Square—noted then, as now, for its hotels, gambling-houses, and motley population—the refugees of all nations—distinguished chiefly by their hirsute, unwashed, half-military, shabby appearance; coats buttoned tightly to the chin, shirt-collars of doubtful hue—we say collars, since it is very rarely that the *habitudes* of that well-known locality display more of the garment alluded to than the portion which appears above the chin.

It is strange how seldom the cart of the laundress stops at the lodging-houses and restaurants of Leicester-square.

As Phineas walked carefully through the crowd—for, to do him justice, he had one English virtue, a perfect horror of uncleanliness—he encountered his old college friend, Harry Sinclair. It was the first time they had met since the *exposé* at Brompton.

The former lover of Lady Sinclair appeared excited and jaded by excess. His dress was no longer marked by that peculiar neatness which characterises the gentleman. He had but one glove, and that somewhat soiled and worn.

A deep blush suffused his cheek as he held out his hand to his former acquaintance.

"What! hard up, Harry?" exclaimed the latter. "There, don't lose your temper. Remember that I have suffered even more severely than you."

"True," replied the young man, biting his lips with vexation: "you have lost a title and a fortune which you had enjoyed for years—mine were merely in prospective."

"True," drawled the ex-baronet, in a tone of pity; "but surely Sir Cuthbert will do something for you?" "Curse him!" muttered the disappointed nephew.

"Very natural—you were his heir!"

"I am still his heir," said the former lover of Margaret; "the estates are strictly entailed; and yet, would you believe it," he added, "although I have offered thirty—nay, fifty per cent., for a few thousands, not a rascally money-lender will advance me a sixpence."

"Ah!" exclaimed Phineas, with a cynical smile, "they have heard that he has a young wife—who, *par parenthèse*, has no great reason to love you! I would wager a hundred to one, that in less than a twelvemonth she presents him with an heir."

"Ridiculous—improbable!" ejaculated Harry.

"When women hate they do very improbable things. My grandmother, Lady Briancourt, for instance—one of the proudest of her sex—you have doubtless heard how she was revenged upon me for a far more venial offence than you have committed against Lady Sinclair—she absolutely became the principal witness of her own dishonour! Women, like priests, never forgive: so, rely upon it, my dear fellow, that your affectionate aunt will contrive some means to gratify her resentment against you, and her husband's hope of an heir at the same time."

Harry Sinclair looked blank and mortified at the insinuations of the speaker. He did not entertain a very high opinion of the sex; he had hoped to obtain Jane upon his own terms, and the outrage had recoiled upon himself.

"You seem upon the loose!" observed his friend; "what say you to dining with me—or rather with my grandfather? To be sure, he is only a lawyer—but the old fellow gives as good wine as a peer of the realm."

The young man hesitated—he was no stranger to the reputation of Mr. Quirk. His pride revolted at the idea of becoming the guest of a man whom a few weeks previously he would have avoided as a pest.

He muttered something about his toilette.

"Oh, you can change that," said Phineas, looking at his watch; "plenty of time—don't feed till six. Perhaps," he added, in a significant tone, "my grandfather may be of use to you."

"How of use to me?"

His adviser shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing. I merely fancied that you might possibly wish to—to—" He paused, as if to find a word to express his meaning. Suddenly pointing to a well-known gaming-house in the square, he said, "Harry, you have passed the night there?"

"Well?" said his friend, colouring deeply.

"And lost?"

"Yes!"

The sigh which accompanied the monosyllable led the inquirer to infer that his losses had been considerable.

"When the game was going against you," he continued, "and your last stake swept from the board, how did you feel?"

"That I would give the world," exclaimed Sinclair, "to be revenged!"

"Exactly," said Phineas, with a smile; "and the game of life resembles a game of chance. This marriage of Sir Cuthbert has swept your last stake from the board, and—"

"I understand you," interrupted the gamester, with a gloomy expression, "and will accompany you to your grandfather; but first go with me to my rooms, where I have not made my appearance these two days!"

A few minutes before five, they drove to the private residence of the lawyer.

Mademoiselle Athalie had that morning received a letter from Dr. Briard, in which the charlatan had related the discovery of the dead miser's will, the extraordinary manner in which he had been deprived of it, and his suspicions of Ned Cantor. Having frequently had occasion to admire the tact of Mr. Quirk, she resolved to consult him upon the subject.

On his return from his offices in Serjeant's Inn, the old man found the still beautiful Frenchwoman seated in his library.

As, from their knowledge of each other, there was no need of any false delicacy between them, Athalie briefly explained the purport of her visit.

Quirk could scarcely repress a smile when he heard how completely the doctor had been baffled. His evil star was decidedly, he thought, in the ascendant.

"I should so like to obtain possession of that will!" observed his visitor, with one of her blindest smiles.

"So should I!" thought the lawyer. "Had Briard time to ascertain its contents?" he added, aloud.

"No!"

The old man looked at her earnestly, as if to ascertain whether she was speaking the truth or not—for he had long held the opinion of Talleyrand and the diplomats of his school, that language had been given to mankind to enable them to conceal their thoughts more frequently than to express them.

"Do you think you can assist me?" she continued.

"It is possible—just barely possible that I can!" deliberately answered Mr. Quirk. "If the will has really fallen into the hands of Ned Cantor, it will be no easy matter: the fellow is as obstinate as a mule, and as cunning as a fox. Besides," he added, "I have no wish to quarrel with him yet: he is one of my grandson's principal witnesses in his suit of the Broadlands estate."

"You need not appear in it," hastily replied Mdlle. Athalie; "the earl might."

"The earl will not stir a step against Ned Cantor."

"And why not?"

"Besides," continued Quirk, avoiding a direct reply to her question, "before his lordship would consent to take any personal steps in the affair, it would be necessary to explain to him the discovery of the will—the motive—the suspicion; and, if I understand you rightly, you wish to obtain the old miser's testament for some private purpose?"

The governess confessed that it was for some private purpose, and added, that she would willingly give a thousand pounds for the possession of it.

Quirk mentally resolved to give two, rather than let it slip through his fingers.

"I will see what is to be done," he said, speaking aloud; "Mr. Cantor will be in London in a few days."

"Can I not see him?" eagerly demanded Athalie.

"You had much better not," was the reply; "he is naturally suspicious, and gifted with no ordinary shrewdness! If once aware of the value of the discovery he had made, it is not one or five thousand pounds that would bring it from him! Rely upon it, he would carry it to the best market."

"To the earl?"

"No—to Mr. Brindley," answered the lawyer, spitefully—for his professional pride was piqued at the clever manner in which the worthy goldsmith had contrived to baffle his search after the lost son of Lord Moretown; "he would give any sum to obtain it—for it would most probably arm him with the means of extorting the liberty of his niece from her husband—or, failing in that, to reduce his lordship and yourself to beggary!"

The Frenchwoman tossed her head disdainfully.

"Ridiculous!" she exclaimed; "how could the discovery affect me?"

Quirk explained to her that the discovery of the will might possibly revive the liabilities which his lordship had contracted upon his estates, and that her—Mademoiselle Athalie's—annuity being secured upon the same property, it would consequently be rendered worthless.

"Mr. Quirk," said the governess, colouring through her rouge, "you will secure the will at any price! I no longer limit you to a thousand pounds—or two! I care not what sacrifice I make to obtain it! Had not Briard been a coward as well as an idiot, it would never have gone from his possession."

The lawyer thought so, too.

Before separating, he advised his visitor to contrive some pretext for getting the earl from town.

Athalie looked at him as if she doubted his intentions,

and for the first time asked herself the question, whether she had not trusted the *very clever* Mr. Quirk too far.

"You doubt me," he said, with a smile; "perhaps it is only natural. Permit me to explain the motive of my request."

His visitor intimated, in the politest manner possible, how very much she would be pleased to hear it.

"If this Ned Cantor comes to London, and is at all aware of the importance of the discovery he has made, his first visit might probably be to the earl."

"I see—I see."

"He would reject any offer I might make till he had ascertained how much he could extort from his lordship, and—"

"You are right!" interrupted Athalie; "quite right; and I was a fool to doubt you!"

The door of the library opened, and Phineas and Harry Sinclair were announced. The lady rose to depart: as she did so, she cast a critical glance on the handsome person of Lady Sinclair's former lover, who, in his turn, was equally struck by her meretricious style of beauty.

"Who is that lady, Phineas?" he inquired, as the old lawyer led her to the carriage of the earl, which was waiting at the door.

"The *belle amie* of Lord Moretown!"

"He is a lucky fellow," observed his friend.

"Very," answered the ex-baronet, who thought far more of wealth than beauty; "he has at least fifty thousand a-year!"

Harry smiled: he felt how little sympathy there was between himself and the grandson of Mr. Quirk.

It was not till after they had dined, and the wine had circulated rather freely, that Phineas introduced the subject of his friend's disappointment, and the vast change in his prospects, in consequence of the marriage of Sir Cuthbert Sinclair.

"A knotty affair—very knotty!" said the lawyer; "were Lady Sinclair any other than the daughter of Ned Cantor, I might, perhaps, suggest some way to—"

But no," he added; "I dare not meddle with him! With all his evil passions, he loves his daughter."

"You mistake there," said Harry; "the horror Jane evinced at the discovery of her parentage, and her marriage with my uncle—who, of course, cannot permit his wife to hold any intercourse with such a parent—has stung the old convict to the heart."

"Indeed!"

"I know," added the young man, "that his daughter's letters to her mother have been returned."

"I perceive that you have some one in the house, from whom you receive information?" observed Mr. Quirk; "a very proper precaution. This change in the feelings of Ned alters the affair. Come to me after the trial is over, and most probably I shall have something to suggest to you!"

"And when will the trial commence?" inquired Harry.

"On the 18th of the month; exactly ten days hence."

CHAPTER LXXIII

Let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross.

Shakespeare.

THE solitary life to which the imprisonment of his wife had condemned him began to grow extremely irksome to Ned Cantor; the old tower appeared more gloomy and lonely than ever. Since his adventure at Moretown Abbey, he had become thoughtful and superstitious—a feeling the wild tales respecting his present abode, which were circulated freely in the neighbourhood, tended to increase rather than diminish. After nightfall he scarcely ever ventured from the lower room: the deep shadows cast by the lamp upon the walls startled him—he fancied that he heard voices walling round the building—listened, as men listen who have a weight of guilt upon their conscience, and only drew his breath freely when convinced that it was nothing but the wind, or his imagination.

"Curse the place!" he muttered; "it is only fit for owls and bats to roost in! I have a great mind to leave it."

The question was, how to dispose of his prisoner: at times he thought of liberating her, and taking her with him—but he felt that he had sinned against the victim of his brutal temper past all forgiveness. The dread of her leaving him, and placing herself under the protection of Lady Sinclair, alone restrained him—the thought of their being re-united was galling to the disappointed felon.

"It's all Meg's fault," he considered; "had she married the man I had chosen for her husband, we might have been happy together! Frank would not have despised me as this old fool of a baronet does."

He was mistaken—the young farmer had as nice a sense of honour as Sir Cuthbert himself. The influence of Margaret, whom he passionately loved, might have

done much with him, but would never have cordially reconciled him to such a father-in-law.

It was at once a relief and a source of embarrassment to Ned, when a letter arrived from Quirk, requesting his appearance in London on the 18th of the month, and agreeing to his terms for the suppression of the letters of the unfortunate George Stanley to his wife. It was true, they afforded no direct evidence of the marriage, but they were presumptive ones; and the old lawyer was too acute not to foresee the influence which the reading of them in court might exercise upon the minds of the jury.

Ned's embarrassment arose from the difficulty of disposing of Mabel. He could no longer trust her word, even had she been willing to give it, not to leave the tower till his return. His conduct toward her had again rendered him amenable to the laws of his country; he feared that, once at liberty, she might accuse him; and he arrived at this conclusion from the simple reason that she would be more than justified, not only in her own eyes, but those of the world, in doing so.

After revolving in his mind various means, he at last decided there was no other way of getting over the embarrassment than by leaving her in the cold, damp cell to which, for several weeks, she had been confined.

"It's her own fault!" he thought, after coming to this infamous decision; "she has only her obstinacy to blame for it—not me! I am her husband, and she ought to obey me—it's her duty."

With this reflection he stifled in his heart the faint whisperings of conscience which pointed out the inhumanity of the step he was about to take.

Having no wish to commit actual murder—for Ned was too prudent for that—he walked the following morning to the village, and purchased a large quantity of provisions, with the intention of conveying them, together with a barrel of water and a supply of oil, to the prisoner.

"I shan't be more than a week!" he considered, as he arranged the various articles in the lower room, previous to removing them to the cell; "they will last that time, or a day or two longer."

What, during that week, was to become of the woman whom he had sworn at the altar to love and to protect, was a question the ruffian never once asked himself. He had won Mabel from several suitors—she had confided her happiness and person to his guardianship—endured poverty with him, not only without repining, but cheerfully; but because she could not bring her heart and mind to welcome shame, Ned hated her—hated her for the superiority which her virtue gave her over him—for the love which the child he had once so idolised bore her meek and suffering parent.

He resented the affection of Margaret for her mother as bitterly as if it had been the cause of the disgust and terror she had expressed towards him.

Whilst pondering on his final arrangements, the convict was disturbed by another visit from Frank Hazleton: not that his feeling of partiality towards the young farmer had changed—on the contrary: he liked him, perhaps, better than ever—but he feared his questions after Mabel, which sometimes became so embarrassing that he knew not what to answer.

"Your wife returned?" inquired his visitor, glancing at the array of provisions.

"No," replied Ned, dryly; "she is too well pleased, I suppose, with her fine friends to think of her husband."

"You expect visitors, then?"

"Never mind whom I expect," said the convict, evidently annoyed at the pertinacity of Frank; "I am unsettled—this living alone does not suit me. I am a domesticated man, and like to see my wife at my fireside."

Little did the young farmer imagine that the wife whose absence the hypocrite affected to regret had for many days been the inmate of a foul and loathsome cell, within a few yards of the spot where they were conversing.

"Very natural," he observed, with a sigh—for he thought how cheerful his own hearth might have been, had Margaret consented to share it with him. "If Bell only leaves me for a day, I feel miserable—and the absence of a sister is not felt like a wife's."

Ned muttered an inarticulate assent.

Although Frank Hazleton had seen but little of the world, he possessed great natural shrewdness. The uneasiness of the master of Bordecleugh did not escape him: he felt there was something wrong—his curiosity was roused—and he resolved to keep a closer eye upon his mysterious neighbour than he had hitherto done.

After some desultory chat respecting the races at Haddington, the markets, and the usual gossip of a country place, to the great relief of Ned, his visitor took his leave.

"Thank heaven, he is gone!" muttered the convict, carefully bolting the door of the old tower after him:

"I will admit no more intruders. I have had enough for one day."

So saying, he lit the lamp, and commenced his task of conveying the provisions to his prisoner.

Mabel was sleeping calmly in her cell when her husband entered. As the light streamed upon her pale, death-like features, Ned could not avoid comparing her with the blooming girl who had once lain by his side, and something like a pang of remorse shot through his iron heart.

"This place is infernally cold," he thought, "and damp!" and he resolved that, since he was compelled to leave her in that state, he would bring down one of the beds—a luxury which for several days his victim had been deprived of. "I can't understand it," he muttered; "an obstinate fool, to endure all this, when a word would have saved her!"

But that word Mabel would have died rather than have spoken. Her promise, and the love she bore to the memory of her dead mistress, fettered her lips in silence.

It was the wondrous power of endurance she displayed which at once enraged and surprised her tyrant. During the term of his transportation he had heard men proud of their strength, reckless and daring, while like whipped schoolboys at the thought of solitary imprisonment—and yet they were neither deprived of the pure air or light of heaven.

He knew not that woman—gentle and timid as is her nature—can smile at martyrdom when called upon to suffer by duty or affection.

The light of the lamp caused Mabel to awake from her sleep. She shuddered when she beheld her brutal gaoler, and silently addressed a prayer to heaven for strength to bear the fresh trials which she feared awaited her.

"Are you come, Ned, to complete your work of cruelty?" she asked; "to murder the wife you once loved—the mother of your child?"

"Murder!" repeated the ruffian; "what has put that in your head? Do I look like a murderer?"

The captive remained silent.

"No—no!" he continued, "I know a trick better than that! It's all your own fault, whatever you endure; however, I ain't come to quarrel with you now! I am about to quit home for a few days—a week, maybe: so I've brought you as much food as will last till my return."

"I shall be dead before then," answered the woman, with a suppressed groan, "or worse—mad! Alone in this hideous place—no human voice to break the silence! Be merciful, Ned, and kill me—kill me at once!"

"I tell you, no!" replied the tyrant, looking at the same time very much as if he should like to take her at her word. "I don't intend to swing for you! If you are tired of being here, you have only to say the word: tell me where the papers are—I am sure you know—and you may return with me the next minute."

"Never!" said his wife, firmly. "I will trust to God rather than to your promise!"

"As you please," observed her husband, in a dogged tone; "I'm not going to beg and pray, or beat you any more! You have made up your mind to brave me, and mine is made up that you shall take the consequences! If you die," he added, pointing to the provisions, "it won't be for want of food—if you go mad—howl as loud as you may, no one will hear you here!"

"God will hear me!" exclaimed Mabel, with a look of pious resignation; "and the dead will watch over me! I have seen her, Ned—seen my dear young mistress—her face no longer pale and thin, but fresh with the roses of eternal youth! She smiled upon me, and seemed to bless me for my fidelity to her orphan child!"

"You have seen her!" repeated her husband, turning very pale—for he remembered the singular apparition which had scared him at Moretown Abbey, and it reawakened his superstitious terrors; "where?"

"In my dreams, Ned," said his wife, passing her hand over her damp brow, as if to collect her scattered thoughts; "at least, I fancy that it must have been in my sleep—but heaven knows!"

Somewhat reassured by this explanation, the convict left the cell, the door of which he fastened with a heavy bolt on the outside, and re-ascended to his own room, where he occupied himself during the rest of the day in preparing for his journey to London.

Determined not to sleep another night in Bordercleugh, he started that same evening by the mail for Newcastle. For several miles he rode alone, being the only inside passenger. He had no other companion than his evil thoughts—and they were anything but agreeable. If he tried to sleep, the pale image of Mabel in her prison disturbed him; and when he awoke, so strong was the illusion, that he fancied he could see her dark eyes gazing on him reproachfully through the windows of the coach.

Once or twice he let down the glass, in order to convince himself that it was the effect of his over-heated imagination, and not a hideous reality.

It was a great relief to Ned when an additional passenger got into the coach, about half-way between Bordercleugh and Fulton. The convict then could sleep soundly.

Although Frank Hazleton dearly loved his sister, and had few secrets from her, he had carefully avoided mentioning his suspicions of the conduct of Ned Cantor: not that he doubted her sympathy for the unfortunate Mabel—it was her womanly indignation and quick temper which he feared. Bell would at once have insisted upon proceeding to the tower and searching the place. It was her discretion he mistrusted—not her feelings.

He had heard in the village of Ned's departure for London, and was sitting that same evening moodily by the fire, revolving in his mind whether he should at once proceed to Bordercleugh, or wait till morning. If seen to enter the mansion in the absence of its master, his visits might be misconstrued.

"What are you thinking of, Frank?" demanded his sister, who attributed his silence to a different cause.

"Nothing, Bell," he replied; "nothing!"

"Then pray dismiss this nothing from your mind," she answered, with a good-humoured smile, "and favour me with your conversation! I have twice told you that your tea was poured out, and you take as much notice of me as if I were your wife!"

At the word "wife" the young man sighed.

"I don't think I shall ever marry, Bell!" he said, quitting his corner, and drawing his chair towards the table.

"Indeed! Why not?"

"Simply because I do not think I shall!"

"That is a woman's reason!" exclaimed the young girl, archly.

"I have no better to give!"

"Then I will give you one why you should marry!" observed his sister, in a more serious tone; "first, because it is weak to waste the happiness of a whole life in useless regrets! Margaret—there, don't start and turn so uneasily upon your chair—is now the wife of another! It is your duty to forget her! Were I convinced," she added, "that she had coquetted with you, or trifled with your feelings, I should dislike as much as I once loved her!"

"You would do her wrong, Bell!" exclaimed her brother, eagerly; "by heavens, you would do her wrong! I never breathed the word 'love' in her presence! I am convinced she dreamed not of my unhappy passion!"

His sister looked at him incredulously.

"More," added the speaker; "that she loved another!"

"Sir Cuthbert Sinclair, I suppose?" replied the village girl; "ridiculous! Positively, Frank, your winter in Edinburgh has been thrown away upon you! Margaret might respect Sir Cuthbert Sinclair—admire his character—love him as a father—but never as a husband! Do you think," she added, "if you had been a baronet, with heaven knows how many thousands a year, and made her an offer, she would not have preferred you?"

Before the young man could reply to her, there was a knock at the door of the house, and one of the servants ushered into the little parlour, where the speakers were sitting, a tall, elegant young man, who announced himself as Charles Briancourt.

Our readers will remember that such was now the name of Mary's husband.

Apologising for his intrusion at such an hour, he presented a letter to Bell, which he said would explain the purport of his visit.

With his usual hospitality, Frank Hazleton insisted upon his taking a seat and joining them at their tea. There was something so prepossessing in the manner as well as the appearance of his visitor, that the farmer already felt inclined to like him. The name of Briancourt, too, had attracted his attention: he recognized it as the name of the family in which Ned Cantor had told him his daughter had been brought up.

"Frank," said his sister, handing him the letter the instant she had read it, "it is from Lady Sinclair. She seems in great distress. I cannot make it out!" she added. "I thought you told me her mother had gone to visit her?"

"Cantor told me so!"

"He deceived you, then," said Charles; "her daughter is in a state of the most fearful anxiety at not having heard from her. Several of her letters have been returned!"

Bell looked towards her brother, as if to ask whether he understood or could explain the enigma.

"I have been to the house," continued their visitor, "and found it closed. At the inn in the village I heard that Mr. Cantor left last night for London. The disappointment is terrible to me, as, independent of the anxious desire I feel to carry back some intelligence of her mother to Lady Sinclair, it was most important that I should see her on my own account."

"Is it anything connected with a law suit?" inquired the farmer.

"Yes."

"And does it come off on the 18th of this month?"

"The very day, sir! But why do you ask?"

"Cantor, then, has gone to town on your affair, rely upon it!" answered Frank Hazleton; "he told one of his cronies at the Moretown Arms, who expressed surprise at the suddenness of his departure, that he had been unexpectedly called upon as a witness in a most important case which was to be tried on that very date!"

"Then he is gone to assist my enemies!" exclaimed Charles Briancourt, bitterly; "to break the heart of my young wife—soon to become a mother—whose happiness depends upon the issue of this trial, and has kept Mabel out of the way, who alone possesses the means to baffle their iniquitous scheme!"

At these words, a light seemed to break upon the mind of the farmer. He understood it all—the supply of provisions—everything.

"We will find her, sir," he said; "rely upon it, she is not far off!"

"Find who?" demanded Bell.

"Ned's wife! What an idiot I have been!" replied her brother; "you were right, Bell—quite right; my winter in Edinburgh has indeed been thrown away—a child would have guessed it!"

As briefly as possible the speaker explained to his sister and their visitor his reasons for believing that Mabel was still at Bordercleugh; and the former, indignant at the idea of one of her own sex being treated like a prisoner by a worthless husband, insisted upon accompanying them at once to the old mansion.

"Don't talk of magistrates!" she said, in reply to a suggestion of her brother's as to the propriety of seeking advice from the nearest justice of the peace; "in such a case every honest man is a magistrate. Whilst you are wasting your time by a journey to Haddington, the poor creature may expire with terror, shut up in that lonely, horrid, gloomy old place—I am sure I should!"

Charles warmly expressed his thanks. The little chase in which the kind-hearted girl sometimes drove to market was ordered, and in less than an hour they all three left the farm, taking with them the means of procuring a light, and, if necessary, forcing the door of the old hunting-lodge at Bordercleugh.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.—I looked on while the horses were being put to for Prince —, commanding a regiment of five battalions, and, as B— remarked, so like the Emperor Nicholas that he might well be mistaken for his son. I had not seen the prince, but for some time I had heard a loud, snarling noise, and was in doubt whether it proceeded from some animal or from a human being. Presently I found it was the prince, who was abusing all about him with a ferocity that reduced his voice to an absolute snarl. At length the horses were harnessed, and the prince then called the subaltern in charge of the stable, and reviled him savagely for not having the horses ready before. He then struck him repeatedly with his fists, and drawing a whip out of his pocket, lashed him furiously over the body, face, and head, and finally kicked him with his heavy boots with all his force. This was the first time I had seen a soldier so treated, and it seemed impossible but that he would turn on his assailant and knock him down. He did not, however, show his resentment by any overt act, but stood up and received the blows without flinching, though the expression of his features was marked enough. As for me, my blood was boiling in my veins, and I had much ado to keep silence.—*Journal of a Diplomat's Three Years' Residence in Persia.*

DANCING IN PARIS.—*La France* gives a bit of statistics which may interest the ladies, although a serious piece of national economy lies at the bottom. According to this journal, there are every day during the season given 180 private balls at Paris;—mind, fair reader, this does not include *bals masqués*, public balls, nor mere dancing parties. On an average 250 persons are invited to every ball, making a total of 32,500; the season lasts 36 days. Accordingly 4,680 private balls are given during the season. Each costs on an average 900 francs, making a total of 4,212,000 francs, add to this 25,000 carriage-drives per day, reckoned each at 3 francs there and back, makes 2,700,000 francs per season. Take the ball dresses at 200 francs a-piece; allowing them to be worn 4 times, this will give a number of 146,250 ball dresses for 16,250 ladies, and occasion the outlay of 29,250,000 francs. The head-dresses of 16,250 ladies would amount to 500,000 francs per day, making 1,800,000 francs in the season. Ribbons, bouquets, gloves, fans, &c., are reckoned cheap at 30 francs a lady per night, which comes to 487,500 francs for one evening, at 17,550,000 francs per season. By a rough calculation

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the ladies would spend, then, during a Paris season 50,000,000 francs; the gentlemen 5,000,000 francs for their toilet, and the hosts of the entertainments, 4,212,000 francs, making a sum total of 69,226,000 francs, or about 2,000,000 a day.

FEMININE INGENUITY.—A large number of native women expressed a wish to visit the agricultural show at Calcutta. The authorities were very willing to gratify them, but the difficulty was how to do it, since the first essential was that the ladies should not be seen. With the ingenuity of their sex, under such circumstances, they suggested that they might go by moonlight, and consequently a notice was placed on the grounds requesting every male to leave at sunset.

INFLUENCE OF FOOD UPON THE INTELLECT.

VERY few well-informed persons dispute the fact that the nature of the food taken by man has an influence upon his brain or mental power. It is unquestionable that certain kinds of food are injurious to beasts, and produce or tend to induce disease; and this peculiarity has a proportionate evil effect upon the animal part of man.

Other matter taken into the system for refreshment or luxury, such as drink or narcotics, has also influence upon the character of those who partake of it. National traits and characteristics are thus developed, and we see Germans and Hollanders heavy, slow thinkers, solid rather than brilliant, and given to sluggishness rather than bodily activity. Cannot the cause of this be found in the quantity of beer, tobacco and highly-seasoned cookery which is consumed by the people; and may we not trace some of the prominent traits of the French character to the quality of the diet and drink they subsist on?

Whatever conclusion we may arrive at (for the question is an open one and susceptible of much discussion), we may not venture to dispute the results of actual experiments on this subject, made by learned physicians; some account of their researches we append herewith.

In the excellent work of Professor Moleschott, of Zurich, the influence of diet on the intellect is dwelt upon at great length:

"It is a well-known fact," says this philosopher, "that change of food has transformed the wild cat into the domestic fireside companion; from a carnivorous animal, with short intestines, it has, by gradually becoming accustomed to other food, become transformed into another being, enabled by a long intestinal canal to digest vegetable food, which in its natural state it never touches. Food, therefore, makes the most rapacious and perfidious animal in the world an inmate with man, agreeing with children, and rarely, except to a close observer, revealing its former guileful character.

"Are we, then, to wonder that tribes of men become ardent, phlegmatic, strong or feeble, courageous or cowardly, thoughtful or unintelligent, according to the different kinds of aliments they take? If food is transformed into blood, blood into nerve and muscle, bone and brain, must not the ardour of the heart, the strength of the muscles, the firmness of the brain, the activity of the brain, be dependent upon the constituents of food?"

Again, in treating of the diet of the artist and literary man, the author states that "a well-baked bread and lean meat, combined with young vegetables, and such roots as are easy of digestion, and contain a considerable proportion of sugar, form a wholesome diet for thinkers and poets; a large quantity of leucuminous seeds, heavy bread, rich gravy, and greasy meat, create those irritable, morose, and almost always slender statesmen, who have permitted gloomy thoughts and gloomy imaginations to eclipse all happier views of life in them, so that they have come to consider rods and fetters as the most important promoters and protectors of civilization."

To the Reverend Professor Haughton of Trinity College, Dublin—a philosopher who has enlarged the boundaries of many departments of science—we are indebted for an admirable physiological investigation, the results of which have established the curious fact that the greatest or perhaps we should say the hardest thinker is the greatest eater.

Professor Haughton states that men employed in mere manual routine labour require only a vegetable diet, whilst those who are engaged in pursuits requiring the constant use of the intellectual faculties must be supplied with food of a better kind—i. e., mixed animal and vegetable aliments.

These interesting experiments of Professor Haughton open up a wide field of curious and interesting inquiry. Is vital activity a mere modification of chemical force, and is the explanation of all the phenomena of living beings to be found in the domains of chemistry and the various physical sciences? No

doubt many of the changes which take place during the different stages in the life of an animal can be clearly traced to the unmodified action of the various physical agencies, but there are others which are not so easily explained, and which some physiologists refer to the operation of a force which they regard as distinct from all others—namely, the vital. It should, however, be remembered that this force, as it is called, never evidences its independent nature by any unaided manifestations of a material character. It has never been proved that any portion of matter, however small, has been caused to change its position in space by the sole agency of the vital power.

Mr. Grove suggests that the inorganic forces and animal force will yet be shown to be convertible into each other; but let this acute student of nature speak for himself:

"Some difficulty in studying the correlations of vital with inorganic forces arising from the effects of sensation and consciousness, presenting a similar confusion to that alluded to when, in treating of heat, I ventured to suggest that observers are too apt to confound the sensations with the phenomena. Thus, to apply some of the considerations on force, given in the introductory portion of this essay, to cases where vitality or consciousness intervenes, where a weight is raised by the hand, there should, according to the doctrine of the non-creation of force, have been somewhere an expenditure equivalent to the amount of gravitation overcome in raising the weight. That there is expenditure we can prove, though in the present state of science we cannot measure it. Thus, prolong the effort, raise weights for an hour or two, the vital powers sink, food, i. e., fresh chemical force, is required to supply the exhaustion. If this supply is withheld and the exertion is continued, we see the consumption of force in the supervening weakness and emaciation of the body."

The question next arises, how does the food, in the process of its decomposition, develop motive power? This is a question more easily asked than answered. We know that the grouping of atoms of matter into the organized forms, to which the terms starch, sugar, caseine, &c., have been given, was effected by plants, under the influence of sunlight. Such substances, there is reason to believe, should not be regarded merely as "consolidated masses of the atmosphere and water," but also as accumulations of force. When these substances are disorganized in the mechanisms of animals, the force which was previously pent up in them is set free; part of it takes the form of heat, a portion of it, occasionally (perhaps always) is resolved into electricity, and part is recognized as muscular power (animal motive power). The heat set free by the disorganization of food in the animal economy differs in no respect from that developed by the combustion of fuel in our furnaces; and by means of the electricity procurable from the torpedo every phenomenon peculiar to that variety of force can be exhibited. Now the inquiry presents itself here, are we to infer from these well-ascertained facts that vital action is the result of the conjoint influence of the ordinary physical (including chemical) agencies, modified by the peculiar state of aggregation of the atoms of matter on which they act; or that in addition to the physical forces set free by the destruction of the animal mechanism and by the decomposition of the food, there is developed a peculiar force correlated to the physical forces, but differing in its manifestations from each of them in the same way that electricity differs from magnetism, or light from heat? To the latter view we are disposed to incline. We believe that all the forces of nature are but modified manifestations of the one all-pervading æthereal fluid (in a state of motion), and that the modifications arise, in most instances, from the differences in the nature of the ponderable matter on which this universal force acts.

It is generally to be regretted that a staple food of a large portion of the people of this country (England) is deficient in flavour and too bulky to be nutritious. We have long been of opinion that, in this country, at least, the best agricultural labourer is he who is best fed. Let us see what facts we can call upon in support of this opinion.

Oatmeal is the staple article of the food of the Scotch labourers, and of those of the northern parts of England, and its great superiority over the potato is strikingly manifest, when we compare the physical development of the consumers of the two alimental substances.

In the counties of York, Lancaster, Northumberland, and Cumberland, the *physique* of the labourer is superior to that of the worker of any other part of England. But the northern labourer is not merely more powerful than his southern *confrère*, for he excels him in the exercise of his intellectual faculties. This is so well-known to the farmers from the north of England, who have settled in other parts of that country, that they offer higher wages to the labourers from their own part of the kingdom; knowing well,

from further experience of their habits, that they will not only do more but better work than the labourers of the south.

The cause of the superior intelligence and greater physical powers of the common people of the north of England, as compared with those elsewhere, may in part be found in ethnological differences. But granting this, their maintenance would be impossible, were the food of the people of this district similar to that of the labourers of the English midland counties.

In the north of England and Scotland, although potatoes are extensively consumed, yet buttermilk, which the people by no means despise, is also largely made use of; and oatcake is far from being a stranger on the poor man's board. In the south of England, oatmeal, whether served up in the semi-fluid form of porridge, or in the solid condition of cake, is almost unknown.

It requires no argument to prove that the people of the north of England are better agricultural labourers than those of the south, and are themselves excelled by their neighbours north of the Tweed. Although there is but little ethnological difference between the agricultural labourers of the south of Scotland and those of the north of England, it appears to me that the former possess more brains and muscles than the latter; they are stronger and more skilful workmen. We think, however, that no such difference is observable between the artisans of Glasgow and those of Newcastle or Carlisle.

In the case of the rural workman this may appear anomalous, but it is not really so. The artisans of both countries are well paid, and can, therefore, afford to use a generous diet, composed chiefly of animal food; but the Scotch agricultural labourer subsists principally upon oatmeal and peas, whilst the English labourer uses a diet which is to a far less extent made up of these articles. Were the English and Scotch labourers supplied with precisely the same kind and quality of food, we think there would be little, if any, difference in the amount and quality of their work. The highly nutritious nature of the pea and oat, as compared with the potato, will be evident from the analyses made of them.

These analyses prove that one pound of peas is capable of putting more muscle on the human machine than fifteen pounds of potatoes could do; and that, taking the amount of flesh-formers in a substance as a measure of its nutritive value, oats are more valuable than potatoes as food—that is, a pound of oatmeal will form as much lean flesh as half-a-stone of potatoes! The value of a food substance is not, however, altogether in proportion to its amount of nitrogenous or flesh-forming matters, but also, to a great degree, upon the proportion of starch it yields. In this respect the potato is by no means an inferior aliment; indeed, were it as deficient in heat-giving and fat-forming matters as it is in flesh-forming substances, it would be utterly impossible for working men to subsist, as they they do, almost exclusively upon this so-called "national eculeant."

From what has been stated, it is clear that potatoes contain a quantity of starch altogether disproportionate to their amount of nitrogenous or flesh-forming substances; and we have no hesitation in asserting that, as a general rule, a man fed exclusively on potatoes cannot be as hard-working and intelligent a labourer as if he were supplied with food of a more concentrated kind—one in which the muscle-forming constituents bore a higher proportion to the fat-forming elements. The addition of buttermilk (which is very rich in nitrogenous matter) to potatoes, serves in some measure to remedy the evils of a potato diet; but it requires a capacious middle region to accommodate the large quantity of potatoes and buttermilk which a hard-working man would require, to enable him to develop an amount of motive power equal to that expended, say, by a navvy in his day's toil. A mixed diet of potatoes and oatmeal is incomparably better than a pure potato and if the oatmeal be the staple, and the potato the adjunctive of food, so much the better.

GOVERNMENT GRANTS FOR STATUARY.—From an account of the sums voted in supply, in the House of Commons, in the years 1835 to 1863, both inclusive, we take the following figures:—The Nelson column is charged, during the above time, with the sum of £26,800. In one year the statue of Charles I., at Charing Cross, cost £1,000. In the same year £2,500 were granted for royal monuments in Westminster Abbey. An equestrian statue of George IV., is entered for £6,301; and the pedestal of Baron Marochetti's Richard Coeur-de-Lion, cost £1,650. In the three years 1843-45, a total of £4,500 was paid for monuments to Lords Exmouth and De Saumarez, and Sir Sidney Smith. In 1858, £20,000 were voted for a monument to the Duke of Wellington. The Havelock statue at Woolwich is charged at £2,152; and on the

shore at Scutari, a monument has been placed at a cost of £17,500. In honour of Sir John Franklin, a statue has been raised, for which, in 1855, there is an entry of £800. There is another entry of a similar sum in 1863. Last in the statutory outlay is the sum of £50,000, granted for the late lamented Prince Consort's memorial, an amount to be added to the sum raised by voluntary subscriptions. There are a few other items, but we cannot be charged with national extravagance on this head: it is fortunate that in this country we have a strong voluntary principle existing.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

A MAN goes into the consulting-room of a physician, a little ailing, as he himself acknowledges; he comes out at the end of a quarter of an hour, but during those few minutes sentence of death has been recorded. The sky still bends over him, and the sun shines as it did before; men pass and repass him by unnoticed; he is to them the same as he was the day or the hour before.

The man is outwardly the same, and yet altogether changed from that time. Then come to him in quick succession sensations altogether new and strange. He has no indecision about facing this sudden horror, for that would imply the possibility of escape, or even of feeble defiance, and hope of that kind he has none; but in view, and in near view of the fast approaching peril, comes the irresistible craving for some wild excitement, some prodigious physical exertion, some desperate contest by which the mind should become inured to the nearness of death, or thought itself be mastered by fatigue.

The immediate effect of a sudden sentence of this kind is to confuse and confound, not the one who pronounces it, but the person that receives it; for of all the vast group of upturned faces at an execution, it is only the man about to die who cannot see the sharp gleam of the axe as it falls upon him, and he who stands closest to the death-bell hears least distinctly the message it gives, while far off the tones ring with a sad and sweet clearness in the ears of the listeners.

With those whose nearest and ultimate consolation has always been found in books or their pen, after the first great shock there is often experienced an intense fervid desire to concentrate all their doomed faculties on some particular aim or work which they yearn to accomplish before they go, and to make that which they know to be their final effort also their most excellent and best, so that their last deeds shall be accounted honourable, their last counsels of "heroic wisdom set to perfect words."

We can hardly tell how often a secret knowledge of this kind has been the real source of the eloquence which is so penetrative and sympathetic in spirit, as to astonish men by the light which it casts on the hidden workings of the human heart. To a sanguine, hopeful temperament, the blow is perhaps the most overwhelming at the moment, and yet the most quietly and peacefully accepted at last; but where a regretful, casuistical, and conscientious mind is combined with an earnest and inflexible spirit, there arise reactionary perplexities, fears, and doubts, which often severely harass the man whose span of life is so swiftly closing in.

Unquestionably, there are natures endowed with a faculty of such singular precognition in human affairs, that they literally foresee—that is, they arrive at conclusions, not by aid of reason and calculation, but by actual prescience, as if gifted with the second-sight. Just as a man by daylight recognizes at once his own reflection in a mirror, whereas, in darkness, he would with difficulty, and by groping, as it were, in his memory, recall, one by one, his own particular features, and so, slowly, and step by step, attains to a recollection of the sort of appearance he generally presented.

Men thus endowed are generally of a nature at once apprehensive, regretful, and resolute; and of them it may truly be affirmed that they die a thousand times over in anticipation, and tenfold in actual amount of agony. Change is strong, but habit is stronger, and he cannot cast the one for the other as he would his raiment.

Apprehensive, I have said. Much to do, and so little time left me to do it, is the burden of his thought: "If such a combination should now turn out ill or differently to what I expect, if all I have reason to rely on should fail me in the critical time, how then—what to do? Is there one possible contingency I have not mentally confronted? If so, what is it?" This is what he says or thinks.

Regretful: "This I might have foreseen, that I might have prevented, a word more here, many words less or different there, and this or that misery would never have been."

Resolute: "So it shall be; in such a way and no other will I act—it is my fixed purpose, from which I will not swerve."

Vain words? vain hopes! and even as they pass through his brain he knows them to be so. But, in the presence of a silent, near, and resistless danger, thoughts, questions, and answers like these succeeded each other with bewildering confusion: yet in all this dark sea of sadness, rarely does one doubt suggest itself as to the actual truth of a verdict, which is instinctively felt to be recorded by a tribunal more than human, and which man may neither set aside nor alter.

Often an intense momentary longing is experienced to bid farewell in some sort to all that he has loved best, he yearns to touch and retouch every familiar hand and thing, to see once again each face or scene that has been held dear; but, in the very midst of it, the sentence recorded recurs to memory, and colour and warmth fade swiftly from his wishes—"desire fails" when the world and the things of the world grow shadowy and dim.

Then follows perhaps, for a brief instant, a frenzied beseeching, or a mortal anguish, and then—a great calm, and sometimes an immunity from even the fear of dissolution; for our spirit becomes dominant as our body grows cold and helpless, and the frosts of death, as they creep through the dying nerves, paralyze the hand and tongue, but not the soul. During this ordeal, the conscience is purified as by fire, and the nature even of a very secretive man will become of a transparent truthfulness.

There is a certain fruit known, I think, as the Siberian glass apple, which, as it ripens, increases in a pellucid clearness, until, just before it falls from the tree, it appears as though it were inclosed in crystal. In this way death purges the soul of deceptions. With such a narrow margin of time to work in, what is there worth a lie or an unkind word?

The worst nature is slow to take offence on the eve of a long journey; and it is hard to say how much we cannot forgive when we are quite sure we are near our final moment. For death is a potent spell, and in its shadow the querulous grow patient, the rough man gentle, and those who never before consulted pleasure other than their own become painfully anxious to spare the labour of others, so that the many trifling offices which the hand of love only can perform may be as few and light as possible.

Illness takes away or adds to the poetry of death accordingly as it is borne—sadly, murmuringly, or heroically. It is one of the most pathetic circumstances attendant on such changes, that natural affection is thereby so much deepened as greatly to multiply the pangs of dissolution; and yet, that the last-named, being twofold in their nature, should be experienced in a proportion comparatively infinitesimal by the one most nearly concerned. The full severity of the physical pain he must bear; that the watchers can neither prevent nor take away; but, by the operation of a most merciful law, they may and do vicariously endure most of the mental suffering. And so approaches the last act of the drama, the prologue only of which was spoken in the consulting-room of the physician.

A SUPPLEMENTARY ESTIMATE.—Particulars have been published of a supplemental estimate of £400,000, which sum is required to provide for the army services for the year 1863-64. Part of it is necessary to complete the final settlement of the account with the Indian Government up to the 31st March, 1861, from which date the new mode of settlement of the claim for the repayment of the advances for recruiting and other charges for regiments serving in India, at the rate of £10 for every effective soldier serving in India, came into force. The rest of the estimates are almost entirely on New Zealand account. In aid of this supplemental estimate of £400,000, a sum of £301,349 4s. 8d., received from the Indian revenues on account of the proportion of the charges for recruiting staff and that of depot battalions, and the expense of barrack accommodation to the depôts a home for the same period, will be paid into the Exchequer.

PECULIAR LOVE-MAKING.—A lady-like young woman, over whose head some one-and-twenty summers had passed, whose hair was of a dark auburn, and who spoke with great earnestness, applied to Mr. D'Eyncourt, at the Clerkenwell police-court, for advice under the following circumstances:—"The applicant said—"My dear sir, excuse me, and don't think I am intrusive when I ask you if a young man, and that young man a foreigner, and, he says, a count in the land that gave him birth, can make me give him back the presents he has given to me. You will think it strange, but I have given him back the things no less than three times, telling him that I did not wish for him or his presents, and yet, strange to say, he has as many times returned them to me, and has threatened, whether I consent or not, that he will marry me. That man lives opposite to me, and tries me to death. By the advice of my friends on the last occasion I kept the things, and although he has spoken to me in the streets I have taken no notice of him. Yesterday he

wrote me a letter stating that if I did not consent to marry him he would murder me, and shortly afterwards wrote to me for the presents he had sent me, but my friends, thinking that I had sent them back times enough, said I had better keep them. Under these circumstances, my dear sir, I wish to know whether I should be justified in doing so. You can hardly conceive the trouble and anxiety that man has caused me, and I really am of opinion that it is worse to be loved by a man you don't like than to be hated by him. (A laugh.) Wherever I go I find him after me, and he nearly bores me to death." Mr. D'Eyncourt asked what the presents consisted of. The applicant, smiling, said that there was the count's *carte-de-visite*, a brooch, a pair of ear-rings, and some other trifling articles, as well as a gold watch, but it was not of much value. After the trouble she had had, she thought she ought not to send the articles back. Mr. D'Eyncourt said that as the applicant had sent the articles back three times, he thought she had better now keep them; and if the count wished them back, she had better let him sue her in the County Court, where she could also be sworn.

NEW WORKS IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

It having been found necessary to enlarge the Library, it was determined to remodel the room known as King Henry VII.'s Library. With that view it was gutted and refitted with oak book-cases in every available part; and the adjoining room, known as Queen Anne's Closet, was also fitted in the same way, with a gallery running round each, and the book-cases continued up to the ceiling, by which means accommodation has been made for some thousands of books.

The ceiling, which was a kind of cove, has been replaced by a flat one of the time of Henry VII., with deep moulded oak ribs and plastered panels, of which there are twenty-one; and these have been richly painted by Mr. Willement, from his designs approved of by her Majesty.

The ceiling is divided into seven compartments in its length, and three in its width. The centre compartment is filled with the arms, crown, supporters and garter of King Henry VII. The eight panels around it have respectively, the badges of the hawthorn tree and crown, the impaled red and white rose and crown, the red rose, the full title of the king, the portcullis, the *fleur-de-lis*, the motto, and the red and white rose. The six panels to the left of these have been devoted to Queen Victoria, with her arms, crown and garter, the initials V. R. and crown, the impaled red and white rose, the rose, thistle, and shamrock entwined, with the crown and motto *Quis separabit*, and the harp. The other six panels relate to the late Prince Consort, and have his arms, crown and garter, his crest and motto, the red buffalo's head, the escarbuncle, and the initials A. P. surmounted by crowns.

The whole of the panels are surrounded by ornamental borders of various designs in gold and colours, all on a very light ground. Below the panels is a very wide frieze, and this has been painted blue and decorated with white and red roses, initials, and white and gold ornaments.

The ceiling of Queen Anne's Closet has also been painted with her arms, crown, garter, and initials, her badges of the impaled rose and thistle, the harp, the motto *Semper eadem*, the single coats of England, France, Scotland and Ireland, and the inscription, "In this closet H.M. Gracious Majesty Queen Anne first received intelligence of the victory of Blenheim, August 13th, 1704;" and has ornamental panels, the whole with coloured borders round them. The ceiling of the lobby adjoining has been enriched with the initials A. and V., tied with a cord, and crowns, and the border filled with the mottoes of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and a running scroll ornament of white and red roses. The fireplace in the Library has been enriched by a carving in stone of the royal arms and supporters, from a design by Mr. Willement.

The whole of the works have been carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Salvin, architect, and to the approval of the Hon. W. F. Cowper. Mr. Myers, of Lambeth, was the builder, and Mr. Turnbull, clerk of the works.

The Waterloo Gallery has been improved, by taking out all the windows, which were in small squares of ground glass, and replacing them by single squares of stout plate glass, embossed with the arms, crowns, mottoes, initials, and badges of the Queen and Prince Consort, the arms of St. George and the Peninsular cross, and the crowns, initials, and mottoes of the principal of the sovereigns connected with the battle of Waterloo.—France, Austria, Prince Regent, Russia, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Portugal, and Brunswick, all within ornamental frameworks. They were designed and executed by Mr. Willement. There are fifty windows in all.



[GILBERT DEATHSON'S ESCAPE FROM GAOL.]

A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

By VANE IRETON ST. JOHN,

Author of "The Queen of Night," "In Spite of the World," &c.

CHAPTER LXVII

Pale and weary she lay—
Death's stamp on her brow—
The dewdrops clustered her golden hair
And the stars as they gleamed on her blue eyes there,
Whispered each other low
That an angel was coming of beauty rare
To strengthen their bright-eyed crew. *Romance.*

GILBERT DEATHSON trembled violently, as Lady Isabel, in her character of thief, stood boldly accusing him. Then he recovered speech.

"Well," he cried, "you have taken me by surprise. Why is this accusation—what have I done to injure you, that you should turn upon me?"

Lady Isabel shrugged her shoulders.

"That is my business," she said; "it has suited my purpose, depend upon it."

"Come!" cried the officers, impatiently; "come—we can't wait here all night."

Margery Deathson had stood in silent terror during this time.

Something now was working a change in her; and seemed stirring her blood into a fierce torrent of hate.

Some feeling such as that which had prompted her son when he stabbed Jem Forrest, and flung his body into the river.

She stooped down, and whispered in Lady Isabel's ear:

"If my son comes to harm," she murmured, "be-ware of me!"

Isabel Ashton glanced at the tall, powerful woman beside her, and trembled.

"Good-bye, mother," said the convict, in a voice broken by emotion; "good-bye!"

Suddenly, as if actuated by a sudden impulse, he darted forward, and whispered in her ear:

"Trust to me to escape, mother," he said; "when I do, I will write to you."

Then he turned to the officers, saying:

"I am ready."

Lady Isabel lingered.

"Are you coming?" said one of the officers.

"I will follow you directly," he answered; "I wish to speak to Mrs. Deathson."

The prisoner and his captors then left, and Lady Isabel remained alone with the sorrowing mother.

Mrs. Deathson glared at her.

"Are you not afraid to remain here," she said, "with one you have so injured?"

Isabel laughed—a light mocking laugh.

"Afraid? no," she said; "I want to ask you one or two questions."

"Well?"

"Cannot you guess from whom this misfortune comes?"

"Guess! Why should I guess, when I know it comes from you?"

"It comes not from me, but from Lady Isabel."

"You, then, are but the mean agent, the wretched creature employed to carry out her paltry revenge?"

Lady Isabel did not speak; but rose and approached the door.

When she had opened it she stood for a moment; and then, tearing off her false moustache and beard, cried:

"See who I am!"

"Lady Isabel!" exclaimed Margery Deathson, rushing forward.

But Lady Isabel was gone.

With the speed of thought, she had rushed out into the night; and, readjusting her disguise, returned to her lodgings, where she quickly made her preparations for departure.

The next day saw her in London.

In Thornton she knew it was unnecessary to remain.

The law had captured its own; and though she was not there to bear witness to his identity, there were others to prove that Gilbert Deathson was the escaped convict Rothbury.

On quitting his mother's cottage, Gilbert was led straight across the Moors to Mersfield.

Twenty times during his passage over the dark country the thought occurred to him that he might escape; but the men who held him by his manacled wrists were powerful fellows, and to escape from them seemed hopeless.

Resolved as he was not to stand his trial, but to try to effect his freedom, even if death were the result, he yet determined to be circumspect, and to lull those around him into a state of false confidence.

When, therefore, the gloomy walls of Mersfield Gaol had once more shut him out from the light of day, he demanded pen, ink, and paper.

"For what purpose?" he was asked.

"I wish to write to Lord Castleton," he said; "he will interest himself, I am certain, on my behalf."

The officer smiled.

"Oh! you're going to try the quiet course this time?" he said.

"Yes—this time; it's safer."

"Well, I think you are right; though such a method of finding safety is best at all times."

On the next night—a dark night it was—Gilbert began to put his plan into practice.

His cell was in a corner of the prison near the warder's room.

He had been placed here that he might be more closely watched; and any attempt at escape frustrated.

Opposite the window was the wall of the prison; and beyond this were the dark moors and—freedom.

He drew from his pocket a slender file.

This he had brought into the prison in four pieces, secreted in his mouth.

He never travelled without it: and as soon as he suspected his capture he transferred the tiny case from his pocket to its novel place of security.

With this he began his work patiently—filing the bars from the outside, and leaving a thin piece of the iron, so that within his cell his work should not be perceived.

By morning he had filed through three bars at the top and the bottom.

Another half-hour's work, and he would be able to remove them.

Morning, however, dawned before he had completed his labour, and night being necessary to his escape, he filled the vacant spaces with scrapings from a corner of his cell, where he also deposited his file; and went patiently through another weary day.

How many times did he fancy that the warders were examining those bars, when they were only glancing casually at his window!

How often did his heart sink at the sound of approaching feet, lest they should be the signal for his removal to another cell!

At length night came.

At the usual hour the turnkey took away his light, and wished him good night.

He was then preparing to go to bed.

As soon, however, as all was still, he proceeded to form a rope from his bedclothes.

In this he was expert.

Twice before he had had recourse to the same expedient.

In an hour he had formed a good stout knotted cord.

After this he took off his heavy boots and fixed them firmly at the end of it, wrapping round them a piece of a blanket.

This done, he recommenced his filing, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the bars lying on his bed, and the way to escape open.

With a murmured prayer—even the convict found refuge in prayer—he crept out of the window, carrying his rope, and passed noiselessly along with unshod feet to a spot where a little outhouse adjoined the wall.

On the summit of this wall was an intricate arrangement of spikes.

These were impassable obstacles to some: they were to him the means of safety.

For what else but to deaden the points of this formidable barrier was the heavy blanket around his shoulders?

Scrambling upon the outhouse, he took from beneath his arm the boots to which the rope was attached and flung it over the railings.

Here it became tightly wedged.
"It's done!" he murmured, triumphantly, as he began to ascend.

When arrived near the top he took the blanket and placed it over the spikes.

Then he lowered the boots to the ground, and tied the other end of the rope to the iron-work.

In another moment he had slid down, and was free. Then he drew from his pocket some matches, and set fire to the rope, to destroy all evidence of the manner of his flight.

Then he made his way swiftly across the dark moors.

Tired and weary, he at length found himself near Thorman.

He feared to proceed to Burnley Bridge or to his mother's cottage, but he might meet some one who would betray him; and knowing no spot where he could hide with safety, he proceeded to the churchyard and concealed himself among the tombstones.

That night passed away soon, for the day was near its dawning when he left the prison.

His flight was discovered early, and search was made everywhere.

Everywhere, at least, except the exact spot where he was concealed.

No one thought of going to a tomb to find a living man.

When night came again, he was desperately hungry, and determined to venture into the town.

He had sixpence.

This was the extent of the store he had been enabled to secrete.

Proceeding, therefore, into the village, he boldly entered a shop, and bought some bread and a small portion of cooked meat.

A little girl served him—a little girl who looked innocently up into his face; but yet he feared her, and shielded his features from her gaze.

After he had made his purchase, he hurried back, resolved once more to ensconce himself in his strange hiding-place.

As he passed beneath the ruins of the church, he saw something in the moonlight lying on a mound—the mound of a newly-made grave.

He stopped still and gazed at it.

It seemed like the form of a woman.

He approached, and spoke to her.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" he said.

There was no answer.

He knelt down and took her hand.

It was cold and stony.

He raised her up; and the moonbeams fell full upon her face.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "it is Cicely Crowe!—and she is dead!"

CHAPTER LXVIII

Thou art scarcely one that I would care to know,
For in these troublous times I wish no friends;
Yet, since thou speakest fair, lead on: I follow,
And on your own head fall the thought of treason.
Cromwell.

LADY ISABEL, still dressed in her male attire, though in a style quite different from that in which she had made her appearance in London, was sitting in her room in Lowndes Street when the servant announced Mr. Percival Repburn, which was the name assumed by her son Reginald.

It was evening, yet, as he entered, she saw that his face was pale, and replete with evidences of anxiety.

"Reginald," she said, as he sat down wearily by her side, "you seem sad—what ails you?"

"I have wasted time and reputation for nothing," he cried. "Listen, and I will tell you."

Briefly he told his story.

Lady Isabel laughed scornfully as he spoke.

"You have ridiculed me," she said, "because I remained in England and risked so much for revenge. You have remained for an object far less worthy—to secure to yourself a girl who hates you."

"She would not always hate me."
"So you may think; but, let me tell you, you deceive yourself."

"Why?"

"Because this girl knows too much of you ever to consent quietly to live with you, even if she were your wife."

Reginald coloured with vexation.

"You are not complimentary, mother," he said.

"Why should I be? Between you and me such forms and ceremonies would be folly. But tell me, what do you now propose doing?"

"I must leave England, I presume?"

"Certainly; and the sooner the better."

"I shall be glad to go at once—that is, within a few days. And you?"

"I shall remain in England for a time."

Reginald smiled.

"Still the old tale?"

"No, no. I have now laid a train of revenge which cannot fail to succeed."

"You cannot persuade me of this," he said; "you have strong minds and strong numbers too, against you; and in a battle of this kind, the weakest must fall."

Lady Isabel gazed at him scornfully, though her scorn applied not to him, but to those of whom he spoke.

"This battle, as you call it," she answered, "is not an open one, but is carried on by stealth. The victory falls not to the strongest, but the one who can keep longest his own counsel."

As she spoke, the servant knocked at the door and entered.

"Mr. Eli Lamborgh wishes to see Mr. Francis Lorrimer."

The latter was the name assumed by Lady Isabel, over whose face a gleam of pleasure stole as the woman announced the arrival of the German Jew.

"Percival," she said, turning to her son, "I must ask you to excuse me until to-morrow. With the gentlemen who has just sent up his name I have particular business."

Reginald rose.

"Very well," he answered, "I will leave you. To-morrow I will come to take my farewell, as I then leave London finally for Paris."

He shook her hand, as he would have shaken the hand of any ordinary friend, and left the room.

Mr. Eli-Lamborgh then entered, and remained closeted with Lady Isabel for some hours.

The result of their deliberations will be seen in the future.

Meanwhile Reginald Conyers—a man, by the way, more sinned against than sinning, because his weak mind had been tutored in a school of evil—took his way towards his own lodgings.

He had not proceeded far, before a hand was placed on his shoulder.

This would have alarmed anyone, plunged, as he was plunged, in a profound reverie.

But, knowing what he had been guilty of, being aware that by this time the Rev. Octavius Pelluc would have escaped and would have attempted his destruction, he felt doubly alarmed, and started round nervously.

The person who had accosted him was a young man, short and slight, and with curly hair.

What his features were, Reginald could not tell.

He had bushy whiskers, but over the greater part of them and over his mouth was a thick comforter, and over the eyes the hat was slouched.

Who could this be?

Could he be an officer of the law?

Could some one have recognized him, in spite of his disguise?

"Who are you?" he asked; "and what do you want with me?"

A light laugh escaped the stranger's lips.

"Both those questions shall be answered in due course," he said; "meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile," interrupted Reginald, turning to go, "meanwhile, I don't know you, and shall say good evening."

The stranger detained him.

"Stay," he said, "not so fast. I must speak to you. My business is most important. Mr. Reginald Conyers can surely spare a few moments to an old friend."

Reginald trembled.

This person knew his name.

Yet the voice seemed familiar.

"Sir," he answered, "my name is Percival Repburn; so you see you are mistaken."

"Reginald, I am not mistaken," returned the other.

"Who, then, are you?"

"That you will know shortly."

"If you do not tell me now, I shall consider you a foe."

"Not so; and to prove that you are in error, and in this case more suspicious than prudent, I will go with you to any place you choose."

"Come with me, then, to my own rooms; there we can talk without fear of interruption."

"Good," returned the stranger, readily; "lead on, and I will follow."

Arrived at his chambers, Reginald Conyers let the stranger into his rooms and locked the door.

His guest took a seat by the fire, and indulged in a laugh, which by no means tended to smooth the somewhat ruffled temper of the baffled adventurer.

"I suppose," he said, "that you understand why you laugh. I don't."

The stranger laughed again, heartily.

"To think," he cried, "to think that you do not know me!"

"I do not."

The stranger drew off a false moustache and beard.

While he was doing so, Reginald carefully scrutinized him.

He perceived now, as his guest was sitting down by the fire, what he could not have seen in the street—namely, that the limbs and the form of the stranger were altogether too rounded to belong to a man.

The general pliancy and softness of the contours indicated that the person, whoever it might be, was a woman.

The removal of the false hair cleared up the mystery.

It was Clara Mansfield.

"Now," she said, "now do you know me, Reginald?"

He was fairly astonished.

"What means this disguise, Clara?" he exclaimed.

She laughed at his bewilderment.

"You seem perplexed," she said; "I can soon explain matters."

"Do so, then, at once; for I confess I am at a loss to imagine why it is necessary for you to practise this mummery."

She looked suspiciously round her.

"We are quite safe here?" she said, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes, quite safe."

"Yet let us talk in low tones," she exclaimed, as she motioned him to draw his chair more close to hers.

He did so.

"Reginald," she said, "you are under commands to leave England."

"I am."

"So also am I. You recollect that story which was manufactured by that fool, Marston Grey?"

"The murder of your husband?"

Clara shuddered.

"Yes, but," she cried, "he was not murdered at all: he fell over. Bob Smithers saw him fall over, and told Marston so; but he would not believe him."

Reginald knew nothing of the death-bed and the poisoning of the old woodcutter.

She was safe, therefore, in telling this falsehood.

"Well," he asked, "and why have you come to me?"

She hesitated.

"You do not wish to leave England?"

"I do not."

"Neither do I. I have a plan by which we can remain in this country in spite of them all."

"I cannot. I have no money."

"I have plenty."

"Then, why ask the co-operation of any one?"

"Because, single-handed I am powerless."

"And you require my assistance?"

"I do—greatly."

"In what?"

"In destroying those who are your rivals, and our enemies. You hate Ralph Conyers, your half-brother, because he has deprived you of your wealth; you hate him too, because he has wrested from you the object of your passion, Cicely Crowe. I hate him because he rejected my love—because he was so ready to believe evil of me; because, after swearing to be true and faithful to me for ever, he gave credence to the first idle story which afforded him an opportunity of changing his mind and transferring his affections from me to that pretty pauper Cicely—the daughter of a thief. Well then, our interests are identical; we can work together."

"And how?"

She placed her hand in his.

"Reginald," she replied, "you once said I was beautiful. I am now unfortunate, but I have a private fortune, and can dispose of it as I will. I will say 'yes' now to a playful question you once asked me."

Reginald's heart beat wildly.

He knew well what she meant.

Once, at Milton Hall, he had asked her if she would be his wife.

What if he renewed the request seriously? Clara was young and beautiful.

He believed none of the evil reports against her. She had a fortune too, and with this fortune he would be independent of his family. He passed his arm around her waist on the impulse of the moment, saying:

"Do I understand you rightly? Do you mean that you will be my wife?"

"Yes, Reginald, I will be yours. We will forget that both of us have loved before—we will forget the reason why we desire to have revenge on our enemies—we will simply punish those who have injured us, and devote the remainder of our lives to love and pleasure."

"And when may this marriage take place?"

"When you please."

"In two days then, Reginald, I will be yours; and we will then change our names, and for a few weeks remain in obscurity."

So it happened.

Two days after, saw Reginald Conyers and Clara Denney man and wife.

The designing woman and the weak, erring man, were joined for better and for worse.

He had obtained fortune, and to a certain extent freedom.

She had obtained a protector, a lover, and—a slave.

Reginald never, for a single moment, believed in the guilt of Clara; and it was no small balm, therefore, to his vexation at losing Cicely, to obtain one who was in every way her equal in grace and beauty.

He gazed with unmitigated pride and pleasure, therefore, at the graceful and perfect form and face of his wife, as she stepped into the carriage at the door of the church.

How he would have shuddered had he known how deeply stained with guilt was the woman he had wed.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Monk.—Who art thou who thus disturbest

Peaceful labours in the night?

Visitor.—I am come because I dreaded

There might fall upon my sight,

Visions of a fearful deed.

Such as in monkish tales we read.

The Monk of Oldbury.

ELI LAMBERGH, the person who had entered so abruptly into the room when Reginald was conversing with his mother, was, as I have said, a German Jew.

He had been brought up in Vienna, whence he came to England, and set up a shop purporting to be a general store.

He had achieved a decent fortune when he fell in love with a young girl.

Lucy Tribe was an English girl and a Christian.

But Eli was not particular.

All he saw was, that she had bright eyes, dark hair, glossy skin, and a prettily rounded form, and he made her his wife accordingly.

Eli was an ugly fellow.

Lucy, however, did not marry him for himself, but for his money.

Consequently, as he was ugly, disagreeable, and jealous, she soon gave him cause for real jealousy, and quarrels ensued.

Eli had a foreman—Moss Levy by name.

If anything, he was a trifle uglier than Eli; but some women have peculiar tastes.

The consequence of this peculiarity in the present instance was, that one fine morning, when Eli returned from a week's business at Liverpool, he found his house stripped, every farthing drawn out of the bank by means of forged cheques, and his wife and Levy gone.

No trace of the fugitives was ever found, and Eli Lambergh was thenceforth a ruined man.

He received no consolation from any one; and, vowing vengeance upon all womankind, he took an obscure lodging—one room over the shop of Mangles Worsop, the antiquary, and earned a precarious livelihood by making artificial flowers.

It was from the old antiquary that Lady Isabel had heard of this man.

"Well, sir," said Eli—he imagined her to be a man—"well, sir, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

Lady Isabel's answer was evasive.

"I have heard your story," she said. "You have much cause to admire and love the female sex."

Eli smiled—or rather contorted his lips into a sneering, loathsome grin, which meant more hate than joviality.

"I have indeed cause to love them," he answered; "and you, too, Mr. Lorrimer—you seem to be anything but a friend to them."

Lady Isabel smiled.

"Well," she said, "I do not admire them, but my reasons are different to yours. However, let us understand one another. I wish you to execute a commission for me."

"I shall be most happy."

"It is dangerous; it requires secrecy; it requires an oath from you that you will not betray me."

"I fear no danger," returned the Jew; "I betray no one who pays me well."

"Good," said Lady Isabel; "I will tell you what I desire. You are a maker of artificial flowers?"

"Yes."

"I wish you, then, to form for me a bouquet in wax, representing the most rare and exquisite flowers—something, it must be, so beautiful, as to attract immediate admiration, and secure the certainty of its being worn as a chief adornment."

"That is easy," returned the Jew; "quite easy. I see no object for secrecy in all this."

"No," said Lady Isabel, lowering her voice, "you have not heard all. I have invented a perfume—a perfume so powerful and so exquisite that it surpasses all others. I wish these flowers to be steeped in this perfume; or, if necessary, the materials of which it is composed steeped in it. In the latter case, you must work with gloves and wear a bandage around your mouth."

The Jew smiled horribly.

"I begin to comprehend you," he said; "it would be dangerous to act as you propose. Give me the perfume and I will see that it is properly used. And what is to be my reward?"

"A hundred pounds."

"In advance?"

"No; I will give you five-and-twenty now. When you have completed your task, I will add the rest."

"Good; and when do you require the bouquet?"

"In a week. When it is completed I wish you to take it in a box to Casyl House, Hyde Park, and leave it, directed as I shall tell you in good time."

She rose and approached a drawer.

Thence she took a colourless liquid and gave it to the Jew, together with a purse containing the money named.

"I wish this bouquet to be small and elegant," she said, as she let him out, "and to be ready in five days, recollect."

"Very good, Mr. Lorrimer; very good!" murmured the Jew, as he went away, adding, as he passed into the street: "a good haul, Eli; a good haul! These twenty-five pounds are not the last, by a long, long way, that you will get out of this affair."

From her son, Lady Isabel had obtained three hundred pounds.

She was, therefore, in a position to make advances such as she had done; but she had not the least idea of completing the bargain.

Eli Lambergh had not the remotest conception that she was a woman: her disguise, owing to her age and the sparseness of her form, was far superior to anything which could have been achieved by a young girl.

As soon, therefore, as her vengeance had been accomplished, as she felt sure it would be, she intended to re-assume her female clothes and disappear.

The room inhabited by Eli Lambergh was just below that used by Mangles Worsop as a bed-chamber.

The old antiquary was now alone in the world.

Since last I brought him before my readers he had lost his wife, and in spite of her singular ways and tyrannical decrees, he missed the presence with which he had grown familiar since his boyhood.

No matter how irritable—no matter how selfish—no matter how exacting this dearest of all dear friends may have been, there is no man who does not, after her death, think with regret of that face which on some occasions must have smiled upon him.

So poor Mrs. Worsop died, and left her husband alone.

Mangles Worsop was far from being a good man.

He was not even a man who cared in any way for the comfort or the happiness of his fellow-creatures. But to be alone breeds strange thoughts.

And when the funeral was over, and he came home to sit by the empty chair, he gathered himself, as it were, beneath the mantle of his sorrow, and was as no man had ever known him to be before.

On the day that Eli Lambergh paid his visit to Lady Isabel he had taken to his bed—a bed from which no one could hope that he would rise again.

Two days from this had passed.

The painful day was passed, and the soft twilight was coming.

And over the heart of the old man there was falling fast, a darkness which was not night.

Yet in these last moments he was sensible that he had not lived as he should have lived, and could not die as he should have died.

Suddenly, in the room below him, he heard a sound.

A sound of a peculiar nature—a bubbling, hissing sound—such as is rarely heard except in the laboratory.

Then there was a smothered cry as of a human being in pain.

Then again all was still.

The dying man—for dying he truly was—listened intently.

It is not my purpose to enter into the theory of presentiments, or to explain my individual idea of them.

Suffice it to say that, as he listened, the old antiquary felt creeping into his heart a vague presentiment that all was not right.

The time and the place tended to produce this impression.

The night was very dark.

The bedchamber was closely curtained and buried in profound silence.

It was raining heavily.

People moved noiselessly to and fro in the mud, and the lamps burned dimly behind the streaming glasses.

The old man lay upon his back, gazing at the ceiling where the dim light of the candles fell dismally in circles.

He lay there until the shadows and the clothes took weird-like shapes, and the hissing noises below wrought fearfully upon him.

Then a strange aromatic perfume pervaded his chamber, and seemed to excite his brain.

"I will see what this means," he muttered, as he strove faintly to rise from the bed.

Eli Lambergh was at work in his room.

He sat in an arm-chair.

Before him was a small table, and on it lay a bunch of flowers as yet devoid of colour.

They were of all sizes and shapes, and tied together roughly—but all were quite white.

He was at work on a rose, which his nimble fingers were fast fashioning into shape and beauty.

On the fire was a crucible, and within this boiled a white liquid.

In this he steeped the flowers.

Then, one by one, he drew them from the bunch, and dipped them into the boiling liquid again.

Then he proceeded to place on the colours.

Exquisitely they were produced, one by one, from his hand.

Bright and beautiful they looked—brighter, even, than the fair flowers of the earth.

The Jew smiled.

"These cannot fail to please her," he murmured, as he gazed proudly on them; "exquisite—more beautiful than living flowers are they, yet bearing death in every petal. Treacherous, as beauty ever is!"

He started.

There was a sound on the stairs.

The Jew darted towards the door.

He was too late.

It was opened, and in the doorway stood a figure—a pale, ghastly figure.

It was Mangles Worsop, standing wrapped in a sheet, and looking like one in a shroud risen from the dead.

(To be continued.)

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PRIZE-RING.—It is said that the prize-fighters have received intimation that the railway company directors will no longer afford them facilities for carrying on their wicked work.

THE DIVINE NAME.—It is rather singular that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every language, viz.:—In Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Theos; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Aden; Syrian, Adad; Persia, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dios; East Indian, Eagl or Zoni; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aum or Zent; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Chur; Irish, Diah; Arabian, Alfa: and others still with four letters.

LITIGATION.—A suit for 2d., the smallest on record in the County Court, and, it may be presumed, in Chancery, occurred last week at Farnham. It was for paint knocked off a door by a boy flinging stones. The judge said to the boy, "Have you got twopence?" "Yes, sir." "Then pay it into court." Twopence was handed up, and the plaintiff who sought to recover the twopence, had to pay the costs, 15s. A little difference between the sum gained and the expenses in getting it, which might serve for the moral of law proceedings in general.

THE SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO PALESTINE.—Letters recently received in this country give a very favourable account of the progress of the expedition which left England in November last for the scientific exploration of the Holy Land. The party consists of the Rev. H. B. Tristram, Master of Greatham Hospital, a gentleman well known for his work on the Great Sahara and many zoological and botanical contributions to different publications; Mr. W. F. C. Meddycott, Mr. G. G. Fowler, Mr. H. M. Upcher, and others. In the beginning of the month the party were at Jericho, commencing the investigation of the natural products of the valley of the Jordan, which

offered abundant promises of fruitful result, the preceding month having been spent upon the more barren field of inquiry between Beyrou and Jerusalem. The expedition proposes to pass the summer in the highlands of the Lebanon and surrounding district, and to return home in the autumn. The Government Grant Committee of the Royal Society have resolved to recommend a grant of £50 to Mr. Tristram, in the aid of the large expenses he had been put to in equipping and carrying out this expedition, which promises brilliant results in every department of science.

SCIENCE.

EMERY.—Commercially 2,500 tons of emery at this time supply the market of the world; 800 tons go to America. Of these 800, 400 go in a pulverized state from England. The remaining goes in the bulk or rock state.

THE SWIFTEST SHIP.—The Sultan of Turkey possesses the swiftest vessel afloat. It is a steam yacht, named the Taliah, and was built by Messrs. Samuda, of Blackwall. Her burden is over 1,100 tons. Space is sacrificed to machinery, the whole object of the vessel being speed. She ran forty-five miles in two hours and five minutes, with the tide part of the way against her. Her speed is that of an average railway train.

M. MOUSSEROU is the inventor of a new heating apparatus, which will make a complete reform in the building of chimney-flues and stacks. Instead of building a flue for each fireplace, as is usually done, he uses only one flue for all the fires, from the ground floor to the top floor of the house. But as the size of a flue should be of the exact dimensions required for the removal of the products of combustion, he has thought it advisable to render these products as small as possible, so as to obtain the result by means of a single flue, which usually requires several. To do this he places an apparatus of brass in each fireplace, which causes the carbon of the wood or the oil (that is to say, the smoke) to be burnt by means of the gases accruing from the combustion.

THE COAL STRATA AND INTERNAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.

MR. MCLEAN, the new President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in his address, says on this subject:

We may consider our coal-mines to be practically inexhaustible, and that we have not to fear any deficiency in consequence of the central heat of our globe, which, it is alleged, will ultimately, and within a defined and not distant period, reduce the production to a limited supply.

Much may be said in support of the theory of central heat, but I think undue importance has been given to it, as a difficulty in mining operations. A comparatively thin coating of clay or fire-bricks, surrounding a blast furnace filled with molten iron, affords such protection that the hand may be placed without inconvenience on the outer surface of the brickwork; and it is difficult to understand how any internal heat can penetrate through the crust of the earth—estimated to be thirty-four miles in thickness—so as to interfere with the temperature at the comparatively small depth from the surface at which mining operations are carried on.

I am of opinion that the heat, which undoubtedly exists in some mines, arises, not from central heat, but from superincumbent pressure and defective ventilation. The gases in the coal are highly compressed, and, when liberated by mining operations, are at a high temperature; but we know that with large shafts air may be conveyed to any depth that has yet been reached in mining operations, without in the slightest degree altering its temperature.

I therefore think that the time when we shall experience a want of coal, arising from exhaustion, or from difficulties occasioned by the depth of the mines, or an excess of temperature, need not at present in any way influence our conduct in the development and use of that important mineral.

HARD BOILING.—A striking evidence of the slowness with which knowledge is diffused is furnished by the frequent occurrence, in receipts for cooking, of directions to boil slowly or to boil rapidly for some specified length of time. It should at this day be known that anything will cook just as quickly in water boiling as slowly as possible, as it will in water boiling with the greatest fury. Water, under the pressure of the atmosphere and at the level of the sea, boils at 212 degs. Fah., and as long as it is open to the air, no fire, however fierce, will heat it a single degree above this temperature. If we close the vessel, however, with an air-tight cover, so as to increase the pressure upon the surface of the liquid, we may heat it to any degree whatever. But, as the pressure increases with the temperature, the strength of the

boiler must be increased in the same proportion. On the other hand, if the pressure of the air on the surface of the water is diminished by raising the vessel above the surface of the earth, the water will boil at a lower temperature than 212 degs. Fah. It takes longer to boil potatoes on the top of the mountain than at its base. In sugar refineries it is desirable to boil down the syrup at a low temperature in order to avoid burning the sugar. This is effected by putting the syrup into an air-tight boiler, and draining out a portion of the air from the space above the syrup by means of an air-pump worked by a steam-engine. Such a boiler is called a vacuum-pan, and is used in many other operations besides the refining of sugar.

NEW USES OF IODINE.—From the specification, recently issued, of a patent by Professor Hoffman, of London, a new colouring matter, which dyes silk and wool of a beautiful violet, or a red violet tint, has been produced by the application of the iodine extracted from sea-weed. It has long been thought if iodine could be used as a colouring substance, it would be of the most powerful known. The patented process consists of mixing in certain proportions the substance called rosaniline with the iodides of ethyl, methyl, or amyl.

A WORD ABOUT CHAIRS.—An eminent physician, speaking of our chairs, remarks that they are too high and too nearly horizontal. We slide forward, and our spines ache. The seats should be fifteen or sixteen inches high in front for men, and from eight to fourteen inches for children and women. The back part of the seat should be from one to three inches lower than the front part. This last is very important. The depth of the seat from front to back should be the same as the height. The chair-back is likewise unphilosophical. The part which meets the small of the back should project furthest forward. Instead of this, at that point there is generally a hollow; this is the cause of much pain and weakness in the small of the back. The present seats produce discomfort, round shoulders and other distortions.

TRIAL OF TWIN-SCREW STEAMERS.

Two very interesting trials of steam vessels, propelled on the twin-screw principle, took place on the Thames. The vessels and their engines were constructed by Messrs. J. and W. Dudgeon, iron ship-builders and engineers, of Cubitt-town Yard and London Street, City. A small vessel, the Experiment, built to order for the Admiralty for service at Ascension, made her official trial, in Long Reach, under the supervision of Mr. John Dinnen, Admiralty Inspector of Machinery Afloat, and the results were highly satisfactory. The Experiment is only fitted with engines of 20-horse power nominal, but in her two runs over the measured mile she realized 7·659 knots against the tide and 10·909 knots with the tide. Off Barking she took in tow a deep-laden schooner of 200 tons and towed her to the West India Docks against the tide at the rate of 5½ knots. The Experiment is the first vessel fitted with twin-screws in Her Majesty's navy. Her engines are horizontal direct-acting high-pressure and drive two three-bladed propellers, having a diameter of 3 ft. 8 in. and a pitch of 7 ft. 4 in.

The second vessel, named the Edith, is of a larger description than the Experiment. She has been built for commercial purposes, and is intended to cross the Atlantic. Her principal dimensions are:—Length, 175 ft.; breadth, 25 ft.; depth, 15½ ft.; draught of water, aft 9 ft. 6 in.; forward, 6 ft. 6 in. Her engine power is 200-horse nominal, and the cylinders have a diameter of 34 in. with a 21 in. stroke. The weight of the engines, with shafting, tubes, and propellers, is 64 tons, and that of the boilers 35 tons. The propellers, each driven by its own independent engine, have each three blades of the common form, with a diameter of 8 ft. 6 in., a pitch of 16 ft., and a length on line of keel of 2 ft. 4 in.

The Edith left Gravesend at noon for Long Reach, with a large party on board. On arriving in Long Reach, a run was taken over the measured mile each way, with and against the tide, the ship realizing under the latter circumstances a speed of 11·830 knots, and with the tide 15 knots, the mean of the two runs being 13·401 knots, which was considered highly satisfactory. Her engines averaged 100 revolutions under 28 lb. of steam-pressure, and with a vacuum of 25½ inches.

After several manoeuvres, carried out with great success, the ship's course was next laid at full speed, both screws going ahead up the river, the supposition being that the vessel was carrying out hostile measures in the presence of an enemy, and that it suddenly became necessary to altogether alter the vessel's course and retrace her path down the river. The time was taken from the order "Hard over" being given by the pilot, and in 1 min. 40 sec. the Edith was in a straight course in the required opposite direction. Continuing her course thus, the port engine was next stopped, and with the starboard continuing to go ahead the helm

was put over, and a full circle made in 4 min. 31 sec. the revolutions of the engines being 79.

This brought the day's experiments to a conclusion, and the Edith returned up the river for her destined outfitting berth in the West India Docks, passing the measured mile in Long Reach, with a small drain of flood tide in her favour, at the rate of 14·884 knots, and making the distance from Gravesend to Blackwall, 21 miles, in 59 minutes, one of the quickest runs on record.

It may be interesting to state here that the first twin-screw vessel built by Messrs. Dudgeon, the "Flora," was some time after her launch purchased by the Southern States of America, ran the blockade successfully nine times, is now the property of the Confederate Government, and is doing service as such on the Wilmington River.

ORDNANCE EXPERIMENTS AT WOOLWICH.—A couple of 800-pounder smooth-bore guns, with coiled tubes and solid ends, made in the royal gun factories at Woolwich, have been proved this week at the Plumstead butt. The first gun proved was fired two rounds, with a charge of 50 lb. of powder and a 60 lb. cylinder shot, and two subsequent rounds with 55 lb. of powder and a 300 lb. cylinder shot. It was then ascertained that the shot could not be driven home. The fifth charge, partially loaded, was extracted, and on examination a flaw was discovered in the inner tube near the breech. The second gun withstood the test well, and will be sighted and prepared for cupola service. An order has been received at Woolwich from the War Department for the whole of the Armstrong guns now in store to be fitted with new sights before any further issue takes place, which will cause some considerable delay.

DRAWN STEEL TUBES.—Mr. Almond, of Bermondsey, is reported to have patented a method of drawing steel tubes. We sincerely hope this invention will be perfected, pushed, and cheapened in every way possible, as "steel tubes" for house service water supply, in place of lead, will be in every way an advantage—in economy, in strength, in endurance, and perfect cleanliness in use. Lead is costly, weak, and injurious with many waters. All soft waters dissolve lead, and the solution is poisonous. Wrought-iron welded tubes, are used for water, and are cheaper, stronger, safer, and in every respect better than lead. But steel tubes, close in texture, smooth, and enduring, will form a perfect house-supply service. The use of lead should be abolished for water service for domestic purposes. Iron or steel cisterns and tanks may be made cheaper, lighter, and stronger. They are also more lasting.

THE PRESSURE PRODUCED BY GUNPOWDER.

PROFESSOR BARNARD has communicated an article on the pressure produced by burning gunpowder in a cannon, in which he shows that the several experimenters differ very widely in their results; some stating the pressure at 7,000 or 8,000 lbs. to the inch, and others at more than 200,000. Professor Barnard objects to all of the methods pursued by the different experimenters, and then remarks that we finally have an investigation which leaves nothing to desire—the investigation made by Messrs. Bunsen and Schischoff. These eminent chemists analysed all of the substances resulting from the combustion of gunpowder, and calculated the pressure which they would exert if confined in the space occupied by the powder before it was burned; taking into account the specific heat of the several substances. Professor Barnard remarks that the powder was burned under the pressure of the atmosphere only, and expresses the opinion that the result would not be materially varied by that circumstance.

The best chemists, on the other hand, assert that the burning of gunpowder under the pressure of the atmosphere only, affords no criterion whatever of the effects which would be produced by burning it behind a heavy shot in a cannon. By confining the powder, the heat would be far more intense, and this intense heat would cause an entirely different class of compounds to result from the combustion; thus destroying the foundation of the calculations.

Captain Rodman's plan of measuring the pressure of the gases resulting from the combustion of gunpowder in a cannon would seem, at first thought, to be unobjectionable. It consists in boring a hole through the wall of the gun, and screwing into this hole a hollow cylinder fitted with a solid piston, the outer end of the piston being of diamond form. When the gun is fired, the pressure of the gas drives the end of the piston into a sheet of pure copper to a depth varying with the pressure. The piston is afterwards forced into another piece of pure copper to the same depth by means of a press, the force of which may be measured, and the pressure of the gas is taken to be the same. It has been objected to Rodman's method that the inner end of the piston not being in contact with the powder, the gases would acquire a very high velocity in passing outward through the

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hole in the wall of the gun, and would strike the piston with a force far exceeding their pressure. It seems to us that there is force in this objection.

Captain Rodman found a pressure, in one instance, as high as 180,000 lbs. to the square inch, and it has been objected by Mr. Fisher that such pressure would scramble the cannon to dust—the power of cast-iron to resist a crushing strain seldom if ever exceeding 120,000 lbs. to the square inch. The reply to this is, that the pressure does probably crush the iron within the scope of its influence; but, as the pressure is only momentary, it is exerted only upon the surface—causing an enlargement of the bore. Captain Rodman says that the pressure ordinarily produced in a cannon would blow the gun to pieces if it were not instantly relieved.

NOVEL MODE OF PRODUCING OXYGEN GAS.—At a lecture delivered to the shampooers and attendants at the Hammam, Jermyn Street, by Dr. Leared, physician to the Hospital for Consumption, a novel mode of producing oxygen gas in a perfectly safe, cheap, and simple manner, was introduced for the first time in public by Mr. Robins, the analytical chemist. The method consists in treating chromate of potash and peroxide of barium with diluted sulphuric acid. The operation is performed in a common glass jar or retort, and at the ordinary temperature. To those who are acquainted with the plan hitherto adopted of heating manganese in iron bottles this discovery will need little recommendation, and it is difficult to predict to what discoveries and improvements in the economy of life and light it may lead. Meantime it is interesting that this discovery should have been first introduced to the public within the walls of an institution where the body is so largely benefited by natural processes of oxygenation. The lectures delivered by Dr. Leared at the Hammam are for the instruction of the persons employed there, and are designed to impart to them the rudimentary principles of those parts of science which relate to the laws of life and the construction of the human body.

A WEEK IN BED.

IMMERSED in continual occupation, as in this age of competition every man of business must necessarily be, and too much accustomed to tread daily the same circular round of thought, such change of ideas as is produced by a day's leisure cannot but be beneficial.

Half the world, says the proverb, does not know how the other half lives, and, alas! seems but little to care. Men's ideas get cramped for want of elbow-room, and stifled for want of breathing-space.

Lying on your back helpless, and reading of bold, venturesome deeds, you take pleasure to think that you too have erewhile had life depending on quickness of eye, or readiness of hand, or knowledge, or practice, or presence of mind—that you can claim kindred, from some previous experience or another, with the brave; at all events, that you are possessed of coolness, energy, and courage on occasion.

"The pride of a young man is his strength." You begin to think that you have never been thankful enough for the strength and activity you possessed, till now that you are deprived of both by your late misfortune. How pleasant it seems to be able to run, leap, skate, or swim! Nay, to walk erect down the streets, to go unassisted over the crossings, even to hail an omnibus, and climb deftly to the roof.

You begin to remember, with something of the desire that arises from separation, and something of the attachment that springs from the misgivings of loss, many blessings and enjoyments of every-day life: you are ashamed you have hitherto prized them so little. You wonder you could ever be cross when your wife kept you waiting, and could speak harsh words when your dinner was late or your boots badly blacked. To walk sound to-day you would cheerfully wear a pair that had not been cleaned for a week.

Things seem very trifling now that were sufficiently provoking to you in full health, and the somewhat irritating condition of high strength constantly employed. You remember that there is a keen pleasure in the very fact of able-bodied existence, and from your heart you pity the poor fellow who sweeps the crossing near your office so cheerfully on one leg, and you wonder how you could yourself bear to be crippled for the rest of your days. Would your eye be as bright as his, your voice as cheery, your thanks for small mercies as sincere? Compensation, you believe, is the fundamental principle that keeps humanity in equipoise, and you suppose that he, too, has hopes and happiness of some kind. They can hardly, however, be on this side of helpless old age—the hospitality of the workhouse, a friendless death-bed, and a pauper's grave.

Dear, dear! if women would only be as good to us when we are well as they are in our sick-rooms, if they could but share our high spirits as genially as they can and comfort our low, what a world it would

be for Jack and for Jill too! Before she belonged to him, he cannot but remember how Jill's eyes used to brighten when he came in. How she shared his triumphs, and listened so eagerly with those red lips parted wide to his details, often sufficiently voluminous, of his own "escapes, and exploits," and peculiarities—of his wit, wisdom, and general success in everything he undertook.

Because poor Jack may have got a thought prosy with increasing years and rotundity, shall Jill therefore become a damper? Though it be but a farthing rushlight with which he illuminates, shall hers be the blanket to put it out? Why should they spill a drop of that pail of water they went together so far up the pleasant hill to fetch? Notwithstanding the French wit's saying, a man does like to be a hero to his *voilet de chambre*, and very often is; much more would he wish to assume the heroic part in the eyes of his wife.

THE ECONOMY OF CAPITAL.

OF all the inventions of which necessity is the stern mother, the inventions of economy are the most prominent at the present day. Many new forces have recently been discovered and placed under the control of man, but it is the utilization of hitherto useless things which still more peculiarly characterises our times.

What our forefathers neglected or despised, we have learnt to appreciate; what they threw away we carefully gather up. Nothing is too small or too mean to be disregarded by our scientific economy.

The seeming rubbish and fag-ends of creation, which our ancestors would gladly have thrown over the garden-wall of the world into the limbo of chaos or of space, are now converted to profitable purposes, conducive to the greater comfort and prosperity of life. "Waste nothing" is the key-note of our material industry.

In the farm and in the manufactory, and not least among the vast hives of population in our great cities, the word "refuse," in its old sense, is well nigh exploded. We now see that everything is of use, if we take it to the right place, or put it to its right purpose.

Just as the farmer turns even the weeds to account, as a manure for the fields which they encumbered, so is it in all the other branches of industry. The making of many small gains is now considered a safer and more profitable mode of business than aiming at a few large ones.

It is the utilization of neglected resources, the accumulation and concentrated appliance of a thousand forces or savings, each trifling of itself, which is the basis of our extending power. We are economizing our money, like everything else; and this economy of capital, almost as much as the new gold-mines, is the agency which is now giving to commerce its enormous expansion.

The first gold-seekers in California, we are told, did their work so rudely and imperfectly, that their successors, when they came into the field with new and better appliances, found it a profitable business to occupy the old diggings, and extracted from the despised heaps of refuse about as much of the precious metal as had been obtained by the first workers. The first comers thought only of nuggets and large prizes; the later ones sought their chief gain in concentrating and extracting the invisible grains of precious ore from over a wide and apparently unpromising field.

LONDON MORTALITY.—A table has been compiled and laid before Parliament showing the mortality in the several districts of England in the ten years 1851-61. For all England and Wales the average annual mortality during that time was 2,217 per 100,000 living, or, as it is more commonly expressed, 22-17 per 1,000. In the Farnborough district in the south, and in Bellingham and Rothbury in the north (Northumberland), the annual mortality averaged less than 15 in the 1,000. The metropolitan returns give the following results, beginning with the city proper, then taking the surrounding districts, and lastly the more suburban parts. The returns are now corrected by distributing proportionally the deaths in hospitals, and corrected also for deaths in workhouses situated out of the districts to which they belong. In London City (within the walls) the average annual mortality in the ten years was at the rate of 2,222 to every 100,000 persons living; in East London (which, like the next district, is part of the City without the walls), 2,762; West London, 2,495; St. Luke's, Old Street, 2,736; Holborn, 2,641; Strand, 2,456; St. Giles's, 2,846; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, 2,345; Westminster, 2,581; St. James's, Westminster, 2,290; St. George's, Hanover Square, 1,891; Marylebone, 2,404; St. Pancras, 2,292; Islington, 2,095; Clerkenwell, 2,309; Shoreditch, 2,421; Bethnal Green, 2,352; Whitechapel, 2,841; St. George's-in-the-East, 2,879; Stepney, Limehouse and Mile End, 2,553; St. Saviour's and St. Olave's Southwark, 2,803; Bermondsey,

2,638; Rotherhithe, 2,527; St. George's, Southwark, 2,744; Newington, Surrey, 2,426; Lambeth (including Kennington, Brixton, &c.), 2,353. In the suburbs the mortality in Kensington (with Paddington, Hammersmith, and Fulham) was 1,985; Chelsea, 2,615; Hampstead, 1,760; Hackney, Stamford Hill, and Stoke Newington, 1,880; Poplar, Bow, and Bromley, 2,359; Greenwich, Deptford, and Woolwich, 2,449; Lewisham, Plumstead, &c., 1,787; Camberwell and Peckham, 2,319; Wandsworth, Battersea, Streatham, and Clapham, 2,194. For the metropolis generally, suburbs and all, the ratio was 2,363.

THE EXPORT OF HORSES.—There has been so great a panic about our parting with our best horses that we must not wish for a large increase in that item, nor is there one. We exported 5,235 horses last year, that is about one-thirtieth the number of strong and healthy human beings we sent out in the same period. It was 1,000 more than the year before, which showed a rather greater increase in 1861. As the horses we exported last year were of little more than the average value of £51, and as it is confidently stated that many were very valuable, it follows that the majority were not, and that England has no great reason to lament that they have passed into the hands of foreigners.

INTERESTING PHENOMENON.—The other evening an interesting and curious phenomenon was witnessed by a number of people in Inverness. The moon made her appearance in the midst of a brilliant halo, bearing on her disc a dark shadow, in form somewhat like a cross, and accompanied by two exact reflections of herself, one on each side, the three being in a line. Three "moon moons" were also seen at Elgin and other places in the North the same night. If the people of the North have any remnants of respectable superstition, they ought to feel that these signs are not canny.

ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE.

It has been remarked that while engineers are always striving to produce new forms, architects are always seeking to reproduce the old ones. The engineer feels that he lives in an age of progress. He builds the future on the entire past, and hopes and expects to go beyond. He may fail twenty times, but at the twenty-first he will effect a degree of progress that will form the basis of all future engineering. Compare the ancient ships, the largest of which might hold two or three hundred persons, with the Great Eastern, capable of carrying ten thousand easily across the Atlantic. This has been our progress in naval engineering. In bridges, the present age has produced the Menai Bridge, the tubular bridge across the St. Lawrence, and the hardly less wonderful suspension railway bridge across the Niagara river, just below the Falls.

In tunnels and canals the progress made is wonderful. It is only about a hundred years since Brindley proposed to cut the Hardcastle tunnel, 2,880 yards long, and was laughed at. Now the great tunnel under Mount Cenis, more than thirteen thousand yards long, will probably be cut through in another year or two, and nearly a mile below the surface, the whole mountain being seemingly a mass of solid rock. There is little doubt but that canals will, for most purposes, be considered such "slow coaches" that they will with difficulty hold their own against railroads, and yet the French are now constructing one canal in Egypt that will throw all other modern works of the kind into the shade, and unite the waters of the Mediterranean with those of the Red Sea. Railroads now unite the capitals of all Europe; and they are rapidly being pushed to all the chief cities even of Asia. This is not rapid enough, however, for modern ideas of the travel of information, and we are engineering telegraph lines over mountains and under the ocean, until it seems no improbable conjecture that, in a few years, we may have in the daily papers the news from America, China, and Australia of the day before.

The secret of all this rapid progress is that men have faith in it, and expect it. They do not consider themselves tied up by precedent, and obliged to do nothing which has not been attempted before. But, on the contrary, they feel assured that they are but at the threshold of their art. Architects, on the other hand, are afraid to deviate from the ancient models of form, and therefore it is that they make so little progress.

In one sense it is true that lines of beauty and harmonious figures and proportions have been so long discussed that little can be added to our stock of knowledge on these points. But, on the other hand, every original design in engineering requires an appropriate architectural expression and embodiment in a significant and graceful outward form; and the cultivation of the aesthetics of architecture, so as to throw around the works of all modern engineering and progress a proper and expressive form, will really allow

of that unlimited progress by which architecture shall be built upon the whole wisdom and history of the past, and grow naturally out of it without being fettered by it.

It is not architecture and engineering alone to which these remarks apply. Progress is to be the fundamental faith of man in everything—a progress that carefully embodies all the wisdom of the past, but is not fettered by it so as to obstruct the faith in real progress. In social science, in politics, in religion, it is equally true that the past is to be the basis of an ever-progressing future, in the faith of which we must live and act.

FACETIE.

A YANKEE wishing to be understood by his Russian neighbour at table, remarked: "Mr. Thingumbobski, I will thank you for the peppercorn."

WHAT is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable lady? One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

"You want a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it."

WHAT is the difference between a legal document and a cat? One has pauses at the end of its clauses, and the other has claws at the end of its paws—*cat*.

"THERE goes a man," said a friend to another, "who is worth his hundred thousand pounds." "Yes, quite likely," said the other, "and that's all he is worth."

DISCRIMINATING.—An editor exhibited, the other day, an astonishing instance of absent-mindedness, by copying from an exchange paper one of his own articles, and heading it, "Wretched attempt at wit."

NEW HABITS FOR THE POLICE.—Frock coats are to be supplied to the police, instead of tail coats, which are no longer admired by the female domestics of the metropolis.

BRINGING HIM INTO NOTICE.—"Cuffy, why don't you kick that dog?" "What am I to do with ob kikkins every car what snarls at you? Don't you know that am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"

A GOOD INTENTION.—The following is a copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sir, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

TURNING A SOMERSET.—"My name is Sommerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry; and how could I prevail on any young lady, possessed of the slightest notions of delicacy, to turn a Somerset?"

GRAMMATICAL.—"My dearest Maria," wrote a recently married husband to his wife. She wrote back, "Dearest, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"

PERTINENT.—A poor Irishman who applied for a license to sell spirits in one of the provincial towns of England, being questioned by the board of excise as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied: "Och, an it's there ye are? Shure an it's not much of a character a man needs to sell whiskey."

SURROUNDED BY ONE.—A poet lecturer was congratulated the other day, on the pleasures of popularity. "Don't you find it pleasant," said a pretty woman, "to be surrounded by a crowd of ladies, in the way you were last night, after the lecture?" "Yes," said —, smiling his acknowledgment of the compliment; "but it would be vastly pleasanter to be surrounded by *one*!"

LOST HIS BALANCE.—"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavouring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman. "He can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," said the other, with an expression of much surprise. "How can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

THE RESULT OF "CRAMMING."—"How is Europe bounded?" said a teacher, who believed in early cramming, to one of his little pupils. "I, thow, be, she, it," was the reply. "For shame, Johnny! Try again." "Oh, please, sir, I remember now. That is the answer to one of my grammar questions, and I thought I was to be heard in my grammar first."

UNROMANTIC.—Stern Parent: "You're engaged to be married. Well, I never thought you such a fool! Time enough when you are 45 or 50 to throw yourself away. Don't want to wait until you are rich? Emily is disinterested, and loves you? Bah! Idiots always talk romantic twaddle. I married when I became genty for a nurse and housekeeper."

AN ART CRITIC.—"You see the foreshortening of the background requires a little more working-up. And then the tone of the picture has too much of the

Turner school about it. The fact is, my dear fellow, you must study the Van Dyke school a little more—with a dash of the pre-Raphael style. Pity you could not have remained abroad a few years longer."

LITERALLY TRUE.—An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are M T G; that the two which contain nothing are N R; that four express great competence, O B C T; that two are in a decline, D K; that four indicate exalted station, X L N O; and that three excite our tears, yet, when pronounced together, are necessary to a good understanding, L E G.

A CLASSIFICATION.—There are four classes of men in the world: first, those whom every one would wish to talk to, and whom every one does talk to; these are that small minority that constitute the great. Secondly, those whom no one wishes to talk to, and whom no one does talk to; these are the vast majority that constitute the little. The third class is made up of those whom everybody talks to, and nobody talks to; these constitute the knaves. And the fourth is composed of those whom everybody talks to, but whom nobody talks to: and these constitute the fools.

THE SENATOR'S SON AND THE EMPEROR.—A story is going about Paris that is creditable to the Emperor. It is said that, riding one day in the streets, he nearly rode over a little boy, and pulling up suddenly, and ascertaining that he was not hurt, asked him good-naturedly if he would like to see the Emperor. "No," replied the child, "for my father says he is a scoundrel" (*gremlin*). "Indeed," said the Emperor, "I am sorry to hear that, but I think your father cannot be much of a judge." "Oh, yes!" said the boy, "he is a senator;" upon which one of the Emperor's train asked his name, but was peremptorily interrupted by his master, who declined to hear it, and rode off.

THE REAL "BUNKUM MULLER."—Earl Russell, Baron Meddle and Muddle.—*Fun*.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.—Our "American Cousins" usually finish up their conversations about England—as, indeed, they do those on most other subjects—with "Let's liquor!"—*Lick her!*—*Fun*.

TO RE READ TWICE.—The young prince is reported not to have all his toes on one foot. (This must be read a second time to be understood).—*Fun*.

MEDICAL.—There is now a great stir about the propriety of having female doctors. For our own parts, we fancy that ladies would make very indifferent surgeons, although some of them might be very fair apothecaries.—*Fun*.

THE GREAT EASTERN AGAIN.—The Great Eastern is sold at last. She was knocked down to a new company at Liverpool the other day, but is also claimed by a Mr. Rae, who says he was ready with the requisite deposit-money, but that the bank had closed when he went to pay it in. He intimates his intention of taking legal steps in support of his claim. We should certainly not describe him as a Rae of intelligence if he did.—*Fun*.

A GOOD IDEA.—The following paragraph is going the rounds of the papers:—"A party of engineers will arrive at Inverness in the early part of May next, their object being a survey of the north of Scotland." Young Jones, who has just passed a Civil Service examination with great credit, says that they are going to find the latitude and longitude of the Inverness cape that we have heard so much of these last few years.—*Fun*.

DISINTERESTED OPPOSITION.—The House of Commons going into Committee of Supply on the Naval Estimates, Mr. Bernal Osborne moved that their consideration should be postponed till that day three weeks. The Collective Wisdom rejected this proposal, probably considering so precipitate an attempt to embarrass the Government on the part of the ex-Secretary of the Admiralty, a proceeding somewhat out of place.—*Punch*.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

On poor dear Shakespeare the designs are as plentiful as pickpockets. Here is one suggested by a writer in that influential print the *West London Observer*:

"As regards the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial, let it by all means, be a startling object to look upon. Supposing them—in these sensation-loving times, when any novel design is sure to attract the support of a public that never weary of new patterns, from Great Easterns to self-threading needles—supposing, then, we say, the suggestion be made to enliven the scenery of the birth-place of the sweet Swan of Avon, 'England's highest pride,' by erecting there a porcelain tower, say of at least one hundred feet high, built with a solid core of brickwork; the exterior could be decorated illimitably with designs in porcelain from the tragedies and plays and poems of the bard, and with enriched galleries from base to top, and stairs giving access thereto—it would, I imagine, be the *se plus ultra* of enriched design."

Horace called his works a monument more durable

than brass, and we really think that Shakespeare's are more durable than crockery. A porcelain tower doubtless might be made a pretty thing to look at—while it lasted: but we fear that little boys would soon be tempted to throw stones at it, and we know that the best of crockery in such cases will crack.—*Punch*.

THE AMERICAN RACE.—Mr. Welles, the Federal secretary of the Navy, has challenged the whole commercial marine of New York to a trial of speed with the new gun-vessel, the *Entaw*. A Mr. Olyphant, merchant of that city, has accepted the challenge, the vessels being the stakes to be won. One would not think to read this braggadocio that the country was hopelessly involved in war. Mr. Welles might surely find better employment for his boasted ship than racing for the amusement of the New Yorkers. Suppose he sent her after some of the Confederate cruisers!—*Fun*.

PULLING UP AND PULLING DOWN.—The treaty for the cession of the Ionian Isles is not yet signed, but lies at Athens awaiting confirmation. At the same time we are very busy demolishing our fortifications. There is something in this mode of procedure which smacks strongly of the presiding genius at the Foreign Office. Suppose, after all, the Greeks decline to take these troublesome islanders? We shall then be in a "muddle" that will make us regret that we allowed any one to "meddle" with the forts. We had better stop raising them while there is any possibility of doubts being raised about our parting with the islands.—*Fun*.

A NOBLE NOBLED.—The Duke of Marlborough is true to his race. He is making himself notorious for the same lavish generosity that has ever distinguished his ancestors. The other day he turned out a tenant for not supplying (under the terms of a lease, which specified "a team") a waggon as well as horses to do some of the drudgery. Of course, noblemen cannot be expected to know English, and so no wonder that his grace was taught—and the lesson was a dear one—that a team means only the animals and not the vehicle, and that, therefore, when he makes another lease of this sort he had better put the cart before the horses.—*Fun*.

STATISTICS.

THE HOR DUTY.—A return laid before Parliament, at the instance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, shows that in the ten years preceding the repeal of the duty, the tax on British hops averaged £272,672, and on foreign £21,862, together £294,534, calculating it at three halfpence per pound; and that the net amount realized from the increased rate of brewers' licences in the year ending with March, 1863, was £274,604.

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS, &c.—The quantity of home-made spirits retained for consumption in the United Kingdom as beverage only, in the year 1863, amounted to 19,118,092 gallons; in 1862 the quantity was 18,396,187 gallons. The quantity of brandy imported and entered for home consumption in 1863 was 1,916,434 proof-gallons, in 1862, 1,700,156. Of rum the quantity was 3,419,756 proof-gallons; in 1862, 3,329,356. Of foreign and colonial wine in 1863, 3,329,356 gallons; in 1862, 3,303,029. Of malt 44,638,893 bushels were charged with excise duty as retained for home consumption in the year 1863; 39,823,172 bushels in 1862. Every item was larger in 1863 than in the previous year.

BUTTER.—The quantity of butter of British and Irish production exported annually from the United Kingdom appears considerable. Thus last year the total amount of British and Irish butter sent abroad was 102,406 cwt., against 80,694 cwt. in 1862, 96,969 cwt. in 1861, 126,352 cwt. in 1860, 139,768 cwt. in 1859, 112,296 cwt. in 1858, 110,974 cwt. in 1857, 139,548 cwt. in 1856, 120,698 cwt. in 1855, 92,268 cwt. in 1854, 93,724 cwt. in 1853, 96,089 cwt. in 1852, 67,028 cwt. in 1851, 60,639 cwt. in 1850, 64,831 cwt. in 1849, and 45,643 cwt. in 1848. The export thus seems to have expanded up to 1856, and to have since that year retrograded. As regards the value of the British and Irish butter sent abroad, it amounted to 186,991l. in 1848, 217,844l. in 1849, 210,926l. in 1850, 235,803l. in 1851, 355,806l. in 1852, 401,242l. in 1853, 424,192l. in 1854, 570,506l. in 1855, 698,777l. in 1856, 562,124l. in 1857, 541,032l. in 1858, 713,993l. in 1859, 637,925l. in 1860, 466,679l. in 1861, 374,174l. in 1862, and 471,299l. in 1863. The balance of the national butter account is, however, immensely on the import side, 294,427 cwt. having been imported in 1850, 253,718 cwt. in 1851, 285,497 cwt. in 1852, 403,299 cwt. in 1853, 492,514 cwt. in 1854, 447,266 cwt. in 1855, 513,392 cwt. in 1856, 441,606 cwt. in 1857, 387,565 cwt. in 1858, 425,668 cwt. in 1859, 840,112 cwt. in 1860, 392,773 cwt. in 1861, 1,087,371 cwt. in 1862, and 986,798 cwt. in 1863. The imports have made pro-

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digious steides, it will be observed, during the last 14 years. The value of the importations since 1854 may be stated as follows:—1854, 2,171,194l.; 1855, 2,049,522l.; 1856, 2,635,182l.; 1857, 2,061,280l.; 1858, 1,842,158l.; 1859, 2,080,143l.; 1860, 4,078,017l.; 1861, 4,502,394l.; 1862, 4,123,100l.; 1863 (11 months only), 3,541,222l. Some readers will doubtless be edified with these details as they peruse them at the breakfast-table, while absorbing bread and butter.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

HOW TO EXTRACT THE BITTER FROM YEAST.—Place the yeast in a large jug—say a pint of yeast in a quart jug—fill the jug with cold spring water; stir up the yeast, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Then pour off the water, re-fill with fresh water, stir up, and let it stand another twenty-four hours. Then pour off the water, and the yeast will be freed from the bitter.

THE CAMPHOR STORM GLASS.

DEALERS in philosophical and optical instruments sell simple storm-glasses which are used for the purpose of indicating approaching storms.

One of these consists of a glass tube, about ten inches long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, filled with a liquid containing camphor, and having its mouth covered with a piece of bladder perforated with a needle. A tall phial will answer the purpose nearly as well as the ten-inch tube.

The composition placed within the tube consists of two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of saltpetre and half a drachm of the muriate of ammonia, pulverized and mixed with about two ounces of proof spirits. The tube is usually suspended by a thread near a window, and the functions of its contents are as follows:

If the atmosphere is dry and the weather promises to be settled, the solid parts of the camphor in the liquid contained in the tube will remain at the bottom, and the liquid above will be quite clear; but on the approach of a change to rain, the solid matter will gradually rise, and small crystalline stars will float about in the liquid.

On the approach of high winds, the solid parts of the camphor will rise in the form of leaves and appear near the surface in a state resembling fermentation. These indications are sometimes manifested twenty-four hours before a storm breaks out!

After some experience in observing the motions of the camphor matter in the tube, the magnitude of a coming storm may be estimated; also its direction, inasmuch as the particles lie closer together on that side of the tube that is opposite to that from which the coming storm will approach.

The cause of some of these indications is as yet unknown; but the leading principle is the solubility of camphor in alcohol, and its insolubility in water, combined with the fact that the drier the atmosphere the more aqueous vapour does it take up, and vice versa.

MAJOR SWINDLEY, of the Inaickilling Dragoons—who was one of the most important witnesses against Colonel Crawley at the late court-martial—is gazetted out of the regiment. He goes on half-pay.

THE ROYAL BAPTISMAL CEREMONY.—The ceremony observed at the christening of the Princess Royal has been selected as the precedent to be followed on the occasion of the christening of the Infant Prince. It will be performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by four Bishops, the Queen and the King of the Belgians being sponsors. After the christening a *State dejeuner* will be given at Buckingham Palace.

THE CONTENTS OF A PRINCE'S PURSE.—The Duc d'Angoulême was out hunting, between Chadbury and Evesham, and lost his purse, containing £9 in gold, 20s. in silver, and a few shillings' worth of postage stamps. William Stait, groom to Mr. C. Randell, of Chadbury, was going to Evesham on horseback the same morning, and found the purse and its contents, which he delivered to the duke, who rewarded him with a sovereign for his honesty.

GAME IN PARIS.—The following is a list of the game sold by one establishment in the grand market of Paris between the 1st of September and the 10th of February, the last day it was permitted by law to sell game:—1,800 deer, 50 wild boars, 5,000 pheasants, 35,000 partridges, 18,000 quails, 100,000 larks and other small birds, 10,000 woodcocks and snipes, 700 blackcock, 4,000 hares and rabbits—altogether 174,550 head of game, with, in addition, 145,000 chickens, capons, turkeys, and 35,000 ducks.

SURVIVORS OF THE CAPE ST. VINCENT ENGAGEMENT.—The battle of Cape St. Vincent, where Nelson so greatly distinguished himself, was fought on the 14th of February, 1797, sixty-seven years ago, and only four officers are now surviving who were present

in that action. There are several officers living who were present at Lord Howe's victory on the 1st of June, 1794, some of them hale and hearty, and able to attend their club at the anniversary day of that great battle.

CRIME IN NEW YORK.—Crime is said to be increasing in New York very rapidly. A man is hardly safe to walk the streets at night. Within a year hundreds of murders have been committed, and out of these, forty murderers have never been discovered.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The Queen and the Princess of Wales have been pleased to grant their especial patronage to a bazaar, to be held in June next, in aid of the building fund of the Female School of Art.

AN IMPERIAL PRIZE.—The Empress of the French has sent a richly-gilt French clock to form one of the prizes at the Fancy Fair Drawing of Prizes in Edinburgh, in behalf of the Orphanage in Lanark for the relief of children left destitute. The clock is being exhibited by Mr. O'Donnell, Bank Buildings, Edinburgh.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

AN aged warrior with his looks of whiteness,
With sword-edge battered and with shield defaced,
With banner sullied from its pristine brightness,
With gay plume tattered and with helm unlaced,
Stands looking heavenward, as his end draws near,
Resting his worn frame on his broken spear.

Not one is left of all the hosts that dashing
Charged gallantly forward in their proud array,
With clang of trumpet and with armour clashing
'Neath the soft sunlight of fresh, flowery May;
Not one that in the spring tide spurred his courser
bold,

Not one that breasted autumn's sea of gold
All, all are gone, and the stern warrior bended,
Looks not to earth again for weal or woe—
Gone are the thousands that he once befriended,
Lost his true allies of the long ago;
Alone he stands 'mid hosts of the departed,
Sad, desolate, deserted, broken-hearted.

Waiting with eye fixed on the star that slowly
Mounts to its zenith, burning bright o'er earth,
Hymning his doom in solemn strains and lowly,
Though bright its glow as e'en upon his birth;
The doom of all, earthborn, that toil and delve,
When death's cold fingers wake the chime of "twelve."

THE NEW.

Lo, armed at birth, Minerva-like, there springeth
A warrior young and eager for the fray;
With voice that clear as silver clarion ringeth,
With rolling drum and clanging trumpet's bray,
He fearless wanders with the unknown to cope,
An anchor on his shield—upon his banner "Hope."

High aims and holy in his brain are beating—
Leaps his proud heart for action and for strife—
For the stern fray from which there's no retreating—
For the fierce conflict ended but with life;
When he shall lead the champions of the right,
Crush the foul wrong and tame the monster Might.

Ah, child of centuries! Time's youngest son and fairest,
Shall all a nation's prayers for thee be vain?
Shall priceless blood pollute the plume thou wearst—
Thy path be marked by corpses of the slain?
Thy march of triumph be but wails and groans?
Thy monuments but graves and bleaching bones?

Fair champion of earth, sublime in youth,
Be thine the holy task the strife to end.
Blunt thou the sword with love—the spear with
truth—
Brothers should war not—twin children ne'er contend;

Restore the blotted stars—bid bloodshed cease,
And hide each grave 'neath snowy flowers of peace.
W. H. B.

GEMS.

THE heart is a small thing, not sufficient for a
kite's dinner; yet the whole world is not sufficient
for it.

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness
ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger
links than common joys.

WE all need resistance to our errors on every side.
Woe unto us when all men speak well of us; woe unto
us when all men shall give way to us.

PERSONS WITHOUT GENIUS MOST INDULGENT TO THE
INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.—It is a strange thing, that
those who are most calculated to bear with genius, to
be indulgent to its eccentricities and its infirmities, to
foresee and forestall its wishes, to honour it with the

charity and the reverence of love, are usually without
genius themselves, and of an intellect comparatively
mediocre and humble. It is the touching anecdote of
the wife of a man of a genius, that she exclaimed on
her death-bed, "Ah! my poor friend, when I am no
more, who will understand thee?" Yet this woman,
who felt she did comprehend the nature with which
her life had been linked, was of no correspondent
genius.—*Buher's Student: Essay on Want of Sym-*
pathy.

As riches and favour forsake a man, we discover
him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his
prosperity.

TRUE glory strikes root, and even extends itself;
all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can any-
thing feigned be lasting.

THE reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigan-
tic when it precedes him and pigmy in its proportions
when it follows.

WEAR your learning, like your watch, in a private
pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have
one; but if asked what o'clock it is tell it.

It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes,"
said some one to an ancient philosopher, who replied,
"It's a greater blessing still not to desire what one
does not possess."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANOTHER CENTENARIAN.—The South Australian
papers record the death of Mrs. Williams, 100 years
old. She was a native of Fishguard, in Wales. She
emigrated from England at 85 years of age.

VACANCIES AMONG THE CARDINALS.—Nine Car-
dinals' hats are at present disposable. Plus IX. has,
during his reign, created forty-five cardinals and seen
sixty-five disappear.

AN EXTREME AGE.—A woman, named Madeleine
Onofri, has just died in an asylum at Rome, aged over
121, having been born in November, 1742. She re-
tained her intellectual faculties to the last.

THE DANISH FUND.—The Prince and Princess of
Wales have forwarded £100 for the benefit of the
wounded Danes, and for the widows and orphans of
those who have fallen.

WILLIAM ROUFFELL.—The great forger, William
Rouffell, is at the present time an inmate of the con-
vict prison at Portsea. He works in the yard, and is
also engaged in levelling the fortifications surrounding
the town.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—Sunday being the
Third Sunday in Lent and also the 28th day of
February, the chapter appointed for the second lesson
in the morning contained the Gospel for the day.
Such a coincidence has not occurred on the Third
Sunday in Lent for more than thirty years, though it
will take place again in 1869 and in 1875. It can
only revert when Easter falls on March 28, or in leap-
year March 27.

PRACTICAL BEE-KEEPING.

WITH no desire to depreciate the claims of real im-
provement, I lean to the opinion that a large portion
of the knowledge promulgated by modern theorists on
the subject of bee-hives and bee-management is com-
paratively useless, unless to the few who have long
pursued and time at command to devote to the superin-
tendence of any but the simplest kind of hives.

During some years' experience I tried many of the
modern devices; but, apart from all considerations of
mere amusement, I returned to the conviction that
nothing would supersede for popular use the economi-
cal straw hives of our forefathers, properly made
as to form and size, under protection from weather,
&c. Every experimental apiarian has his particular
crotchets; but setting aside mere fancy, I agree in
opinion with such instructors of the masses as Payne
and Goding, who, judging from their writings, pre-
ferred straw to any other material.

Of course I leave to the theorists all the merely
artificial uses to which complicated hives are put; but
these do not concern more than one out of some
hundreds who have no interest beyond mere utility,
with neither time nor inclination to devote to trouble-
some operations, too often counteracting the natural
impulses of these interesting mechanics, if not foster-
ing the diseases which have led to much recent
acrimonious controversy. So far as I can perceive
this has ended as it began; for, in the din of words,
no one has as yet defined what the particular disorder,
loosely called "foul brood," if it be not dead putrid
larvæ, really is.

But I have no desire to engross more of your
valuable space beyond adding, that I am aware I am
exposing myself to a harmless shot or two, as one
progressing backwards, but that sort of thing is of
little moment to—A UTILITARIAN.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. T. A.—As you have had your experience, be warned. We always dread the sight of the person we love when we have been coquetting with others.

STELLA.—Certainly love may exist without jealousy, although it is not commonly found to do so. Jealousy, however, may exist without love, and this is common enough.

"THE DISAPPOINTED LOVE" is declined with thanks.

G. G.—Back numbers of the 7 Days Journal can be obtained by application to the publisher of THE LONDON READER.

LEZZIE OF GLASTON.—The name of the Prince of Wales's son is to be, we believe, Albert Victor; his title will be probably Duke of Cornwall, though it might, with perhaps as much propriety, be Earl of Dublin.

A WIDOW.—Write to the secretary of the Grand Lodge, Freemasons' Tavern, Long Acre, who will doubtless bring your case before the Board of Benevolence.

P. P.—Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.

HARRY EDWARDS.—The lines—

"The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground,"

occur in a poem entitled "The Three Warnings," written by Mrs. Plozier; you will find it in any good selection of English poetry.

CONJANT READER.—The I O U is quite valid as it stands.

J. H. HILLARY.—The name, in its English shape, is derived doubtless from St. Hilarius. Your handwriting only requires practice.

HARRIET W. would like to correspond with a tall, dark gentleman, who must be very steady and respectable, and fond of home. She is twenty-six, tall, has dark brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion; has no fortune, but is thoroughly domesticated, and would make a very loving and industrious wife.

FLORA.—We cannot, of course, judge of the *bona fides* of our correspondents. We assume them, however, to be "all honourable men," and maidens.

G. R. S.—The poem has some merit; but is rather ungenial in its tone, and decidedly illogical in its argument, for the first stanza warmly expresses a sentiment, which all the subsequent verses tend to contradict. You may "try again," and will probably succeed better. We never reply to correspondents otherwise than through our own columns.

WYNDLE MOLLY wishes to correspond with a young lady. He is twenty, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, of dark complexion, has dark eyes and brown hair; is good-tempered, has fair prospects for the future, and is not considered bad-looking.

SUTTON OSBORNE.—There are no such persons as "prebends." A prebend is that in right of which a man is a prebendary. Therefore, to call a prebendary a "prebend" is like calling a colonel a regiment, or a captain a company.

P. JAMESON.—"What is jute, so often referred to in mercantile accounts?" Jute consists of the fibres of two plants (the chonch and leband), extensively cultivated in Bengal, and forms the materials of which gunny bags and cloth are made. It comes into competition with flax, tow, and cordilla in the manufacture of stair and other carpets, and such like fabrics, for which it is largely used in your town, Dundee.

AMIE DREBIN.—Tyronne Power made his last appearance on the stage at Dublin, on the 11th March, 1841, and embarked the same night for America in the President. That steamer was totally lost, it is supposed, about the 14th. Nothing, we believe, has ever transpired to elucidate the mystery of her disappearance.

FORTUNATE YOUTH.—We cannot pretend to explain why "tomfoolery," as you phrase it, is so attractive on the metropolitan stage. We only know that the world is full of fools; and if you do not wish to see one, we fear your only course is to shut yourself up within doors, and perhaps even break your own looking-glass.

D. S. S.—No; the use of the cross as a substitute for a name was not always a sign of inability to write. Formerly the method of executing deeds was for those who could write, to subscribe their names, and whether they could write or not, to affix also the sign of the cross. In the case of uneducated persons who could not write, their mark alone was held to be sufficient, and it is still so considered.

PETRE.—We give you all the information we at present possess.—St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, was a Scotchman named Succath; being of noble birth, he was surnamed Patricius, which afterwards became Patrick. St. David, the patron saint of Wales, was the son of a Cymric prince, and uncle of King Arthur. St. Gall, the apostle of the Swiss, was Colmban, an Irish priest. St. Augustine, the apostle of the Saxons, was an Italian. Boniface, the apostle of the Germans, was a Devonshire man named Winifred. Constantine the Great, who first made Christianity a state religion, was born in Britain. Pelagius, the great heresiarch of the early church, and who is an eye-witness wrote an account of the sack of Rome by Attila, was one Morgan, a Briton. St. Dunstan was a Glastonbury man.

St. Swithin, who escorted Alfred the Great, when a boy, to Rome, was a Winchester monk. St. Boethius lived and died a pagan. He was canonized by the Romish Church on account of the great value of his work on the "Consolations of Philosophy to Religion and Morality."

INVENTOR.—Progress and change is, no doubt, a law of nature; but still we ought not to be ever-anxious to encourage innovation in cases of doubtful improvement; for an old system has these advantages over a new one—it is established, and it is understood.

O. Z.—There is nothing very surprising in the circumstance—those who, like the individual in question, spring from the ranks, and go through every grade of life, like him rise with every change, never quitting one step in the ladder except for a higher one. These men are superior to fortune, and know how to enjoy her caresses without being the slaves of her caprice.

MARGARET M. C. M., who is just twenty-three years of age, the eldest daughter of a gentleman, would very much like to correspond with some bachelor on matrimonial thoughts; and specifies that she possesses general amiability of disposition, is fond of music, and plays and sings nicely; has attained considerable proficiency in the French language (having resided in Geneva for several years); is quite competent to make a good wife, fully understanding house-keeping; and will, on marriage, receive from her father an allowance of one hundred a year. Is not particular as to good looks (an officer in the army would be preferred); but expects that her *futur* should possess a religious turn of mind, being herself seriously disposed; *caritas de-visite* to be exchanged.

MARCH.

Blow on, blow on, thou boisterous churl,

Who heeds thee in thy mad career?

Old withered leaves may leap and whirl,

But young ones sleep, devoid of fear.

'Mid leafless branches wildly howl,

Or chase dark clouds along the sky,

In lowering tempests fiercely scowl,

Or toss brown waves of dust on high.

Yet will we smile to see thy frown,

With jocund songs thy fury hail;

And when the storm comes thundering down,

Exult amidst the shivering gale.

For lo! thy winds with spirit-thrill haste,

Exhaust their strength whilst thou art young;

And o'er regret observes the waste,

Repentant sighs are feebly sung;

And thou art changed!—for savage storms,

Bland gentle zephyrs mildly play;

For clouds of strange portentous forma,

Blue skies prolong the lengthening day

And nature hails the genial change,

Exulting thro' her wide domain;

Invites young lambs new fields to range,

And decks with green the frosty plain.

Then welcome, March! thy cordial smile,

Though masked beneath a frowning face,

Is free from base deceit and guile,

Which holds 'mongst men so high a place.

stance, in the good town of Boston? The marriage ceremony there was often hindered by the objection of the authorities, "that the man was poor, and therefore they wished him to get some sufficient person to be bound with him, to secure the town from any charge of him or his."

D. D. KING.—Tapoca and arrow-root are equally valuable as dietetic preparations, and may be used with confidence when pure. The first is the commercial product of the Brazilian *Joseph manihot*, the juice of which in its natural state is a rank poison, and is used as such by the South American Indians in order to render their arrows more deadly. Arrow-root is obtained from the crushed fibres of the *maranta arundinacea*, and it is a singular fact that from it is also obtained by the Indians a juice which is a perfect antidote to the poison of the former. It is from this quality that it obtained its name of arrow-root.

JOHN P. BOSS.—The name of the captain of the Alabama is Semmes. You are not justified, in our opinion, in designating him a "pirate"; he is a regularly-commissioned officer of a belligerent power. But he has taken such heavy toll on Federal ships and commerce, that he may very well seem to you something like that enterprising commander mentioned by Byron, "Haidée's page," who

"Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,
And freely practised as a sea attorney."

D. P.—In 1763 there was but one stage-coach between London and Edinburgh. It started once a month from each place, and took a fortnight to perform the journey.

L. A.—Snow is much less dense than ordinary ice. The bulk of a given weight of ice is only about a ninth part greater than that of the water from which it is formed, while the bulk of new-fallen snow is ten or twelve times greater than that of the water obtained by melting it.

T. STUART.—The solar cycle is a period of twenty-eight years.

F. A.—Sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, was discovered by Basil Valentine towards the end of the fifteenth century.

A. F.—The name Plantagenet belongs to the noble house of Buckingham. It is also the surname of the royal family of England from Henry II. to Richard III. inclusive.

S. G.—The Sublime Porte is the official title of the Government of the Ottoman Empire. Its derivation is said to be from a gate of the palace at Brussa; the original metropolis of the empire, called Bal Humayor, the sublime gate.

T. R.—The composition of printing-ink generally is linseed oil, boiled to a varnish, with colouring matter added to it. The preparation of this article was long kept a profound secret by a few manufacturers of it in England, who completely monopolized the trade till Mr. W. Savage published a treatise on the subject, in which he gave the process in detail for making printing-ink of every variety and colour, which, as you are interested in the subject, you may consult with advantage.

O. D.—The "Red Book" contains the names of all persons in the service of the state. The "Red Book of the Exchequer" is an ancient record, in which are registered the names of all those that held lands *per baroniam* in the time of Henry II.

N. R.—No reptile hatches its eggs. The young batrachians, on quitting the egg, have the form and branches of fishes, and some of the genera preserve these organs even after the development of their lungs.

O. R.—The origin of the title of Prince of Wales is as follows:—When Edward I. subdued Wales, he promised the people of that country, upon condition of their submission, to give them a prince who was born amongst them, and who could speak no other language. Upon their acquiescence with this deceitful offer, he conferred the principality of Wales upon his second son, Edward, then an infant, born within the principality, and unable to speak any language. Edward, by the death of his elder brother, Alfonso, became heir to the crown, and from that time this honour has been conferred on the eldest sons of the kings of England.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"A Guardsman," whose age is twenty-four, height, 5 ft. 10 in.; of dark complexion, and who possesses a good income and expectations, will be glad to correspond and exchange *cartes-de-visite* with "Miss Clyde"—"A Lancashire Reader" is ready to accept the offer of "Edith Lancelotti," and will be glad to hear further from her—"Frank Desmond" replies to "Constance" that he is nearly 5 ft. high, has long, light moustaches, and is generally considered very good-looking; is of a cheerful disposition; will supply any desired evidence as to respectability of position from friends in the army, the church, influential bankers, and members of Parliament, and believes he would be just the husband for "Constance"—"Ethel" says nothing would please her better than to commence correspondence with "Godfrey," and exchange *cartes-de-visite*—"R. R. R." offers himself to "Lily Dale" as a suitor. Is eighteen years of age, 6 ft. in height, has dark brown hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, and connections of the highest respectability—"Flora C." is sure she would, as a wife, make "W. F. G." home comfortable and happy. "Flora's" friends and connections are highly respectable. In height she is 5 ft. 3 in. has brown hair, small features, and good teeth; is twenty-three; is domesticated, and economical enough to be able to keep within bounds of a limited income; *cartes-de-visite* to be exchanged.

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